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# Publications

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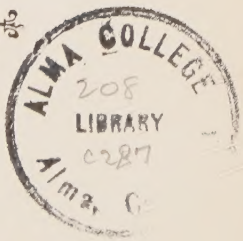


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# CONTENTS.

St. Teresa. By David Lewis, M.A.

The True History of Maria Monk.

The Spanish Inquisition. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

A Workhouse Concert. By L. E. Dobrée.

The Christian Sabbath. By the Rev. Charles Galton, S.J.

Prayers to Saints. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

Adolf Kolping. By Ellis Schreiber.

Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.

# SAINT TERESA

(1515-1582)

BY DAVID LEWIS

St. Teresa was born in Avila, in the kingdom of Spain, March 28, 1515, and baptized in the Church of St. John Baptist, April 4th, Wednesday in Holy Week. On that day Mass was said for the first time in the Monastery of the Incarnation of the Order of Carmel, where she spent so many years of her life as one of the religious of that house.

Her father, Don Alfonso Sanchez de Cepeda, of an old and honourable race, was twice married and twice widowed. His first wife was Doña Catalina del Peso y Henao, by whom he had three children, one girl and two boys. His second wife, Doña Beatriz Davila y Ahumada, was the mother of nine children, seven boys and two girls. The elder of the two daughters, and the third child of the marriage, was St. Teresa, known for many years of her life as Doña Teresa Sanchez Cepeda Davila y Ahumada.

Don Alfonso was a man of solid piety, most charitable to the poor and the sick, very gentle and considerate with his servants. Doña Beatriz also took all pains to bring up her children in the fear and love of God, devout to our Lady and the saints, and thus laid the foundations of the spiritual life of her daughter, who, before she was seven years old, would give alms out of the little money she had, and contrive to be alone that she might say her prayers, especially the Rosary. St. Teresa in playing with the other children would delight in imitating religious, and she tells us that she believed she wished to be a nun, but yet not so much as she wished to be a hermit or a martyr.

She and one of her elder brothers read lives of saints together. When she read of martyrdom it struck her that this was a very small price to pay for the vision of God, and

discussed with her brother how they could obtain it. The two children agreed that they must go to Africa, where the Moors would behead them because they were Christians. They resolved to execute their purpose, meaning to beg as they went, and so they left their father's house by stealth. They had got as far as the gates of the city when they were met by one of their uncles, who took them home, to the great relief of their mother, who was sending the servants into the streets of the city in search of her missing children.

Disappointed in their hopes of martyrdom, the two children resolved on leaving the world and making themselves hermits in their father's garden. They collected stones to build their cells, but their inexperience defeated them; the stones fell down from the walls they raised, and they knew not how to make them firm. St. Teresa was barely seven years of age when she did this, and she was perfectly serious in her childish way.

Her mother, always in delicate health, died towards the end of the year 1528 or in the beginning of the next, to the great sorrow of the Saint, who in her trouble went to the Church of our Lady of Charity in the hospital of the city, where strangers and pilgrims were lodged. There before her image she implored our Lady with tears to be to her a mother. Her prayer was heard, and she relates that in all her trials she was always succoured whenever she called upon that compassionate mother.

Early in 1531 her eldest sister married; in her too she had another most tender and loving mother, who watched over her with a jealous eye, and in whom she could detect nothing but goodness. On the departure of the sister for the country where her husband lived, Don Alfonso took the Saint to the monastery of the Augustinian nuns, who had a school for persons of her age and condition, for she was too young to be left at home as mistress of her father's house. She, however, always accusing herself, says that the reason why her father sent her from home was her own giddiness and vanity. She had become fond of dress, she says, took pains with her hands and her hair, made use of perfumes, and was very fastidious about her person. There were also some cousins who frequented the house, and who could not well be refused admittance, though Don Alfonso much

regretted their presence. With one of these the Saint was too familiar, as she says, and too fond of listening to her stories of her follies. Teresa was also fond of reading, and continued so all her life, but at this time she spent much time in reading the romances of the day—tales of chivalry. This habit she had acquired under her mother, who used to amuse herself with these books in order to forget, if she could, the great bodily pains to which she was subject. All this, however, was kept secret, and Don Alfonso knew nothing of it.

The Saint was very much distressed when taken to the monastery, regarding her removal from home as a punishment, and for about a week suffered much—more, however, on account of a suspicion she had that her vanity was known than from her seclusion in the convent. She went to confession as soon as she could, and she was more contented than she would have been at home. All the nuns were pleased with her, for our Lord, she tells us, had given her the grace to please everybody. And indeed it is known that she was a most winning and charming woman.

She was most open with her confessors; and now in the convent having told all about herself she was consoled by hearing that in all those things which she calls her vanities she had not sinned. She became fond of a religious, Doña Maria Brizeño, who slept in the dormitory of the seculars, and took great delight in her conversation. Doña Maria, a person of great sanctity, whose conversation was such as became her state, made a great impression on the Saint, and removed from her mind in some measure the dislike she had to be a nun. "If I saw any one weep in prayer I envied her, for my heart was now so hard that I could not shed a tear if I read the Passion through." She said many prayers, and used to ask the nuns to pray for her that she might learn how she was to serve God; but she did wish not to be a nun and that God would not call her to religion; at the same time she was afraid of marriage. She remained in the monastery a year and a half, but towards the end she had a greater inclination towards the religious life; not, however, in that house. She had a friend, Doña Juana Suarez, in the monastery of the Incarnation, and that determined her to be a nun, if a nun she must be, of the Order of Carmel.

These good thoughts vanished, and she says that afterwards she could not persuade herself to become a nun.

She had a serious illness and was taken home. On her recovery it was settled that she should go to her married sister in the country. She stopped on the way at the house of Don Pedro, her father's brother, who detained her for some days. He was a widower, and spent all his time in devotion, and at last, giving up all his possessions, became a friar. He made the Saint read to him; and though she did not like his books she appeared as if she did, for she would always sacrifice her own pleasure for that of others. The conversation of her uncle made an impression upon her, and she understood the truth she had heard as a child that all things are nothing and the world vanity. "I also began to be afraid," she says, "that if I were then to die I should go down to hell." She could not, however, bend her will to become a religious, though she saw it was the best and the safest course. Nevertheless by degrees she did violence to herself, and determined to give herself to God.

This struggle with herself lasted three months, but she does not seem to have communicated her trouble to any one. Teresa trod the wine-press alone, and would say to herself, when she thought of her own delicate nurture, her poor health, the fainting-fits to which she was now subject, that she could not endure the hardships of the religious life; and then would answer herself that the sufferings of a nun cannot be greater than the pains of purgatory, that she deserved to be in hell, and that it would not be much to spend the rest of her life in purgatory and win heaven. During those months of her inward trials she became fond of reading good books, which helped her very much, especially the epistles of St. Jerome. At last she told her father of the resolution to be a nun. Don Alfonso was a good man, but his love of his child prevailed; and she had more of his love than any of his children. He refused his consent, and neither the prayers of his child nor the entreaties of others could move him. He was as resolute in refusing as she was resolute in going. All she could get from him was that she might do as she pleased after his death. The Saint saw the danger of delay, and made up her mind to execute her purpose at whatever cost.

While preparing herself to obey the call of God, Teresa persuaded one of her brothers to become a friar. The brother and sister laid their plans, and early one morning secretly left their father's house—he for the Dominican house in Avila, she for the Monastery of the Incarnation where her friend Doña Juana Suarez was a religious. "I remember perfectly well," she wrote afterwards, "and it is quite true, that the pain I felt when I left my father's house was so great that I do not believe the pain of dying will be greater; it seemed as if all the bones in my body were wrenched asunder." This was on November 2, 1533, the feast of All Souls.

She went to that monastery because she wished to be with her friend, but would have gone to any other if she could have served God more faithfully in it, or to any convent that her father preferred. God led her by her natural affection for that nun, while she was trampling on a greater natural affection—her love of her father. The nuns received her, but at the same time sent word to Don Alfonso. The father hurried to the monastery, but he returned home without his child; God changed his heart, and he made the sacrifice demanded of him.

The novitiate seems to have been a cross. "I suffered much uneasiness," she says, "about things in themselves of no importance, was found fault with very often when I was blameless. I bore it painfully and with imperfection. However, I went through it all because of the joy I had in being a nun. When they saw me seeking to be alone, and even weeping over my sins at times, they thought I was discontented, and said so." She confesses, too, that she was vain in some things: she did not know how to use the Breviary or how to behave in choir; she knew the other novices could have taught her, but "I never asked them," she says, "that they might not know how little I knew." She says her singing was bad, that she made mistakes and was ashamed of doing so in the presence of the nuns. But at last she asked to be instructed in her part before she entered the choir; it was a pain to her at first, and then it became a pleasure to do so. When she became indifferent about her good singing she sang much better, and she was

never vexed at its being known in the monastery that her singing was not good.

She conquered herself in another way: she had been brought up delicately, as became her state, but now she made an effort to overcome her fastidiousness. There was a nun ill in the house of a very loathsome disorder, and the nuns were afraid of it. Teresa, admiring the patience of the sick sister, became her nurse, and prayed to have the like patience whatever illness might befall her. God heard her prayer, and in less than two years she was stricken down and to all appearance beyond the reach of human help.

But before this came to pass she made her profession, at the end of her year of novitiate. When the time had come she had to do violence to herself again: the tempter made another effort to keep her in the world, as if he knew the great things she was to do. Teresa fought the battle alone, confiding her trouble to no one, and no one saw any sign of the inward tumult. She made her profession, and was filled with a great joy which she never lost.

This joy had now to be tempered with bodily illness of no common kind—a disease of the heart accompanied with pains so sharp at times as to deprive her of consciousness. The physicians of Avila had no remedies for it, and her father took her out of the monastery that she might be put under the care of a woman in Bezadas, who had a name for the treating of infirmities like those of the Saint. As the monastery was not enclosed, her friend Doña Juana was allowed to accompany her. They went first to their uncle's house; then to her sister's, where she spent the winter. There the Saint read a book called *Tercer Abecedario*, which treats of prayer, and resolved to follow the way of prayer described in it. She had now the gift of tears, and found pleasure in reading, loved to be alone, and went often to confession: but she had no one who would teach her how to make her prayer. Teresa made great progress notwithstanding, but she did not know it, nor did she understand her own state. "I spent," she says, "nearly nine months in the practice of solitude," and all this while our Lord Himself was her teacher. "He raised me," she says, "to the prayer of quiet, and now and then to that of union,

though I understood not what either the one or the other was, nor the great esteem I ought to have had of them."

In April, 1536, she went to Bezadas, but the rough treatment made her worse, and the three months of her stay there brought her almost to death's door. The pain at the heart was so sharp and unendurable that those about her feared it might end in madness. She loathed all food, and could do no more than drink that which they gave her: her bodily weakness was extreme, and with it all she was overwhelmed in great sadness.

But God gave her patience, she bore all her sufferings without a murmur, remembering the history of Job, and his resignation to the will of God. They brought her home to Avila in a state worse than that in which she had left it. In August, when the feast of our Lady was at hand, Teresa asked for her confessor. Her father thought that she was afraid she was going to die and would not listen, hoping thereby to quiet her. "That very night," she says, "my sickness became so sharp that I remained insensible for nearly four days." She had the last Sacraments, and was expected to die every moment. Her father was inconsolable now, because he had kept her from confession.

They dug her grave in the monastery, and the Carmelite fathers sung the *Requiem* for her; for all believed that she must be dead. She recovered, however, and insisted on going to confession at once. Of that confession she says that it was of all her faults, "for this grace among others did our Lord bestow on me, that ever since my first Communion I never failed to confess everything which I thought was wrong, even if it were only a venial sin."

But she was still so ill that she could not swallow even a drop of water; she was bent, as she says, "like a coil of ropes," unable to move any part of her body except one finger of her right hand. She could not bear to be touched, and they had to move her in a sheet. Even in this state Teresa would return to her monastery; and she did so in a most pitiable condition, which lasted more than eight months. She was paralysed for about three years, and praised God when she was able to crawl on hands and knees; that she regarded as nothing compared with the

tortures she had undergone, and was content to remain in that state if that was the will of God.

Her longing for solitude, that she might give herself to prayer, made her wish for health; in the infirmary solitude was impossible. But she was not idle; she observed such exact measure of her words as to keep herself and those with whom she conversed from all detraction, and it was understood in the monastery that when she was present, absent persons were safe. She confessed and communicated more frequently, read much, but very often did not venture to pray, on account of the bitter anguish which came upon her because she had offended God. She was also kept from prayer because she did not see much improvement in herself, though she made good resolutions. Even her tears and contrition made her angry with herself.

Teresa had a great devotion to St. Joseph. The physicians of this world, she says, had failed her, and so she went to those of heaven. She had Masses said and prayers made for her: her wish for health prevailed, and St. Joseph healed her; he "my lord and father," she writes, "delivered me, and rendered me greater services than I knew how to ask for."

She tells us that having recovered her health she began to forget the practices of her earlier days. She had to frequent the parlours of the monastery, and in many ways had as much freedom allowed her as the older nuns; but she confesses that she never abused it. She had many friends, and was so winning in her ways that people eagerly sought her. One day while with a friend—it was at the beginning of her acquaintance with her—our Lord stood before her, "stern and grave" and made her see that her conduct displeased Him. "I saw Him," she says, "with the eyes of the soul more distinctly than I could have seen Him with the eyes of the body," and she resolved never to meet that person again. Satan, however, prevailed; she was made to think it was an imagination, yielded to the temptation, and returned to her new friend. She was told there was no harm in seeing her, and that she gained instead of losing reputation by so doing. On another occasion in the parlour with that person, a great toad crawled towards them in their sight and in the sight of others who were there. She recognized this to be another warning, but no one told her she was in

the wrong except one of the nuns, then old, and a relative of the Saint. But even this did not restrain her—she frequented the parlour as before.

Teresa had now given up mental prayer, though in the beginning of her illness she had helped others to pray, and among them was her own father, whom she brought to adopt the practice of mental prayer. He made great progress in it, and that delighted the Saint. He came often to the monastery, for he found great comfort in speaking of the things of God. This was another torture to his daughter, who for a year and more gave up the practice, thinking it an act of great humility to abstain. She was always honest, so she told her father that she did not pray; she alleged her health as her excuse, and that she could do no more than pray with the community. He believed her, but was sorry for her, for he had found the treasure of prayer himself. He came to the monastery as usual, and having seen his daughter, would quickly go away, saying that he was wasting his time.

Though Teresa gave up her practice of mental prayer, she intended to resume it; she "was waiting to be very free from sin first," yet she was unable to mention a single mortal sin, and during the whole of this time her confessors found no fault with her. This false humility was about to be corrected, for her father fell ill, and she, not being bound to enclosure, had leave to nurse him in his sickness, which was his last. He died as he had lived, to the great joy of the Saint, who nevertheless felt acutely her loss, for he was to her all the comfort and good of her life, and she his most cherished child. Her father's confessor was the Dominican friar, Father Vicente Baron, and to him she made her confession, giving him at the same time an account of her whole life, and of her mental prayer which she had abandoned. The Father charged her to resume her prayer, never to omit it, and to go to Communion once a fortnight. Obedient to his directions, her life became a burden, because she learnt in prayer more and more her faults; she took delight in the things of God, but she frequented the parlour, and tried to reconcile the life of the spirit with that of sense.

She persevered in prayer; and God rewarded her so abundantly, that she, looking upon herself as a great sinner,

felt these graces of God as "a fearful kind of torment." She dreaded the time for prayer, for she knew no penance she would not have more willingly endured than going to her oratory to pray.

God visited Teresa in visions and revelations, and she, still thinking herself to be a most miserable sinner, began to be afraid of delusions. She saw that these visitations of God were inconsistent with her way of life, though she was labouring to mend it. She was raised to "the prayer of quiet and very often to that of union which lasted some time"; but her fears grew. She had no one to help her: and yet God Himself was directing her the whole time. She heard of some priests who would help her—the Fathers of the Society had come to Avila—but she "did not think herself fit to speak to them."

Teresa had heard of a learned priest in the city, greatly respected for his saintly life; she resolved to consult him, and contrived to do so, with the help of Don Francis de Salcedo, his friend, and a friend of her and her family. Don Francis, like his wife, was a man of prayer; after her death he became a priest, and was chaplain and confessor of the Carmelites of St. Joseph's which the Saint had founded. For twenty years of his married life he attended the theological lectures of the Dominicans in Avila. He brought that priest, Gaspar Daza, to the Monastery of the Incarnation, and the Saint made known to him the state of her soul and her way of prayer, but he would not hear her confession. However, he gave her strong counsel; but the Saint confesses that she could not have made any progress under his direction, although he had a special grace and gift for the conduct of beginners.

She was disappointed in this, but afterwards saw in the failure of Gaspar Dazar that it was a grace of God "that I might know," she says, "and converse with persons so holy as the members of the Society of Jesus." But she was still afraid of them, and made Don Francis, the layman, her director; he helped her to overcome her imperfections by sound counsel and by the story of his own difficulties and weaknesses. She improved under his direction, but Don Francis became afraid when she told him of the great graces she received in prayer. He, being led by a different

road could not understand it, and told her that he was afraid she was under delusions. He asked her to explain to him her way of prayer: she replied that she could not, because she did not understand it herself. She was now greatly distressed, and wept over her misery.

Teresa looked into certain books treating of prayer; she found in one of them a description of her way of prayer, and showed it to Don Francis, who took the book to Gaspar Daza that they might consider it together. They considered the matter, and came to the conclusion that the Saint was deceived by Satan. Don Francis in great distress went to her with the information, which she received with great fear and dread. While they were considering this matter, she had prayed earnestly, and had asked others to pray, that she might be delivered from her anxiety. This was the result: she was told that she was deluded, and that she had better make a general confession to Father Juan de Padranos of the Society of Jesus, and observe with the utmost faithfulness the counsel he would give her.

She wept, but obeyed at once, and began to prepare for her general confession. The Father came and understood her state; it was the work of the Holy Ghost, he said, but she must make her prayer more systematically, because the foundation of it had not been properly laid. She was to force herself to make her prayer, and mortify herself, because the graces which God had given her were so singular. It might be the will of God to do great things by her. She was to meditate daily on the Passion, and resist the extraordinary effects of her prayer till he gave her leave to yield to them.

Teresa was now in great peace, obedient to the new direction and resolved to advance by self-denial and careful observance of all her duties, to practise greater poverty by cutting off all superfluities. She disciplined herself even unto blood, praying earnestly that our Lord would keep her from falling again into her former ways.

At this time the Duke of Gandia, then Father Francis Borgia, of the Society, came to Avila. Her confessor and Don Francis de Salcedo brought him to the Monastery of the Incarnation, that he might examine the spirit of the Saint. He heard her, and said that her state was the work of the

Holy Ghost; she was not to resist the sweetness and joy of her prayer as she had done for two months. This was a relief to her, and Don Francis himself was convinced that the Saint was not deluded.

Father Juan de Padranos was removed from Avila, and the Saint was in trouble again, not knowing how to find a confessor. One of her kinswomen obtained leave for her to come to her house, where she made the acquaintance of a lady given to prayer, Doña Guiomar de Ulloa, who took her to Father Baltasar Alvarez. "He began," says Teresa, "by putting me in the way of perfection." He insisted on her giving up certain friendships which were harmless, though she admits there was too much natural affection in them. She resisted at first, and asked him if she must be ungrateful. He replied that she was to lay the matter before God, and recite the *Veni Creator*. Then she, having prayed for some time, began the hymn, and while saying it fell into an ecstasy. This was her first, and in it she heard the words, "I will have thee converse not with men, but with angels." She was afraid at first, but was comforted at the same time. From that day forth, she says, "I have never been able to form friendship with, nor have any comfort in, nor any particular affection for, any person whatever except those who, as I believe, love God and strive to serve Him." She gave up her friendships without pain either to herself or to her friends: they were even edified.

Now our Lord laid upon her one of the heaviest of crosses —the opposition of good people. The great work of our Lord in the soul of the Saint could not be hid, and those whom she had consulted did not all of them keep her secret. It became known that she had visions and revelations, and was unlike other devout persons in Avila. At this time her heart was pierced by the lance of the angel; and she made the vow of the highest perfection in all her actions. She had the consolation of learning from St. Peter of Alcantara that he approved of it and of all her ways.

Father Alvarez was now absent from Avila, and her confessor convinced himself, or seemed to do so, that her visions were illusions of Satan. He ordered Teresa to make the sign of the Cross when she had a vision, to point her finger at it in scorn, and be firmly persuaded of its diabolic

nature. This was very hard, for the Saint had no doubt about the visions ; they were her treasure. She had defended herself as well as she could against the objections of those who knew of them, and had allowed them to say all they pleased without contradicting them ; and they charged her with want of humility. This last counsel of the confessor distressed her beyond measure : but she obeyed, though it was most painful to her to make the sign of the Cross whenever she saw our Lord: "If they had cut me in pieces," she says, "I could not believe it was Satan." She held a crucifix constantly in her hand that she might not be continually making the sign of the Cross, and as for making signs of contempt she could not do so : it reminded her of the insults of the Jews. At last our Lord consoled her, saying that she had done well to obey, and that He would make them understand the truth of the matter. Even her confessors proved a source of trouble to her, though Father Alvarez always consoled her, even when he was compelled to be hard with her. God had raised her to a high degree of prayer, but had not given her the knowledge of it, nor the ability to describe it : that is her own account. Then, when she was called upon by those who examined her spirit to explain herself, she could do nothing but repeat over and over again the same thing. At a later time God enabled her to speak, and she has spoken as no one had spoken before, so fully and so clearly.

Of herself, thus writes Teresa when she had been forty years in religion : "She occasionally heard interior locutions, had visions and revelations interiorly. She saw with the eyes of the soul, for she never saw anything with her bodily eyes, nor heard anything with her bodily ears : twice, she thinks, she heard a voice, but she understood not that which was spoken. It was a sort of making things present when she saw these things interiorly ; they passed away like a meteor most frequently. The vision, however, remained so impressed on her mind, and produced such effects, that it was as if she saw those things with her bodily eyes and more."

When told that her visions were the work of an evil spirit, Teresa replied that it could not be, for Satan would not do anything to help her to correct her faults. Father

Alvarez defended her always, but was often over-ruled by those whom the Saint had been made to consult. Being very humble, he distrusted himself, and that occasioned trouble, for the others were very confident and remonstrated with him. When they were agreed that the visions of the Saint were the work of Satan, he told her to keep nothing hidden from him, and then if all her visions were the work of the devil she would come to no harm, for God would bring good out of evil. She obeyed him in everything, and for three years he had as much to suffer as she had. At last God made known to him the truth, and "I believe," says the Saint, "that he received this light from the Blessed Sacrament."

From first to last these trials of her spirit lasted six years; the more they tried her, the more she fell into a trance. Many prayers were made and many Masses were said that our Lord would "lead her by another way." But it was not the will of God; He had a great work for her to do, and He prepared her and directed her Himself through the furnace of that which was in reality the persecution or contradiction of good men, which is one of the greatest trials of saints.

There were nearly two hundred nuns in the Monastery of the Incarnation, and the Saint longed for a solitary life. She was subject to visits within the monastery, and moreover her friends obtained leave for her to visit them at their houses. She was weary of this: and one day in her cell with others like minded, her niece, Maria de Ocampo, brought up under her care, said, in the midst of a conversation about a more retired life, that she would give a thousand ducats to build them a house, if they wished to be like the barefooted orders. Maria was young, not at all given to austerities, but very fond of dress. No sooner had she thus spoken than she had a vision of our Lord. Her offer was accepted, and she herself afterwards was among the early novices of the new Carmel, and later on Prioress of Valladolid.

The Saint communicated her desires and the offer of her niece to Doña Guiomar, who began at once to consider how to find a revenue for the new house. The Saint, however, was not over eager now; she had become fond of her monastery and of her cell, and could not leave them.

One day after Communion our Lord bade her found the house, and made her great promises: He would delight in it; it should be called the house of St. Joseph; though the religious orders were then relaxed she was not to think that He was scantily served in them—for what would become of the world if there were no religious in it? She was to tell her confessor all this, and that He asked him not to thwart her in the matter.

Teresa gave an account in writing of this to her confessor, who could not order her to abandon her purpose, though he saw no means of accomplishing it. He bade her tell her superior, the Provincial of the Order, and act according to his direction. She never spoke of her visions to the Provincial, who was told of the plan by Doña Guiomar. He was pleased, gave Doña Guiomar all the help he could, promising to accept the new covenant. She wrote also to St. Peter of Alcantara, who approved of the whole proceeding.

Instantly a violent persecution befell the Saint: "sharp sayings and keen jests." People said it was folly: everybody was against her. Doña Guiomar was even refused absolution because she would not abandon the Saint, and was told she was bound to remove the scandal she had given.

Doña Guiomar laid the matter before a holy Dominican, Father Pedro Ibañez; the Saint also went to him, but never said a word about any revelation, confining herself wholly to ordinary reasons, for she would have his opinion without respect to visions and revelations. "He asked us to give him eight days before he answered, and also if we had made up our minds to abide by what he might say." "I said we had," was the answer of the Saint, "but though I said so, and though I thought so, I never lost a certain confidence that the monastery would be founded. My friend had more faith than I: nothing they could say would make her give it up."

Father Pedro told them afterwards that he had at first made up his mind against the foundation; he heard of the cry against the Saint, and was warned to be cautious. But when he began to consider his decision he was changed; he recognized the hand of God, and not only bade the Saint go on, but told her further how she was to accomplish

her end, and to send to him any one who objected, and he would answer him. The Saint being now reassured and her friend consoled, a house was bought, and the deeds of purchase were prepared; but the day before the papers were to be signed the Provincial declined to acknowledge the house, moved thereunto by the opposition of the nuns in the Monastery of the Incarnation.

People were now more certain than before that the Saint was doing a foolish thing, and hard words became more common. "I was now very much disliked throughout the whole monastery, because I wished to found another of stricter observance. It was said I insulted my sisters; that I could serve God among them as well as elsewhere, for there were many among them much better than I; that I did not love the house, and that it would have been better if I had procured greater resources for it instead of founding another. Some said I ought to be put in prison; others, but they were not many, defended me in some degree."

Notwithstanding all this she was very happy; she submitted joyfully to the will of God, for she had done all she could to fulfil His command; but she was unable to give up her conviction that the work would be done. Another trouble now befell her from an unexpected source. She received a letter from her confessor which seemed to charge her with disobedience. She was bid to acknowledge that all she had been doing was folly, and to abstain from her purpose because of the scandal she had caused. She humbled herself and set about examining her conscience; perhaps her visions were illusions and herself deceived. Her affliction was very great, but our Lord came to her relief: He bade her not to distress herself; she had pleased Him greatly, and not sinned in the whole affair. This so consoled her that she regarded the persecution she had suffered as nothing.

At this time God visited her in prayer in a more wonderful way—in violent impetuosities of divine love and more marvellous trances. She never spoke of the work herself, because of the commandment of her confessor, but the Dominican father was not bound to silence. He, being convinced that the new monastery was for the glory of God, communicated with Doña Guiomar; both of them wrote to

Rome, and made what preparations they could for the foundation.

It was now bruited abroad that the Saint had had a revelation, so her friends came to her in great fear, saying that the times were dangerous and that she might be taken before the Inquisitors. She laughed, for she was never afraid of them, and offered to go herself before the judges, being conscious that she would not break even the least ceremony of the Church. She gave an account of all her visions and revelations to the Dominican: he said there was nothing to be afraid of.

Teresa remained quiet for five or six months "neither thinking nor speaking of the matter," but not free from trouble, thinking her confessor, Father Alvarez, did not trust her. Then one day our Lord said to her, "Be not troubled, this suffering will soon be over." She was gladdened by the words because she thought that her death was nigh. She was very happy whenever those words came to her remembrance. That, however, was not the relief promised by our Lord: this was the arrival in Avila of the new rector of the Society, Father Gaspar de Salazar, to whom, at the request of Father Alvarez, she made known her state. She used to feel the greatest repugnance to speak of the graces God bestowed upon her, but now "when I went to the confessional," she tells us, "I felt in my soul something, I know not what, I do not remember to have felt so either before or after towards any one. I cannot tell what it was, nor do I know of anything with which I could compare it. It was a spiritual joy, and a conviction in my soul that his soul must understand mine, that it was in unison with it, and yet, as I have said, I knew not how." She knew nothing of the rector, had never spoken to him before, and now found in him the guide she needed, and the direction fitted for her state. Father de Salazar spoke to Father Alvarez and told him to console the Saint, and not to direct her along a road so narrow, but to leave the operations of the Spirit alone.

Shortly after this our Lord began to urge the foundation of the new monastery, and bade the Saint lay the matter before the rector and her confessor. She was further required to tell Father Alvarez to make a meditation on Ps. xci. 6—*Quam magnificata sunt opera Tua*. Father Alvarez did

so, and from that day forth he never opposed the Saint's work.

The foundation of the monastery was now resumed in secret. But the Saint would do nothing against obedience, knowing, however, that if she spoke to her superiors in the Order all would be lost again as it was before. She asked her brother-in-law, Juan de Ovalle, to take a house in Avila. He consented. The house was bought for the Saint, with money furnished by two ladies who intended to become nuns, and with money sent her by her brother Lorenzo in India. The Saint never expected it, and her brother knew nothing of her affair. When her brother and sister had come to Avila she had leave to visit them, and was thus enabled to direct the workmen who were to make the house a monastery, without exciting suspicion. Somehow or other suspicion was aroused, and one day when the Saint and her sister went to hear the sermon in the Dominican church, the preacher broke out in violent reproaches against those who had visions and revelations. It was impossible to mistake his meaning, which could hardly have been better expressed if he had uttered the name of St. Teresa. The Saint heard it without being in the least disturbed, but her sister was less patient, and took her out of the church back to the Monastery of the Incarnation.

She was arranging the house in her poverty, for she had no money, and Doña Guiomar was in the same straits: once, having no money to pay the workmen, St. Joseph appeared and bade her employ them. She did so, and the money came. She was told by our Lord that it was not expedient then to place the new monastery under the jurisdiction of the Order, and that she "must send to Rome in a certain way, which He also explained; He would take care that I found help there; and so I did," she says: "I sent to Rome as our Lord directed me, for we should never have succeeded otherwise, and most favourable was the result."

She returned to her brother-in-law, for her presence was necessary. One day, while her nephew, her sister's son, was amusing himself among the materials amassed for the building, a piece of wall badly built fell upon and killed

him. Nobody was by, and the child lay dead for some hours. His father was absent, and on his return found his child lifeless among the ruins. He lifted up the body and carried it straight to the Saint's room, laid it down before her, and went out without saying a word. Meanwhile the mother, observing the gloom that had overspread the house, and the silence of the servants, suspected some great calamity, and, with loud cries and tears, rushed into her sister's room. The Saint made her a sign to be silent. She then took the child into her arms and covered him with her veil. No one heard her utter a word, but very soon the child began to caress his aunt, who at once gave him to his mother and bade her kiss him. The child was not only alive, but without a sign of having been hurt. He was very fond of his aunt, and used to say to her that she was bound to see after his salvation, for he had been so near to the vision of God, but she had called him back. He survived her three years.

Don Juan de Ovalle had been in Avila since August 10, 1561, and towards the end of the year the difficulty of keeping the secret was becoming greater and greater. On the night of Christmas Day the Saint received an order from the Provincial to go with one of the sisters to Toledo, for the consolation of Doña Luisa de la Cerda, who was in great distress on account of her husband's death. Doña Luisa had heard much of the Saint and of her great gifts, and, being a friend of the Provincial, obtained the order without difficulty. The Saint was troubled, "because," as she says, "they thought there was some good in me, I knowing myself to be so wicked, could not bear it." Thus it always was with her; she never saw herself as others saw her.

She set out immediately for Toledo with one of the nuns, and her presence was of the greatest service to Doña Luisa, who conceived a great affection for her, which she returned. She had been required by Father Pedro Ibañez to write for him an account of her whole life, and now in the house of Doña Luisa she finished that which she had begun in the Monastery of the Incarnation.

In Toledo she was visited by Maria of Jesus, who had been a novice in the Carmelite Monastery of Granada, and,

during her novitiate, had revelations about a reform of the Order. "Our Lord had moved her," says the Saint, "in the same year that He had moved me, to found another monastery of the Order: and as He had given her this desire she sold all she possessed and went to Rome to obtain the necessary faculties. She went on foot and barefooted," with two others of the Order of St. Francis. Pius IV. heard her petition, and then looking at her bleeding feet said, "Woman of strong courage, let it be as thou desirest." She returned to Granada, but the Carmelites and the town council would not allow her to found a house in the city; some even threatened to have her publicly whipped. It was from her that the Saint learnt that the old Carmelite rule enjoined absolute poverty. Not knowing this, she was about to found her house with revenues, that the religious might be free from all anxiety about their temporal affairs, "not thinking," she says, "of the many anxieties which the possession of property brings in its train."

The Saint saw that poverty was the safe course, but feared that she could not obtain the assent of others to the adoption of so severe a way of life, that they would charge her with folly, and tell her that she must not be the cause of suffering to others. She had now for some time wished, if it were possible in her state, to go about a beggar for the love of God, to have no house of her own, nor anything else.

She consulted the spiritual men of her acquaintance, as she did in everything, but hardly any one approved. They had such good reasons for their opinion that Teresa was willing to give up her own, and admit they were in the right. But when "I returned to my prayer," she writes, "and saw our Lord on the Cross, so poor and destitute, I could not bear to be rich, and I implored Him with tears so to order matters that I might be poor as He was."

She wrote to her Dominican friend, Father Pedro Ibañez, who "sent back two sheets by way of reply," she says, "full of objections and theology against my plan, telling me that he had thought much on the subject. I answered that in order to escape from my vocation, the vow of poverty I had made, and the perfect observance of the counsels of Christ, I did not want any theology to help me, and in this case I should not thank him for his learning."

St. Peter of Alcantara at her request came to the house of Doña Luisa. He knew the worth of poverty, and charged the Saint on no account to give way, and then our Lord Himself told her that the monastery must be founded in poverty; that it was His will and the will of His Father, that every one who served Him would never be in want of the necessaries of life. Father Ibañez came round to her views at last. "Now," says the Saint, "I was in the greatest joy at hearing this: and having these opinions in my favour it seemed to me nothing less than the possession of all the wealth of the world when I had resolved to live in poverty for the love of God."

When she had been about six months in Toledo the Provincial sent word that she might return to her monastery, but if she wished to remain she might stay. This was the time of the elections, and she was told that many of the nuns meant to elect her prioress: "though willing to suffer any kind of martyrdom for God, I could not persuade myself at all to accept this, and so I gave thanks to God I was not then in the convent, wrote to my friends and begged them not to vote for me."

Glad to be free she would remain: but our Lord told her she must return to Avila, and that, as she longed for a cross, there was a cross prepared for her, and a heavy one. She began to cry, thinking that the office of prioress was her cross, and went to her confessor, who bade her go, for that was the more perfect course. Doña Luisa was very sorry, but acquiesced on being told that the parting was for the service of God. The Saint was distressed, and at the same time in great peace and joy because she was going to suffer. "Our Lord had told me," are her words, "that I was going to carry a heavy cross—though I never thought it would be so heavy as I afterwards found it to be—and yet I went forth rejoicing." Her absence from Avila was of service to her work, and her return at this time was necessary, for on the night of her arrival the brief sought for in Rome was delivered to Doña Guiomar. St. Peter of Alcantara had also come and was staying in the house of Don Francis de Salcedo, but only for about eight days. He helped the Saint in all her labours, and now went with Don Francis to the bishop to do her another and greater service. He and Don Francis per-

suaded him to accept the monastery, though founded in poverty and a poor house, for it was very small. "Truly this is the house of St. Joseph," said St. Peter of Alcantara, when he saw it, "for it is the little hospital of Bethlehem."

"Everything was done," says the Saint, "in the utmost secrecy; and if it had not been so, I do not see how anything could have been done at all: for the people of the city were against us, as it appeared afterwards. Our Lord ordained that one of my brothers-in-law should be ill, and his wife away, and himself in such straits that my superiors gave me leave to remain with him." This illness of Don Juan de Ovalle enabled her to make all the arrangements necessary without exciting suspicion. "It was very wonderful, for his illness lasted no longer than was necessary for our affair: and when it was necessary he should recover his health, that I might be disengaged and he leave the house empty, our Lord restored him: and he was astonished at it himself," for when he saw everything ready for the coming in of the religious, and his illness gone, he said to the Saint: "It is not necessary I should be ill any longer." He knew then why he had been ill.

Then on the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1562, the Saint, being forty-seven years of age, and in the twenty-ninth year of her religious life, accompanied by two nuns of the Incarnation who also were outside their monastery at the time, but with the leave of the Provincial, took possession of the house of St. Joseph, the building of which had cost her so much labour and reproach, and founded the Carmel of the Barefooted. She gave the habit, assisted by the two nuns, to four religious. Those were Antonia de Henao, a penitent of St. Peter of Alcantara, whom he had prepared and reserved for the new foundation. She was henceforth known as Antonia of the Holy Ghost. The second was Maria de la Paz, whom Doña Guiomar de Ulloa had brought up and kept for the house. The third was Ursola de los Santos. She retained her name, as Ursola of the Saints. She had been prepared for this by Gaspar Daza, the priest whom St. Teresa had consulted in the beginning of her troubles. The fourth was Maria de Avila, sister of Julian, the priest of that name, who remained faithful to the Saint in all her trials. She was called Mary of St. Joseph.

These were all received without a dowry; four poor orphans, as the Saint called them, but very rich in grace, four corner stones of the new Order of Carmel; older also as Barefooted Carmelites than the Saint herself the foundress; for she was even now a nun of the Incarnation living under the Mitigated Rule, under the Provincial, and could not remain in the house of St. Joseph, any more than the two nuns who were with her; these were her cousins, Doña Inez and Doña Ana de Tapia. Gaspar Daza said Mass, at which were present Don Gonzalo de Aranda, Don Francis de Salcedo, Julian de Avila, her brother-in-law Don Juan de Ovalle, and his wife her sister Doña Juan de Ahumada. The bell of the chapel weighed less than three pounds, and remained there for a hundred years. It was then transferred by order of the General to the monastery of Pastrana, and there the members of the general chapter assembled at the sound of the bell which was rung for the first Mass of the barefooted nuns of Carmel.

Saint Teresa was in the house lawfully, with the leave of her superiors, and "I did nothing," she says, "without the advice of learned men, in order that I might not break in a single point my vow of obedience. If they had told me there was the slightest imperfection in the matter I would have given up the founding of a thousand monasteries; how much more then this one?"

"I felt," says the Saint, "as if I was in bliss." She had obeyed her confessors in all things, and had done that which our Lord enjoined her: and for three or four hours was in great peace and joy. Then Satan began to torment her with scruples about obedience; with doubts about the perseverance of the religious in so austere a life, and even her own ability to live with them. Her distress became so great that she could think of nothing else, and her soul was plunged into darkness. "When I found myself in this state," she says, "I went and placed myself before the most Holy Sacrament, though I could not pray to Him; so great was my anguish that I was like one in the agony of death. I could not make the matter known to any one, because no confessor had as yet been appointed."

In this distress she promised our Lord to do all in her power to enter St. Joseph's, and if it could be done with a

good conscience, to make a vow of enclosure. "When I had done this," she writes, "the devil fled in a moment and left me calm and peaceful; and I have continued so ever since. The enclosure, penance, and other rules of this house are to me, in their observance, so singularly sweet and light, the joy I have is so exceedingly great, that I am now and then thinking what on earth I could have chosen which should be more delightful."

This fight with Satan fatigued her greatly, and she wished to rest a little after dinner, but there was no rest for her to-day. The nuns of the Incarnation had heard of her doings, and the Prioress sent for her. She went, leaving the four religious in great distress. She felt that there was more trouble for her, being persuaded that she would be put in prison. The thought of that, however, consoled her, because she longed to be alone, and in the prison of the monastery she would have solitude enough.

Teresa told everything to the Prioress, who was softened a little, but the Provincial must be told also. When he arrived at the monastery the Saint appeared before him to answer for her deeds. "I confessed my fault," she says, "as if I had been very much to blame; and so I seemed to every one who did not know all the reasons. After the Provincial had rebuked me sharply, though not with the severity my fault deserved, nor according to the representations made to him, I would not defend myself, for I was determined to bear it all: on the contrary, I prayed him to forgive and punish, and be no longer angry with me."

The Provincial ordered her to explain her conduct before the Community, and she obeyed. She spoke so well that neither the Provincial nor the nuns condemned her; and later on she spoke to the Provincial alone, who was so satisfied that he promised to let her go back to St. Joseph's as soon as the city was calm again.

The town council and even the Canons of the Cathedral were disturbed. They held a solemn meeting to which the heads of the religious were invited, and resolved that the new monastery must be broken up. Father Bañes, the Dominican, alone defended it, though even he objected to the vow of poverty as understood by the Saint, whom at that time he did not know, having never seen her. He

told them that the matter did not concern them, and that it belonged to the Bishop. The town council was obstinate, and would have no monastery founded in poverty within its territory; and so the next day the mayor went to St. Joseph's to expel the four nuns. Refused admittance, he threatened to have the door broken. The nuns replied that they were under the jurisdiction of the bishop and not under his. He now came to his senses and retired, but was none the less bent on the destruction of the monastery. The town council then brought an action against the nuns, and St. Teresa, having no money, had to defend them. Her friends, however, stood forth in her defence, but no lawyers in Avila would undertake their cause, so they had to defend her as well as they could themselves, and the priest Julian of Avila in person served the writs. Don Gonzalo de Aranda went to Madrid to plead; but before the trial began the zeal of the town council cooled, and the lawsuit was abandoned. Then in Mid-Lent, 1563, the Saint was allowed to return to her children among whom she meant to live as a nun under obedience, but the community appealed to the Bishop and the Provincial, and obtained from them the appointment of St. Teresa as prioress. She now changed her name, and Doña Teresa Sanchez Cepeda Davila y Ahumada was henceforth Teresa of Jesus, mother of the reform of Carmel.

The Saint had now a rest of five years, and these years, she says, were the most tranquil years of her life. The vow she had made in 1560 always to do that which is the more perfect was commuted; for her confessor judged it to be an occasion of scruples both to herself and to those who had the direction of her life. The Provincial authorized Fra Garcia of Toledo to release her from that vow, and to leave her free to renew it in another form with certain conditions essential to its validity, by the observance of which there could be no room for scruples. This was done. She was also free from all trouble of a secular kind, for though she possessed nothing she and her religious were rarely in want, though whenever that happened to them they rejoiced in it. The Saint, however, was not without her cross: she was always doubtful about the state of her soul and very much afraid of delusions. She consulted the ablest and most spiritual

priests she could find; on one occasion she made known her state to an inquisitor, and all assured her there was nothing to be afraid of. It then came into her head that spiritual men might be deceived as well as herself, so for her own greater security she told her confessor to consult "certain learned men, though they were not much given up to prayer"; her desire was to be in the right way, and safe on the doctrine of the Church.

Early in 1567 the General of the Order came to Avila, and visited the Saint. She told him everything, giving him also a full account of her whole life. Her story distressed the General, for he had lost her through the weakness of the Provincial, she being no longer subject to him in the Order, but to the Bishop of Avila. The General asked for the briefs by which the Saint was allowed to build her monastery and to become subject to the Bishop. These were shown; the proceedings had been irregular; the Saint when told that she was no longer under the jurisdiction of the General was distressed. The General, with her own wish and consent, readmitted her, and, moreover, gave her leave to found other monasteries, all of which, however, were to be subject not to the bishops, but to the Order. He also allowed her to remain in the new monastery, and forbade any of her superiors to send her back to the monastery she had left.

When the Saint began to found another monastery she recognized the need of friars who would help the sisters; and there were no friars of her reform. The Bishop of Avila, too, saw that need, and asked the General to establish houses of men wherein the primitive rule should be observed. Others also made the same request, and the General himself wished it could be done, but the friars opposed him, and he, therefore, for the sake of peace and the quiet of the Order, declined, at least for a time, to sanction the observance of the primitive rule.

St. Teresa herself wrote to him very earnestly, and obtained leave to found two monasteries of men in which the primitive rule in all its strictness should be kept, as in the new house of St. Joseph. She was glad to get the permission, but her troubles were only begun. She did not know one friar in the whole province who would accept the rule, nor any secular person who would enter the Order under these conditions.

Nevertheless, she had no doubt that our Lord would find the friars, and so she went to Mediña del Campo, where, on the feast of the Assumption, she founded her second monastery of nuns, that of St. Joseph being the first.

She laid the foundation of that house in greater poverty than the poverty of St. Joseph's in Avila. The house hired for her was in so ruinous a state that in a very few days after taking possession she was forced to remove with her sisters to another, which was lent her till her own house could be made habitable. In all these troubles she was calm and joyous, rejoicing that she had to suffer, but at the same time effectually hiding from the other nuns all her own distress that they might not be discouraged and faint. She had gone to Mediña del Campo without the approbation of her prudent friends. Some said she was mad; and even the Bishop who thought so highly of her regarded the affair as folly, though he was too generous to say so to her. She had, however, the help and encouragement of her confessors —Father Baltasar Alvarez, at that time rector of the house of the Society in Mediña, and Father Bañes, her constant friend.

In Mediña del Campo she began to search for those who would begin the reform of Carmel, for she longed exceedingly to have friars under the primitive rule. She discussed the matter, but very secretly, with Fra Antonio de Heredia, the Prior of the Carmelites there. The Prior heard her with joy, and promised to be himself the first friar of the reform. She thought he was jesting, for he was nearly sixty years old, unused to austerities, and of a delicate constitution. He was a very good religious, recollected, fond of his cell, and learned; but the Saint did not think he could live as a Carmelite under the primitive rule.

Antonio, however, insisted upon it, and he assured her that he had a vocation. She accepted him on the condition that he would begin at once to order his life—he being Prior of Medina—according to the primitive rule. He submitted, and suffered greatly at the hands of his brethren, who regarded his conduct as akin to folly.

But she made a greater gain than this of Fra Antonio; she persuaded St. John of the Cross to abandon his purpose of leaving the Order of Carmel for the Carthusians. About

a year later St. Teresa saw the beginning of the reform of the friars in a most poor house which she obtained for them in Duruelo.

The last house founded by the Saint was that of Burgos, in April, 1582. She was very ill, and with difficulty reached Valladolid about the end of July, where she was grossly insulted by a lawyer who would have her violate the provisions of her brother's will. Because she was just the lawyer called her a wicked nun, who was less good than many who lived in the world. The Saint accepted the reproach, merely saying, "Our Lord reward you for your charity," as if she deserved to be thus treated.

The Prioress of Valladolid turned against and sent her away from the monastery, and on September 16th the Saint reached Mediña del Campo, where also the Prioress treated her with the utmost disrespect. She then went to Alba de Tormes, and nearly died on the road for want of food. She came to Alba on the evening of the 20th; the next morning she went with the utmost difficulty down to the church for Communion, and then returned to her cell and her bed never again to leave them. Fra Antonio of Jesus, the first who promised to accept her reform, administered the last Sacraments. Unable to speak, she turned towards her faithful companion, the Venerable Anne of St. Bartholomew, and drew her towards her, and then crept into her arms: Anne held her there for fourteen hours, and then, seeing our Lord with many saints at the foot of the bed, she prayed for her death that she might enter into joy; the instant she had finished her prayer the Saint was dead. It was on the feast of St. Francis, October 4, 1582.

The greatness of St. Teresa's work may be guessed from this, that on the day of her death there were fifteen monasteries of friars and seventeen of women—the fruits of her sanctity and her legacy to the Church, of which she was always the humblest and most docile child.

# THE TRUE HISTORY

OF

# MARIA MONK.

It is nearly sixty years since *Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures* first appeared, and a year after its appearance a complete refutation of the story was published in the *Dublin Review* (May 1836). The story, however, was too much according to the taste of an anti-Catholic public to be given up for so trifling a consideration as its proved falsity; and a notorious shop in Paternoster Row, as well as others established under Protestant auspices, still continues to print and disseminate it. The character of the work appeals also to another class of readers, and it may usually be found in quarters in which more or less indecent publications are exposed for sale. It is not easy to believe that a book of this kind can be accepted as authentic by decent and well-meaning Protestants; yet we are assured that such is the case. To them, therefore, we now offer (1) a reprint of the *Dublin Review* article; (2) some further evidence on the subject which has come to light since that date; (3) an account of her death. We ask a careful perusal and an attentive hearing for the evidence we offer, and we shall be surprised if our readers are not convinced that the "True History" is a tissue of lies.

## I. THE DUBLIN REVIEW ARTICLE.

A book bearing the title of 'Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures' has just appeared in London. It is a verbal reprint from the original edition published in New York in January last (1835), and its object is to calumniate the members of the Catholic religious establishments of Montreal in Lower Canada, and thereby to cast discredit and obloquy on the professors of that faith generally.

Let us hear how this precious nun introduces her 'awful disclosures.'

"It is hoped that the reader of the ensuing narrative will not suppose that it is a *fiction* or that the scenes and persons that I have delineated had not a real existence. It is also desired that the author of this volume may be regarded not as a *voluntary participator* in the very guilty transactions which are described; but receive sympathy for the trials which she has endured and the peculiar situation in which her past experience and escape from the power of the Superioress of the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery at Montreal, and the snares of the Roman priests in Canada, have left her. My feelings are frequently distressed and agitated by the recollections of what I have passed through; and by night and by day I have little peace of mind, and few periods of calm or serious reflection. . . . . I have given the world the truth so far as I have gone, on subjects of which I am told they are generally ignorant; and I feel perfect confidence that any facts which may yet be discovered will confirm my words, whenever they can be obtained. Whoever shall explore the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery at Montreal, will find unquestionable evidence that the descriptions of the interior of that edifice given in this book were furnished by one familiar with them; for whatever alterations may be attempted, there are changes which no mason or carpenter can make and effectually conceal, and therefore there must be plentiful evidence in that institution of the truth of my description. There are living witnesses also who ought to be made to speak, without fear of penances, tortures, and death; and possibly their testimony at some future time may be added to confirm my statements. . . . . It would distress the reader should I repeat the dreams with which I am often terrified at night; for I sometimes fancy myself pursued by my worst enemies; frequently I seem as if shut up again in the convent; often I imagine myself present at the repetition of the worst scenes that I have hinted at or described. Sometimes I stand by the secret place of

interment in the cellar; sometimes I think I can hear the shrieks of helpless females in the hands of atrocious men; and sometimes almost seem actually to look again upon the calm and placid countenance of Saint Frances as she appeared when surrounded by her murderers."—(*Preface.*)*

Thus the authoress confesses that she is afflicted with terrific dreams,—that she imagines herself to be pursued by enemies,—shut up again in the 'black convent,'—present once more at the hideous scenes she describes,—about to be conveyed to the 'secret place of interment in the cellar,—that she hears 'the shrieks of helpless females in the hands of atrocious men.' Well then, if the lady be subject to visions of this description, is it not just possible that some of them might have found their way into her book? A glance at her early history, as it stands recorded by herself, will throw some further light upon her character. Her parents, she tells us, were both from Scotland, and resided in Lower Canada. She was born at St. John's, and has spent the most of her life in Montreal. Her father was an officer under the British Government. He is dead, and her mother has a pension. The latter is a Protestant. Our heroine, when about six or seven years old, went to a school kept by a Mr. Workman, a Protestant, who taught her to read and write, and arithmetic as far as division. A number of girls of her acquaintance went to school (as day scholars) to the establishment of the Congregational Nunnery, or Sisters of Charity, as they are usually called.

When she was ten years old, being anxious to learn French, she obtained permission to attend the schools of the Sisters of Charity. The 'terrible Black Nunnery' is adjacent to that of the Sisters of Charity, being separated from it only by a wall. The Black Nunnery "professes to be a charitable institution for the care of the sick, and the supply of bread and medicines for the poor; and *something is done in these departments of charity*, although but an insignificant amount compared

* All quotations from Maria Monk are from the book above mentioned.

with the size of the buildings and the number of the inmates." This is the institution which Maria Monk and her confederates have thought fit to libel. It is called the 'Black Nunnery' from the colour of the dress worn by the inmates.

"From all that appears to the public eye, the nuns of these convents are devoted to the charitable objects appropriate to each, the labour of making different articles known to be manufactured by them, and the religious observances which occupy a large portion of their time. They are regarded with *much respect* by the people at large; and now and then, when a novice takes the veil, she is supposed to retire from the temptations and troubles of this world into a state of holy seclusion, where, by prayer, self-mortification, and good deeds, she prepares herself for heaven" (p. 14).

Now here it is admitted that these establishments, which have existed at Montreal for upwards of half a century, are regarded with much respect by the people of that place, although we shall presently learn from the evidence of Maria Monk, that one of them at least is the perpetual scene of every crime that can degrade religion, and disgrace human nature. But let us proceed. While Maria was at the school of the Sisters of Charity, priests regularly attended to instruct the pupils in the Catechism. With a view to forward them in the essential part of Catholic education, a small catechism in common use amongst us was put into their hands.* But, says Maria:

"The priests soon began to teach us a new set of answers which were not to be found in our books, from some of which I received new ideas, and got, as I thought, important light on religious subjects, which confirmed me more and more in my belief in the Roman Catholic doctrines. These questions and answers I can still recall with tolerable accuracy, and some of them I will add here. I never have *read them*, as we were taught them only by word of mouth. Question: Why

* [The English *Catechism of Christian Doctrine*, can be obtained from 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., price 1d., by post 1½.]

did not God make all the commandments? Answer: Because man is not strong enough to keep them. Question: Why are men not to read the New Testament? Answer: Because the mind of man is too limited and weak to understand what God has written. These questions and answers are *not to be found in the common catechisms* in use in Montreal, and other places where I have been, but all the children in the Congregational Nunnery were taught them, and many more not in these books."

Well might Maria say that she had never *read* these questions and answers, and that they are not to be found in the common catechism. The first question is an absurdity in itself, and the propriety of the second may be judged of by those who take the trouble to look into the Missal used by the Catholic laity, which they will find almost wholly composed of extracts from the New Testament.

We now begin to see a little of this lady's character. Her first acquaintance with the Black Nunnery arose from a service it conferred upon her.

"In the Black Nunnery is an hospital for sick people from the city, and sometimes some of our boarders, such as were indisposed, were sent there to be cured. I was once taken ill myself and sent there where I remained a few days. There were beds enough for a considerable number more. A physician attended it daily; and there is a number of the veiled nuns of that convent *who spend most of their time there.* These would also sometimes read lectures and repeat prayers to us" (p. 20).

Such are the practices—attending the sick, reading lectures to them, repeating prayers with them, spending most of their time with them—of the Black Nuns whom nevertheless we shall, by and by, find charged by this grateful patient with the perpetration of the most horrid crimes!

The only opportunity she appears ever to have had of becoming acquainted with the interior of the nunnery in question was that which she enjoyed on this occasion: and yet she has the audacity, as well as the ingratitude,

to put forth as a test of the truth of her narrative, the knowledge of the localities which she acquired during the period she received from the sisterhood the most kind, the most beneficial attentions. She proceeds:—

"After I had been in the Congregational Nunnery about two years, I left it and attended several schools for a short time; but I soon became *dissatisfied*, having many and severe trials to endure at home which my feelings will not allow me to describe; and as my Catholic acquaintances had often spoken to me in favour of their faith, I was inclined to believe it true, although, as I have before said, *I knew little of any religion. While out of the nunnery I saw nothing of religion.* If I had, I believe I should never have thought of becoming a nun" (p. 21).

According to her own account, Maria was now about twelve or thirteen years old. Suddenly she takes it into her head to become a black nun; she was introduced, she says, by an old priest, to the superior of the convent to whom she explained her wishes; and accordingly, after a short delay, she says, "at length, on Saturday morning I called about 10 o'clock and was admitted into the Black Nunnery as a novice, much to my satisfaction" (p. 23). She states (p. 28) and not incorrectly, that the usual period of the noviciate is about two years and a half, which is sometimes abridged, and yet we find her commencing her fourth chapter in these terms:—

"After I had been a novice *four or five years*, that is, from the time I commenced school at the convent, one day I was treated by one of the nuns in a manner which displeased me, and because I expressed some resentment, was required to beg her pardon. Not being satisfied with this, although I complied with the command, nor with the coolness with which the superior treated me, *I determined to quit the convent at once, which I did without asking leave.* There would have been *no obstacle* to my departure, I presume, novice as I then was, if I had asked permission; but I was too much displeased to wait for that, and went home *without speaking to anyone on the subject*" (p. 33).

Therefore we find that according to her own account,

her noviciate was double the ordinary length of the period of probation; that from her thirteenth to her eighteenth year she spent in the 'Black Nunnery' in the first instance; and that, then, she quitted it without asking leave of anybody.* We next behold her as assistant teacher in a school at St. Denis. And, lest we might be charged with mutilating her narrative by condensing it, we shall permit her to tell her own story.

"While engaged in this manner I became acquainted with a man who soon proposed marriage; and, young and ignorant of the world as I was, I heard his offers with favour. On consulting with my friend, she expressed a friendly interest for me, advised me against taking such a step, and especially as I knew *little about the man* except that a report was circulated *unfavourable to his character.* Unfortunately I was not wise enough to listen to her advice and *hastily married.* In a few weeks, I had occasion to repent of the step I had taken, as *the report proved true*—a report which I thought justified and indeed required our separation. After I had been in St. Denis about three months, finding myself thus situated and not knowing *what else to do,* I determined to return to the convent and pursue my former intention of becoming a Black Nun could I gain admittance. Knowing the *many inquiries* that the superior would make relative to me during my absence before leaving St. Denis, I agreed with the lady with whom I had been associated as a teacher (when she went to Montreal, which she did very frequently) to say to the Lady Superior, *I had been under her protection during my absence,* which would satisfy and stop further inquiry; as I was sensible, *should they know I had been married,* I should not gain admittance" (pp. 35, 36).

Here then we have a novice who ran away from her convent, married to a man of bad character; having nothing else to do, she resolves again to become a nun, and in order to shield herself from inquiry on that subject, deliberately fabricates a false statement, in

* [The article in the *Dublin Review* might also have noticed the absurd age when Maria Monk asserts she was clothed, &c.]

which she gets another person to join her, and back she goes to the nunnery with this lie upon her lips, concealing too, the fact of her marriage, which, without a legal separation sanctioned by the Church, is utterly inconsistent with the vows into which a nun must enter. But this is not all. Having, as she asserts, obtained permission to take up her abode again in the convent as a novice, she proceeds to give us the following piece of information, which, even upon her own showing, would be enough to disqualify her as a witness in any court of justice in the world.

"The money usually required for the admission of novices had not been expected from me; I had been admitted the first time without any such requisition; but now I chose to pay for my readmission. I knew that she (the Superioress) was able to dispense with such a demand as well in this as the former case, and she knew that I was not in possession of anything like the sum she required. But I was bent on paying to the nunnery, and accustomed to receive the doctrine, often repeated to me before that time, that when the advantage of the Church was consulted, the steps taken were justifiable, let them be what they would; I therefore resolved to obtain money *on false pretences*, confident that if all were known, I should be far from displeasing the Superior. *I went to the Brigade Major*, and asked him to give me the money payable to my mother from her pension, which amounted to about thirty dollars; and without questioning my authority to receive it in her name, he gave me it. From several of her friends, I obtained small sums under the name of loans, so that altogether I had soon raised a number of pounds, with which I hastened to the nunnery, and deposited a part in the hands of the Superior. She received the money with evident satisfaction, though she must have known that *I could not have obtained it honestly;* and I was at once readmitted as a novice" (pp. 36, 37).

We shall only add one other trait of this woman's character, as described by herself:

"The day on which I received Confirmation was a dis-

tressing one to me. I believed the doctrine of the Roman Catholics, and, according to them, I was guilty of three mortal sins: concealing something at confession; sacrilege in putting the Body of Christ in the sacrament under my feet, and by receiving it while not in a state of grace; and now, I had been led into all these sins in consequence of my marriage, which I never had acknowledged, as it would have cut me off from being admitted as a nun" (p. 40).

It was about a year after this period, that Maria (as she says) became a nun, by taking the veil, having still concealed the circumstance of her marriage, and consequently committed sacrilege, under all its most aggravated forms. No sooner did she take the veil than she was at once initiated in all the crimes which she says the nuns are in the habit of committing. 'From that moment,' she declares, 'I was required to act like the most abandoned of beings;' then for the first time, she heard, that 'all her future associates were habitually guilty of the most heinous and detestable crimes' (p. 47). It will not be required of us to go through the dark catalogue of offences which she imputes to the sisterhood. There is one alleged crime, however, which we cannot pass unnoticed. It is told with much of circumstance, and involves a deliberate murder, in which she says that she herself took a part, and of which if there was one tittle of foundation for her story, the authorities of Montreal would have easily disposed, by having the alleged murderers brought to public trial.

In page 101 of her *Disclosures* she prefers a charge of deliberate murder against the Bishop of Montreal, the Superioress of the convent, and five priests, three of whom are named Fathers Bonin, Richards, and Savage. The facts are as follows: a certain nun, called 'Saint Frances,' because she would not take part in the alleged criminal acts of the sisters, is hurried up before the five priests and the Bishop, sentenced to death, and immediately is bound and gagged, tied face upwards to a bedstead and mattress, other beds are thrown upon her, and all the five priests with the nuns jump upon

the bed and literally crush the 'poor victim' to death. She is then unbound and buried in quicklime in a cellar, where in a very short time all vestiges of this alleged murder are destroyed.

The person who records this deed says that she cannot even think of it now without shuddering. She has no kindly feelings towards the parties who, she says, were guilty of this murder. There were other witnesses of it besides herself. Why then did she not, at least after quitting the convent, of which she asserts she was at one time an inmate, go before the King's Attorney General, and denounce the murderers? Simply because she knew that the whole scene is a fabrication of her own brain, or of some other brain more steeped in falsehood than her own.

We need not pursue this narrative any further. It will be sufficient to add that Maria confesses that even after she had taken the veil, she *twice* quitted the convent, and that eventually the necessity she was under of preparing for her own *accouchement*, as she confesses, obliged her to run away altogether. She found refuge, as she informs us, in an alms house at New York.

Such is the story of this abandoned woman as told by herself, or at least by others with her sanction, abstracting from its truth or falsehood. We ask any reasonable being, is it a story that deserves the slightest credit? We might leave the work to its fate upon the evidence we have brought against the alleged author out of her own pages; but fortunately for the cause of our religion and of truth, we happen to have in our hands the means of proving that it is from beginning to end a tissue of the most unalloyed falsehoods ever penned or uttered. The sources whence we derive our evidence of the utter falsehood of the book, are: 1. The universal testimony of the Protestant press at Montreal. 2. The affidavits of individuals of character residing at Montreal, and amongst the rest, that of Maria Monk's own mother, who appears to be a respectable woman.

The first publication of this calumny against the priesthood and nuns of Montreal appeared in a New York

'religious (?)' paper called the *Protestant Vindicator*. The number in which the infamous libel appeared, was dated 14th October, 1835, three months previous to the appearance of the book; it reached Montreal four or five days later, and was met by immediate and unanimous contradiction from the whole of the Protestant press of the Province. These contradictions are of the most unqualified character; and as the parties from whom they emanated are, for the most part, politically opposed to the section of the population to which the priests belong, they are at once honourable to the good feelings of the witnesses themselves, and of course the more valuable as evidence. We shall commence with the evidence of the *Montreal Herald*, in favour of the unimpeachable character of the calumniated persons. After a paragraph which it is not necessary to quote, the *Herald* (in its issue of 20th or 21st (?) October, 1835), proceeds as follows:

"....The first editorial article is entitled 'Nunneries,' and is intended to be an exposure of debauchery and murder said to have taken place in the Hôtel Dieu in this city. We will not disgrace our columns nor disgust our readers by copying the false, the abominably false, article. Though of a different religious persuasion from the priests and nuns, we have had too many opportunities of witnessing their unwearied assiduity and watchfulness and Christian charity during two seasons of pestilence, and can bear witness to the hitherto unimpeached and unimpeachable rectitude of their conduct, to be in the slightest degree swayed in our opinion by a newspaper slander; but we would respectfully inform the conductors of the *Protestant Vindicator* that there never existed a class of men who are more highly respected and more universally esteemed by individuals of all persuasions than the Roman Catholic Priests of Montreal. The 'Sisters of Charity,' are equally respected and are the means of effecting important services to the community. They *practise* Christianity by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, protecting the orphan, and ministering to the sick, the afflicted, and the dying,—

'pursuing the noiseless tenour of their way,' courting no popular applause, and seeking their sole reward in 'conscience void of offence towards God and man.' We do not pretend to be defenders of the Roman Catholic Religion, or of any of its particular institutions. We are Protestants and glory in being so; but we will not so far forget the precepts of our Divine Master as to connive at traducing the character of individuals, who are exemplary members of society, although they are of a different religious persuasion from ourselves."

[The *Dublin Review* then adds extracts from the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Rucher Mercury*, belonging both to the same date Oct. 21, 1835. These are omitted here for want of space, but they testify with the same cordiality to the respect and even veneration felt by citizens of all denominations for the character and heroic labours of the clergy and nuns.]

These general testimonies in favour of the Roman Catholic clergy and religious ladies of Montreal, and in contradiction to the sweeping accusations against them, contained in the paper already named, produced no retractation or apology on the part of the editor of the *Protestant Vindicator*. On the contrary, in a subsequent number of that paper, dated the 4th November, 1835, the calumnies were reiterated and insisted upon, in the violent and bitter language of ignorant fanaticism, on the single authority of the unfortunate creature whose name is attached to the book (which is the object of this criticism). In the meantime, some of the Protestant inhabitants of Montreal had voluntarily instituted an inquiry into the origin of the accusations, and the result was the perfect establishment of the falsehood of the statements which have since been woven into the book under notice.

The first piece of evidence we shall offer is the sworn affidavit of Dr. Robertson, a physician of long standing, and a Justice of the Peace. It is not the first in chronological order, but it is the first in importance, as it gives a connected history of Maria Monk for a considerable time previously. The document we give

entire, inviting the reader's especial attention to the passages which we have printed in italics :—

"William Robertson of Montreal, doctor in medicine, being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists, deposeth and saith as follows: On the 9th of November, 1834, three men came up to my house, having a young female in company with them, who they said was observed, that forenoon, on the bank of the canal, near the extremity of the St. Joseph's suburbs, acting in a manner which induced some people who saw her to think that she intended to drown herself. They took her into a house in the neighbourhood, where, after being there some hours, and interrogated as to who she was, &c., *she said she was the daughter of Dr. Robertson.* On receiving this information they brought her to my house. Being from home when they came to the door, and learning from Mrs. Robertson that she had denied them, they conveyed her to the watch-house. Upon hearing this story, in company with G. Auldjo, Esq., of this city, I went to the watch-house to inquire into the affair. We found the young female, whom I have since ascertained to be Maria Monk, daughter of W. Monk of this city, in custody. She said that, although she was not my daughter, she was the child of respectable parents, in or very near Montreal, *who from some light conduct of hers (arising from temporary insanity, to which she was at times subject from her infancy) had kept her confined and chained in a cellar for the last four years.* Upon examination, no mark or appearance indicated the wearing of manacles or any other mode of restraint. She said, on my observing this, that her mother always took care to cover the irons with soft clothes, to prevent them injuring her skin. From the appearance of her hands she evidently had not been used to work. To remove her from the watch-house, where she was confined with some of the most profligate women of the town, taken up for inebriety and disorderly conduct in the streets, as she could not give a satisfactory account of herself, I, as a Justice of the Peace, sent her to gaol as a vagrant.

"The following morning I went to the gaol, for the purpose of ascertaining if possible who she was. After considerable persuasion, she promised to divulge her story to the Rev. H. Esson, one of the clergymen of the Church of Scotland, to whose congregation she said that her parents belonged. That gentleman did call at the gaol and ascertain who she was. In the course of a few days she was released, and I did not see her again until the month of August last, when Mr. Johnson, of Griffin-town, joiner, and Mr. Cooley, of the St. Ann suburbs, merchant, called upon me about ten o'clock at night, and after some prefatory remarks, mentioned that the object of their visit was to ask me as a magistrate to institute an inquiry into some very serious charges which had been made against some of the Roman Catholic priests of the place, and the nuns of the General Hospital, by a female who had been a nun in that institution for four years, and who had divulged the most horrible secrets of that establishment, such as the illicit and criminal intercourse between the nuns and the priests, stating such particulars of depravity of conduct, on the part of these people in this respect, and their murdering the offspring of these criminal connections as soon as they were born, to the number of from thirty to forty every year. I instantly stated that I did not believe a word of what they told me, and they must have been imposed upon by some evil-disposed and designing person. Upon inquiry who this nun, their informant, was, I discovered that she answered exactly the description of Maria Monk whom I had so much trouble about last year, and mentioned to these individuals my suspicion and what I knew of that unfortunate girl. Mr. Cooley said to Mr. Johnson: 'Let us go home, we are hoaxed.' They told me that she was then at Mr. Johnson's house, and requested me to call there and hear her story.

"The next day, or the day following, I did call, and saw Maria Monk at Mr. Johnson's house. She repeated in my presence the substance of what was mentioned to me before, relating to her having been in the nunnery

for four years; having taken the black veil; the crimes committed there; and a variety of other circumstances concerning the conduct of priests and nuns. A Mr. Hoyte was introduced to me, and was present during the whole of the time that I was in the house. He was represented as one of the persons who had come in from New York with this young woman, for the purpose of investigating into this mysterious affair. I was asked to take her deposition, on her oath, as to the truth of what she had stated. I declined doing so, giving as a reason, that from my knowledge of her character, I considered her assertions upon oath were not entitled to more credit than her bare assertion, and that I did not believe either; intimating at the same time, my willingness to take the necessary steps for a full investigation, if they could get any other person to corroborate any part of her solemn testimony, or if a direct charge were made against any particular individual of a criminal nature.

"During the first interview with Messrs. Johnson and Cooley, they mentioned that Maria Monk had been found in New York, in a very destitute situation by some charitable friends, who administered to her necessities, being very sick. She expressed a wish to see a clergyman, as she had a dreadful secret which she wished to divulge before she died; a clergyman visiting her, she related to him the alleged crimes of the priests and the nuns of the General Hospital at Montreal. After her recovery, she was visited and examined by the Mayor and some lawyers at New York, afterwards at Troy, in the State of New York, on the subject; and I understood them to say that Mr. Hoyte and two other gentlemen, one of them a lawyer, were sent to Montreal with her, for the purpose of examining into the truth of the accusations thus made. Although incredulous as to the truth of Maria Monk's story, I thought it incumbent on me to make some inquiry concerning it, *and have ascertained* where she (Maria Monk) has been residing a great part of the time she states having been an inmate of the nunnery. During the summer of 1832

she was at service at William Henry; the winters of 1832–3, she passed in this neighbourhood of St. Ours and St. Denis. The accounts given of her conduct that season, corroborate the opinions I had before entertained of her character.

"W. ROBERTSON."

"Sworn before me, at Montreal, this 14th day of Nov. 1835.

"BENJAMIN HOLMES.
"Justice of the Peace."

So strong is the evidence of Dr. Robertson, in proof of the mingled insanity and depravity of Maria Monk, that we might safely rest upon it, the case of the clergy and nuns. In the first place, she represented herself as the daughter of Dr. Robertson. Finding from the personal attendance of Dr. Robertson, that this story could not be maintained, she substituted for it a statement to the effect that her parents resided near Montreal, and that they kept her chained in a cellar for the last four years. At a subsequent period she gives up the cellar story for one which seemed likely to become more profitable, and she then represented herself as having been an inmate of the Hôtel Dieu during the very four years that she had previously said she had been chained in a cellar by her parents.

But although each of these stories contradicts the other, and all of them completely destroy the general credibility of the witness, we have further, the direct testimony of Dr. Robertson, that during the four years in question, she was neither chained in a cellar, nor outraged in a nunnery. In 1832 she was at William Henry—a town about forty-five miles below Montreal, and in the winter of 1832–3 she was living in the same neighbourhood, namely, at St. Ours or St. Denis, two villages lying south and inland of the town just named.

We now come to the affidavit of the mother of Maria Monk. It is of great length, and contains many minor details which do not materially strengthen the evidence, though they would do so were that evidence of a less

decided character. Many of those details we shall therefore omit, giving only the most important passages. The affidavit was sworn on the 24th October, 1835, before Dr. Robertson, whose own evidence the reader has just perused. Mrs. Monk declares in this affidavit:

"That, wishing to guard the public against the deception which has lately been practised in Montreal by designing men, *who have taken advantage of the occasional mental derangement of her daughter*, to make scandalous accusations against the priests and nuns in Montreal, and afterwards *to make her pass herself for a nun* who had left the Convent."

She proceeds to state that in August, 1835, a man named Hoyte, who stated himself to be a Minister of New York, called upon her and informed her:—

"That he had lately come to Montreal with a young woman and child of five weeks old; that the woman had absconded from him at Goodenough's Tavern, where they were lodging, and left him with the child. He gave me a description of the woman; I unfortunately discovered that the description answered my daughter; and the reflection that this stranger had called upon Mr. Esson, our pastor, and inquiring for my brother, I suspected that this was planned; I asked for the child, and said that I would place it in a nunnery; to that, Mr. Hoyte started every objection, in abusive language, against the nuns."

Subsequently the child was delivered to her. Mrs. Monk then sent an acquaintance, a Mrs. Tarbert, to seek for her daughter, who was found, but she refused to go to her mother's house. The only fact of importance in this portion of the affidavit, is 'that Maria Monk had borrowed a bonnet and shawl, *to assist her to escape from that Mr. Hoyte at the hotel*,' and she requested Mrs. Tarbert to return them to the owner. We now proceed to quote a further portion of Mrs. Monk's affidavit:—

"Early in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Hoyte came to my house with the same old man, wishing me to make all my efforts to find the girl, in the meantime

speaking very bitterly against the Catholics, the priests, and the nuns; mentioned that my daughter had been in a nunnery, where she had been ill-treated. I denied that my daughter had ever been in a nunnery; that when she was about eight years of age she went to a day-school; at that time came in two other persons, whom Mr. Hoyte introduced; one was the Rev. Mr. Brewster; I do not recollect the other reverence's name. *They all requested me, in the most pressing terms, to try to make it out my daughter had been in the nunnery*, and that she had some connexion with the priests of the seminary, of which nunneries and priests she spoke in the most outrageous terms; *said that should I make that out, myself, my daughter and child, would be protected for life.* I expected to get rid of their importunities in relating the melancholy circumstances by which *my daughter was frequently deranged in her head*, and told them that when at the age of about seven years, she broke a slate pencil in her head; that since that time, her mental faculties were deranged, and by times much more than at other times, but that she was far from being an idiot; that she could make the most ridiculous, but most plausible stories; *and that as to the history that she had been in a nunnery, it was a fabrication, for she was never in a nunnery;* that at one time I wished to obtain a place in a nunnery for her, that I had employed the influence of Mrs. De Montenach, of Dr. Nelson, and of our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Esson, but without success . . . . After many more solicitations to the same effect, three of them retired, but Mr. Hoyte remained adding to the other solicitations; he was stopped, a person having rapped at the door; it was then candle-light. I opened the door, and I found Dr. McDonald, who told me that my daughter Maria was at his house in the most distressing situation; that she wished him to come and make her peace with me; I went with the doctor to his house in McGill Street. She came with me to near my house, but would not come in, notwithstanding I assured her that she would be kindly treated, and that I would give her her child;

she crossed the parade ground and I went into the house and returned for her; Mr. Hoyte followed me. She was leaning on the west railing of the parade; we went to her; Mr. Hoyte told her: *My dear Mary, I am sorry you have treated yourself and me in this manner; I hope you have not exposed what has passed between us; nevertheless I will treat you the same as ever, and spoke to her in the most affectionate terms; took her in his arms; she at first spoke to him very cross, and refused to go with him, but at last consented and went away with him, absolutely refusing to come to my house.* Soon after Mr. Hoyte came and demanded the child; I gave it to him.

"Next morning Mr. Hoyte returned, and *was more pressing than ever in his former solicitations, and requested me to say that my daughter had been in the nunnery; that should I say so, it would be better than one hundred pounds to me; that I would be protected for life;* and that *I should leave Montreal,* and that *I would be better provided for elsewhere;* I answered that *thousands of pounds would not induce me to perjure myself;* then he got saucy and abusive to the utmost; he said he came to Montreal to detect the infamy of the priests and the nuns."

What follows is not important, except that Mrs. Monk heard, a few days after, that her daughter was at one Mr. Johnson's, a joiner at Griffin-town,* with Mr. Hoyte; that *he passed her for a nun who had escaped from the Hôtel Dieu nunnery;* and on further inquiry she found that her daughter had subsequently gone off with the said Hoyte.

To the above ample testimony we shall only add the most material portion of the evidence of Mrs. Tarbert, the female who was requested by Mrs. Monk to seek out her daughter:—

"I know the said Maria Monk; *last spring she told me that the father of the child she was then carrying, was burned in Mr. Owsten's house.* She often went away in the country, and at the request of her mother, I accompanied her across the river. *Last summer she came back to my*

* Griffin-town is the western suburb of Montreal.

*lodgings and told me that she had made out the father of the child;* and that very night left me and went away. *The next morning I found that she was in a house of bad fame*, where I went for her, and told the woman keeping that house, that she ought not to allow that girl to remain there, for she was a girl of good and honest family. *Maria Monk then told me that she would not go to him (alluding, as I understood, to the father of the child), for that he wanted her to swear an oath, that would lose her soul for ever, but jestingly said, would make her a lady for ever.* I then told her (Maria): do not lose your soul for money."

Here then, not only have we abundant proof of the utter falsehood of Maria Monk's 'Awful Disclosures,' but the whole character of this abominable conspiracy is unfolded. It is quite clear that Maria Monk had been living in a state of concubinage with Hoyte, and there is every reason to believe that the infant alluded to was the fruit of their intercourse. Hoyte probably belongs to to one of those sects of fanatics, so common in some portions of the United States, who will not scruple to resort to any means, however criminal, to bring discredit on the professors either of the Catholic or of the Episcopalian faith. This, at least, is the only mode of accounting for his conduct, and for that of the other wretches associated with him.

But little now remains to be added. Touching the character of the Catholic clergy and nuns of Canada, we might add the testimony of several persons now in London, * whose opportunities of observation have been ample, having resided many years in Canada, during the whole of which period not even a whisper was ever uttered against the servants of the Gospel; on the contrary, the spotless purity of their lives was universally acknowledged. Living in the midst of a populous city, their residences open to any visitor, constantly mixing with the inhabitants, they may be said to be perpetually under the public eye; hence it would

* [That is, in 1836, when this *Dublin Review* article appeared.]

be quite impossible that any irregularity of conduct could be practised without attracting attention and leading to exposure. Most of the individuals named in Maria Monk's book are specially known for the practice of every active virtue. With reference to education particularly, both priests and nuns have secured the enduring gratitude of the community of Lower Canada. The seminaries of Montreal and Quebec are the only public schools of any note in Lower Canada, and there is scarcely an individual of education in the province who is not indebted for his mental acquirements to one or other of these excellent establishments.

The same may be said of the Nunneries as places of education for girls. So deservedly popular are they, that the Protestant English are in the habit of sending their daughters to those institutions for elementary education and as the *Quebec Mercury* very properly observes, when these daughters in their turn become mothers, it is seldom that they do not evince their confidence in the purity of the lives and conduct of the members of these establishments, by committing their own daughters to their care. . . . . That any persons of a (respectable) station in life should be found so destitute of all sense of religion, as to republish known calumny, the falsehood of which was demonstrated, might indeed create the extreme of surprise, if anti-Catholic and ultra-Protestant bigotry had not furnished multitudinous instances of the total abandonment of all shame, of such an utter disregard of veracity, that Charles James Fox's expression of "a good Protestant lie" is not so familiar as to suppress every angry emotion, and to cause a smile of contempt to take the place of a more legitimate resentment.

## II. FURTHER EVIDENCE.

Here we part company with the *Dublin Review* article. Here also we might finish, were it not that soon after the article in question was written, additional evidence came to light, still further showing the utter worthlessness of the book and of the unhappy woman who was concerned in its publication. A thorough in-

vestigation of the whole affair was made by Col. W. L. Stone, Editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. This gentleman, a Protestant, and previously an ardent believer in the veracity of Maria Monk's story, went over to Montreal, fully determined to search the convent in question in confirmation of his belief, and afterwards to publish for the benefit of the public whatever result might come from his visit. He was accompanied by Mr. A. Frothington, President of the Bank of Montreal, and Mr. Duncan Fisher, another Protestant gentleman of the same city. They obtained permission from the Bishop, visited the convent together, and searched it from garret to cellar. Every hole and corner, every cellar and passage, was explored by them. They interviewed the nuns, and questioned them, but none of them ever knew of such a person as Maria Monk as ever having been a member of that sisterhood. They never heard of such an individual as Jane Ray, though Maria Monk's book contains such pathetic and gloomy stories concerning the "awful sufferings" of this same person. We shall see afterwards of what institution Jane Ray was an inmate. They knew not any nun called Sister "Frances Partridge" or "Sister Frances." The result of Col. Stone's inspection of the convent was the firm conviction, and in fact, the certain knowledge, that the whole account of Maria Monk's *Disclosures* was a pure fiction, and Maria Monk herself an arrant imposter. The whole of this Protestant gentleman's experience may be seen in a little book, entitled *Refutation of the Fabulous History of the Arch-Impostor Maria Monk* (Art and Book Company, Leamington, price 3d.). Our account of Col. Stone's investigation has been taken from it.

Not only were no such persons as are mentioned in Maria's book known to the Sisters, but the very description given so minutely by her, of the convent, and the passages and doors she asserts that she passed through to make her second escape; the very position of the convent, the alleged underground passages leading from the seminary to the convent, all these were found to

have no existence, nor ever at any time to have existed. Another Protestant gentleman named Mr. W. Perkins, of Montreal, had also obtained episcopal sanction and visited this convent, searching it all over and with a like result. (This also is recorded in Col. Stone's book.) These gentlemen determined to shame Maria Monk by publicly confronting her. Several public interviews took place between Col. Stone and Maria Monk. The result was in each case, that she made some glaring blunders regarding the convent and its inmates which Col. Stone and his friends from their actual experience were able to contradict on the spot. Maria Monk's friends made another effort to save her "reputation." They introduced for the first time a certain so-called "nun" who asserted she had been since Maria Monk's time, an inmate of the "Black Nunnery."

The supporters of Maria Monk looked upon the advent of this new confederate as a godsend, and a godsend it really proved itself to be, in a manner that completely overthrew the cause of the "Father of lies." "In ten minutes," writes Col. Stone, "in the presence of half-a-dozen other friends, clerical and laical, was the imposture unmasked." Frances Partridge forgot herself completely, and in describing the convent, located it on the wrong side of a very large block of buildings, quite in a different direction from its actual position; giving an entrance leading to it which completely contradicted the one given by Maria Monk, her prompter, as well as the actual one seen by Col. Stone with his own eyes in visiting the convent. This was no *lapsus linguæ*, writes the Colonel, for time was given Frances to recover herself; Maria Monk gave her a "hint" or two, but she did not "take." Three times did she repeat the same fatal mistake, so that Col. Stone exposed her and denounced her to her face, together with Maria Monk as an arrant fraud. There stood at the same time as the Hôtel Dieu Convent, another institution for the reclaiming of prostitutes to a life of virtue, known as the "Magdalen Asylum," and kept by Mrs. McDonnell. This lady has sworn an

affidavit before a public notary at Montreal, that Maria Monk was never a nun at all, but had always led the life of a prostitute. She states that the names of "Fougnée," mentioned in the *Awful Disclosures*, were in reality the names of the Misses Fournier, her assistant directresses in the Magdalen Asylum, and that "Howard, Jane McCoy, Jane Ra, and Reed," introduced into the same narrative, so far from ever having been nuns, were reclaimed prostitutes, living in the Asylum at the very time Maria Monk was under probation for an amendment of her wicked and infamous career. Moreover Mrs. McDonnell states that the description given of the Hôtel Dieu Convent is alone applicable to the Magdalen Asylum. The following is the affidavit:—

"Province of Lower Canada, district of Montreal.

"Before me, Adam L. MacNider, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the district of Montreal, appeared Agatha Henrietta Huguet Latour, widow of the late Duncan Cameron McDonnell, who after making an oath on the holy Evangelists, declared that for six years past she had conducted and managed an institution in the city of Montreal, commonly known and distinguished as the Magdalen Asylum; that about the close of the month of November, 1834, Maria Monk, daughter of Mrs. W. Monk, housekeeper of the Government House in the city of Montreal, entered the Asylum and became an inmate thereof; and she understood that the said Maria had for many years led the life of a stroller and prostitute, and that she received her into the Asylum with the hope of effecting her reformation; that in the progress of her acquaintance with the character of the said Maria, she found her to be very uncertain and grossly deceitful; but that she nevertheless did persevere in her efforts to reclaim her to the paths of virtue and morality.

"And deponent further declared that having been informed that the said Maria held conversation with a man who had reached the yard of the Asylum by scaling the enclosures, she sent for the said Maria,

and severely reprimanded her, pointing out that her conduct in holding such conversation was in direct violation of the rules of the institution, and did moreover indicate a disposition to relapse into her former vicious courses; that the said Maria was not touched by the remonstrances addressed to her, but became more indecorous in her conduct every day, and that finally, deponent was obliged to dismiss her from the Asylum; that the said Maria before her dismissal did appear discontented with her residence there, but deponent would not consent to her withdrawal, without the consent of the said Mrs. Monk, who was accordingly informed of her daughter's conduct, and her desire to withdraw from the Asylum. And deponent further declared that she had reason to believe that the man with whom the said Maria communicated during her stay at the Asylum was . . . . having been informed thus by the said Maria herself.

"And deponent further declared that she had reason to believe that the said Maria was in a state of pregnancy at the time she entered the Asylum; and deponent further declared that the said Maria was dismissed from the Asylum at the beginning of the month of March, 1835, and withdrew, as this deponent has been informed, to her mother's house. And deponent further declared that she had read the pamphlet entitled, "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk," and that deponent was thereby informed for the first time, that the said Maria had been at any time the inmate of a convent; that the said Maria, at the time she was in the Magdalen Asylum, did never pretend to deponent or anyone else, according to the information and belief of the deponent, that she had been an inmate of the Hôtel Dieu Convent, or of any convent whatever; but that deponent had always understood and believed that she had for many years led the life of a vagrant and disorderly person. And deponent further declared that she had reason to believe that the name "Fougnée" mentioned in the said *Disclosures*, is mis-spelt for "Fournier." That at the same time the said Maria

was at the Asylum, Miss Hypolite Fournier and Miss Clotilde Fournier, two sisters, were assistants to deponent in the management of the Asylum, and that deponent believed them to be identical with the persons mentioned in the *Disclosures* as the two Misses "Fougnées."

"And deponent further stated that she had reason to believe the person named "Miss Howard" in the *Disclosures* to be identical with a person bearing that name who lived in the Asylum contemporaneously with the said Maria, and deponent further declared that she had reason to believe and therefore did believe the person named "Jane McCoy" in the said *Disclosures* to be identical with a person bearing that name who lived contemporaneously with the said Maria, and deponent further declared that she had reason to believe and did believe the person designated in the said *Disclosures* as "one of my cousins who lived at Lachine named Reed" to be identical with a person bearing that name who lived contemporaneously with the said Maria, and deponent further declared that many of the rules and habits of conventual life were in use and practice before, since, and at the time the said Maria Monk was an inmate thereof, and that she had reason to believe and did believe that the description given in the said *Disclosures* of the interior of the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery is an incorrect description of the apartments of the said asylum, of which the said Maria was for some time an inmate, as is hereinbefore mentioned; and further deponent declareth not.

(Signed)
"Agatha Henrietta Huguet Latour.
"Widow of D. C. McDonnell.

"Sworn before me, the 27th day of July, 1836.
(Signed)
"Adam L. MacNider,
"Justice of the Peace."

## III. MARIA MONK'S DEATH.

Maria Monk furnishes a dreadful illustration of the saying, "As a person lives, so will he die." She found her way several times into gaol. At length when arrested for the last time on a charge of stealing from a wretched paramour of hers, and cast into prison, she ended there her miserable career. The account of her death may be found in *Dolman's Register* of October 9th, 1849. "Two months ago or more, the police book recorded the arrest of the notorious but unfortunate Maria Monk whose book of *Awful Disclosures* created such excitement in the religious world some years since. She was charged with picking the pocket of a paramour in a den near the Five Points. She was tried, found guilty and sent to prison, where she lived up to Friday last, when death removed her from the scene of her sufferings and disgrace. What a moral is here indeed!"

[Note to new edition, April, 1895.] As adding to the evidence in this tract it is only right to mention a little book of which we were not aware when first writing, but which contains still fuller proofs of the imposture. *An Awful Exposure of the Atrocious Plot formed . . . through the intervention of Maria Monk* (Jones and Co., Montreal, 1836) traces step by step and authenticates with eighteen affidavits from her successive employers, etc., the places where Maria Monk was in fact residing during the years when according to her story she was in the Hôtel Dieu, at Montreal.

Still, although there is this fuller evidence to be had the present tract contains more than enough to convince every sane mind that *Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures* is a bare-faced and slanderous fiction. What then are we to think of publishers, who, like Mr. Kensit, of Paternoster Row, still continue to circulate it with the object of prejudicing English minds against Catholic Convents? What are we to think of the Committee of the Protestant Alliance, who, notwithstanding their active support of

this gentleman's publications, have never yet felt called to administer to him an indignant rebuke? What are we to think of Mr. Walter Walsh—the prominent ultra-Protestant lecturer and editor of the *Protestant Observer*, a cherished organ of this self-same party, who, in his issue for April, 1895, admits a letter in defence of the imposture under the title of "The Story of Maria Monk, New Evidence?" And what are we to think of the Nestor of ultra-Protestant lecturers, the octogenarian Pastor Chiniquy, who, if "Chase Roys," the writer of the aforesaid letter in the *Protestant Observer* is to be believed, assured the latter that, only a few years after the events he had himself been told by a nun in the Hôtel Dieu of Montreal, when she had first exacted from him a promise to reveal nothing till after her death, that "Miss Monk's statements in that book were true," and that "she had seen worse things done here than anything she has told." Well, there is one thing which we must think, and which we can think with great satisfaction. It is that these gentlemen are overshooting their own mark, and are doing good service to the Catholic Church by making it so palpable to all that their persistent vilification of her doctrines and institutions is not due to any very remarkable love of truth or justice.

[Cardinal Newman's lecture, called "True Testimony unequal to the Protestant View," containing much information upon similar Protestant calumnies, may be had from 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., price 2d, by post 2½d.; see also "Calumnies against Convents," by the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.]

# The Spanish Inquisition.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

"THE Spanish Inquisition" is still an effective cry whenever it is wished to arouse prejudice against the Catholic Church and her children. It is true the cry is not quite as effective now as it was a few decades ago. There has been of late days much more fusion between Catholics and others in the various walks of life, and our fellow-countrymen have come to know us well, both our clergy and our laity, and have been able to judge for themselves what manner of men we are. They do not find us to be of harsher temperament than themselves, less fond of liberty, or less respectful of the due rights of others. And so when reminded of the Inquisition, although perhaps accepting the popular account of its cruelties as unquestionable fact, they prefer to treat the past as history and judge of the present by the present.

It is consoling to mark this increasing disposition to give us credit for what we are. There is certainly no desire anywhere among us to have renewed the harsh methods and punishments of the Spanish Inquisition. But we will go further and claim that the Spanish Inquisition itself was never the horrible thing it is represented in Protestant literature as having been. Let the reader understand exactly the position we take up. We are far from inviting a judgment of acquittal on all its proceedings. We maintain only that the bad name it has acquired in popular estimation is due largely to the gross exaggerations of those who have written against it in an adverse sense, and to the neglect to view it in relation with the notions and methods everywhere current in the days of its existence.

What then are the charges against this tribunal? They may be summarized as follows. It treated beliefs contrary to the established creed, even though conscientious, as crimes of the first magnitude. It punished offenders with the most cruel punishment of fire, and went so far in its inhumanity as to

make their dying agonies a religious spectacle for the entertainment of "the faithful," the very Kings, surrounded by brilliant Courts, presiding over the *autos da fé*[1] ("acts of faith") at which the condemned were delivered to the flames. In the excess of its thirst for heretical blood it did not hesitate to sacrifice whole hecatombs in this way: and in order that the number of victims might not run short, it instituted a grossly unfair judicial procedure whereby the accused person had hardly a chance of rebutting the charges against him. The names of his accusers, often his personal enemies, were concealed from his knowledge, and the services of a skilled advocate whom he could trust to act in his interests were denied him. On the other hand, he was submitted to repeated tortures in loathsome cells, until, unable longer to endure the agony, he was driven to disregard future consequences and seek present relief by a confession of guilt, truthful or feigned. Lastly, to intensify the terror of the tribunal throughout the country, arrests were made with the utmost secresy, and by secret officials, called "familiars" of the court. These mysterious beings would lie in wait for their victim at some unobserved spot, or they would enter his house stealthily under the cover of the darkness, and carry him from his very bed to their underground dungeons. When the family rose in the morning one cherished member was missing. Wife or children might suspect what had happened, but there was no remedy. Probably they would never see him again except once, and then tied to the burning faggot at some future *auto da fé*. It was hardly safe even to mention his name, still less to express regret at his fate. Nor was this all. Should he be convicted, as he was morally certain to be, all his goods would be confiscated, and the family that had been dependent upon him for its maintenance, would be reduced to poverty, as well as branded with perpetual disgrace and suspicion.

Here certainly is a terrible indictment. Well may the people of England shudder at the bare thought of such a system introduced into their free and happy country. But now what are the facts?

It cannot be denied that the doctrine of intolerance was recognized in those days. It was certainly held to be the

[1] The Spanish phrase is *auto de fé*. *Auto da fé* is Portuguese, from which nation therefore we must have originally obtained the word.

duty both of the Church and of the State to treat heresy to the Catholic faith as a crime commensurate with treason, and to adopt stringent measures against its propagation. This was a doctrine unquestioned in those days among all parties. Protestants and Catholics alike, in the countries where they had the upper hand, proscribed and punished their opponents. It did not occur to either side that any other course was rational. Surely, they would have said, truth and error are not on equal terms. Truth has rights: it demands to be upheld and promoted. Error has no rights: and is to be repressed and destroyed.

Our Protestant readers will here urge, that although this is true, yet there is this difference between Protestantism and Catholicism, that, whilst the former now recognizes the sacred rights of religious liberty, the latter continues to be as intolerant as ever, and is always itching to persecute. In a certain sense no doubt it is true that Catholics are still and always will be intolerant of error, for their religion is founded on the conviction that God's revelation is not a mere matter of subjective persuasion, but an external fact attested by certain and convincing proofs. No sane person would claim that virtue and vice ought to have equal toleration in the community, and the attitude of manifest truth to manifest error does not differ, in the abstract, in this respect from the attitude of manifest virtue to manifest vice. If Protestants are, in the abstract, advocates of universal toleration, this is because they do not believe in any objective certainty of religious truth. Creed, for them, is matter of opinion, not of certain knowledge.

But although the two parties are necessarily divided *in theory*, when we compare the same two parties *in their practice*, the balance of intolerance, at least in the present day, and indeed in the past also, would seem to be on the side of Protestants: not indeed of Protestants generally, but of that class of Protestants—Exeter Hall Protestants as they used to be called—who are so fond of flinging the Inquisition in our faces. In old days each party assumed that its opponents were not only in error, but in conscious error. Persecution was supposed and expected to have the effect of making them follow their consciences, not resist them. Nowadays we have come to realize more clearly how differently minds are constituted and how possible it is, in the medley of opposing

creeds, not to perceive which out of them all is the truth. This realization is general, and is certainly strongly felt by Catholics, who are also moved by other similar considerations to feel a great dislike for all attempts to coerce religious beliefs. The realization seems to be less marked among Protestants of the class just indicated. Consider, for instance, how often when a man becomes convinced of the duty to turn Catholic, Protestant relations and others have no scruples at all in opposing temporal obstacles of the severest kind in his way. And with this contrast the very great reluctance shown by Catholic priests to receive converts into the Church until they have been well instructed and thoroughly realize what they are about.

These remarks have seemed to be necessary in order to remove a prejudice which might otherwise interfere with a fair hearing of the considerations we have to offer in defence, or rather in extenuation, of the Inquisition. It ought now to be clear that the intolerance shown by this tribunal involves no reflexion on the Catholic Church. Viewed historically, it was intolerance accepted by the age as an obvious duty and accepted by Protestants and Catholics alike. Viewed as a basis of anticipation concerning the future, it cannot be considered to forebode any likelihood of future similar "persecution" of Protestants by Catholics, should the latter, which does not seem likely, return once more to power.

We shall have to confine our attention to the Spanish Inquisition established in the fifteenth century. The Inquisition itself originated as far back as the twelfth century in Southern France, but nowhere and at no time did these Inquisitorial courts indulge in the multitudinous capital convictions chargeable to the later Inquisition in Spain. It is this Spanish Inquisition which has occasioned the popular outcry against the institution, although most Protestants imagine that it was quite as bad in the other Catholic countries. The Roman Inquisition is still existent. As it does not fall within the scope of our subject-matter we must be content to say that all along it was noted for its comparative mildness, and that at the present day its work is to examine and condemn books and propositions at variance with the Catholic faith.

The Jews had in ancient days been far more numerous

and influential in Spain than in any other country, and were even credited with a policy of Judaizing the entire Peninsula. They were accordingly much disliked by the Christian populations, who sought to protect themselves by frequent and stringent repressive laws, ecclesiastical and civil, directed against the enemy. It may be mentioned here incidentally that the Popes, such as Alexander II., the friend of Hildebrand, and Honorius III., are found several times interposing and protesting against the cruel treatment to which the Jews became thus subjected. The race, however, evinced its well-known vitality, and in the fourteenth century had acquired important privileges for the preservation of the status of its members, as well as their admission into some of the primary offices of the Government. The results of the persecution through which they had lived had been, on the other hand, most pernicious in producing a class of Jews who were such at heart, although by open profession they had become Christians. These were in league with the open adherents of their national creed, and were the more dangerous because their machinations against the Catholic religion were carried on in the dark. The extent of the evil may be realized somewhat when it is said that not a few of these secret Jews had risen to high ecclesiastical dignities, some even to bishoprics. These and the like advantages of position, obtained by intermarriage with noble families and the possession of great wealth, they were unquestionably using, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, with the determined policy of erecting Judaism on the ruins of Spanish Catholicity and nationality. Here was a very serious danger for the rulers of the country to take into consideration, and they had the clamorous demands of their terrified Christian subjects to urge them on to action. The crisis came when Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile were the reigning monarchs. They met it by establishing the "Spanish Inquisition." It is called by this special name because of its distinctive character. But the older Inquisition had existed in Spain, and had still a staff of officials in the Kingdom of Aragon, not, however, in Castile; although Castile, much more than Aragon, was to be the home of the renewed Inquisition now about to commence its harsh career.

In 1478 (or possibly in 1480) the Sovereigns obtained a

Bull from Sixtus IV. to establish a tribunal for searching out heretics. In virtue of its authorization, the tribunal was erected at Seville for the entire Kingdom of Castile, and two Dominicans, Miguel Morillo and Juan Martin, were by royal appointment placed over it as royal inquisitors. After a preliminary season allowed for efforts to gain back the heretics by preaching and persuasion, the work of the tribunal commenced in 1481. It began then, as it invariably began its sessions in any part of the country, by proclaiming a period of grace of sixty or more days, a period often prolonged. All who came forward during such periods and confessed their heresy, even if it were relapse, were reconciled without incurring any severe penance. It is important, now that we have to consider its doings, to remember that the Inquisition never proceeded against the unconverted Jews, but only against those who after having received Baptism had relapsed, openly or secretly, into Judaism. Such persons were called *Maranos.* In 1483, the famous Torquemada, Prior of the Dominican convent of Segovia, was appointed Grand Inquisitor over the whole of Castile, and shortly after the single court at Seville was supplemented by three others at Cordova, Juan, and Villa-Real (afterwards changed to Toledo). Torquemada held office till 1498, when he was succeeded by Diego de Deza, who in turn gave place to the Franciscan Cardinal Ximenez in 1507.

About twenty years later, the Inquisition, continuing to be employed against the Maranos, found another sphere for its activity in the *Moriscos* of Granada. In 1480 war broke out between the Spanish monarchs and the Moors, who having been at one time the dominating race throughout nearly the whole of Spain, still maintained possession of the Kingdom of Granada in the south-east of the Peninsula. The Spaniards conquered after a war of ten years' continuance, the Moors receiving for the time very favourable conditions, which among other things included freedom to retain their national worship. The conquerors did not, however, understand these terms to prevent them from sending Catholic missionaries to preach to their new subjects, and encouraging conversions by the offer of temporal advantages. We are not maintaining that this was a judicious measure. Indeed, experience proved that it was not, that it led to conversions

which were far from solid in their character. The immediate effect of the conversions obtained was to excite the anger of the unconverted Moors, who began to persecute the Moriscos, as the converted Moors were called. Eventually the unconverted rebelled, but they were subdued, and then were offered the alternative of either suffering the penalties of treason which they had incurred, or obtaining pardon by passing over to the Christian religion and receiving Baptism. One can understand how this offer could be well-intentioned if only we bear in mind what has been indicated already, that the Spaniards were persuaded that the Moors in resisting the light of Christianity when set before them were resisting the dictates of their consciences. The measure was productive of its natural results, natural as *we* perceive them to be. Many conversions followed, of a more or less imperfectly sincere kind, and afterwards there were continual attempts to apostatize. In fact, the very same difficulty emerged with regard to the Moors and Moriscos, which had been felt over the Jews and Maranos; or rather a worse difficulty, because the two now became fused into one, by the secret sympathy and combined efforts of the two races involved in the same trouble. Hence the application of the Inquisition to the Moriscos (not the Moors) to retain them in the Christian faith. Hefele, however, tells us that it was never employed so extensively or with such severity against the Moriscos as against the Maranos. In 1524 these Moriscos, addressing the newly-appointed Grand Inquisitor, Manriquez, say: "We have always been treated justly by your predecessors, and properly protected by them." Clement VIII. forbade the confiscation of their property, or the infliction of capital punishment upon them for apostacy. We may call the campaign of the Inquisition against the Maranos and Moriscos the first stage in its history. It lasted till the middle of the reign of Charles V.

The second stage of importance began some fifty years later during the reign of Philip II. At this time there was an attempt to introduce Protestantism into Spain, which was resolutely resisted by the Spanish monarchs with the aid of the Inquisition, and Philip, on this account, is wont to be specially identified by Protestants with the cruelties of the tribunal, although they appear to have been less marked in his reign than in the earlier reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

This second period lasted till the accession of the Bourbons, when the danger from Protestantism was held to have passed by. From that time onwards the activity of the tribunal was much diminished, and was confined, says Balmez, to the repression of infamous crimes and the exclusion of the philosophy of Voltaire. By the end of the eighteenth century the Inquisition was a shadow of its former self, and it was abolished at the commencement of the present century, first by the Bonapartist King Joseph, in 1808, and again, after a short resuscitation on the return of the Bourbons, finally in 1830.

We can now deal with the charges of cruelty against the Inquisition. These are due largely to the wealth of imagination which seems to characterize anti-Catholic polemical writers. They have, however, a basis which might seem trustworthy in a book on the Inquisition written near the beginning of this century by one Antonio Llorente. Llorente was a Spanish priest, who, although probably a Freemason, had from 1789 to 1793, been Secretary-General to the Inquisition at Madrid. When Joseph Bonaparte was placed by his brother on the throne of Spain, and the Spanish people rose with patriotic ardour against the usurpation, Llorente joined the small body of anti-patriots called *Afrancescados*. This is note worthy, as it reveals the character of the man. On the fall of Joseph he was naturally banished from Spain and took up his residence in Paris. There he wrote his *History of the Inquisition*, with the aid of the official documents he had pillaged from its archives at Madrid whilst he was enjoying the favour of King Joseph. The book is complete in its way; that is to say, it narrates the history of the tribunal from its commencement to its abolition, and gives detailed accounts of the more famous historical processes and *autos da fé*. It is apparent, however, on the surface, how the author exaggerates everything that tells against the Inquisition, and misconstrues all that is in its favour, particularly any action taken in regard to it by the Popes; and one has strong suspicions that he must be omitting altogether a great deal which would materially reduce his indictment. But there is one thing full of significance about this writer. He tells us himself, in his work, "I burnt with his (King Joseph's) approbation all the criminal processes, save those which belong to history by their import-

ance or celebrity, or by the quality of the person, as that of Caranza, and of Macanez, and a few others. But I preserved intact the register of resolutions of Council, royal ordinances, bulls and briefs from Rome, and all genealogies," &c.[1] For such conduct there can be no excuse. As Balmez reasonably demands, "Was there no place to be found in Madrid to place them (the proceedings and documents), where they could be examined by those who, after Llorente, might wish to write the history of the Inquisition from the original documents!" In consequence of this prudent act of barbarism, we are constrained to base our examination of the tribunal almost entirely on the testimony of this biassed witness. Still, even under these disadvantages, we have the means of rectifying the current Protestant notions. We will now consider one by one the charges against the tribunal enumerated above, not, however, necessarily taking them in the order there given.

As to the number of the victims, Llorente gives the following statistics: In the year 1481, 2,000 burnt and 17,000 penanced; in 1482, 88 burnt and 625 penanced; in 1483, 688 burnt and 5,727 penanced; from 1484 to 1498 (that is, under Torquemada), 6,024 burnt and 66,654 penanced; from Torquemada to the suppression of the tribunal, 23,112 burnt and 201,244 penanced. On Llorente's authority these alarming numbers are invariably adopted by anti-Inquisition writers, whose readers naturally assume that Llorente took them from the official records in his possession. In fact, however, they are mere inferences of a very unreasonable kind from three very slight statements of ancient writers, one of whom he grossly misunderstands. Mariana, as misread by Llorente, is supposed to say that in 1481, the year when the Inquisition commenced its proceedings, 2,000 persons were burnt at the stake, and 17,000 others penanced at Seville alone. Another writer, Bernaldez, is made to say that, also at Seville, from 1482 to 1489 (in reality, he says, from 1481 to 1488), over 700 were burnt and 5,000 penanced. And an inscription on the Quemadero (the platform where the condemned were burnt), at Seville, records that from 1492 to 1524 nearly 1,000 were there burnt, and 20,000 abjured their heresy.

Taking Mariana's supposed statement as it stands, for the year 1481, Llorente calculates from Bernaldez an annual

[1] iv. 145.

average for the years 1482—1489, and from the Quemadero inscription for the entire remainder of the Inquisition's duration, making, that is to say, gradual reductions at intervals to allow for the known growth of leniency as time ran on. These figures by themselves refer only to the one court at Seville. To obtain figures for the other courts, added in course of time, he multiplies those for Seville, after having with a show of generosity, first halved them. Can anything be more untrustworthy than such a computation, assuming, as it does, that the multiplication of tribunals within the same area of jurisdiction involves a corresponding multiplication of condemned persons, and that the number of condemnations has preserved a calculable average through centuries? Nor is this the only vice. Mariana does not say 2,000 were burnt at Seville in 1481. If he did, he would contradict Bernaldez, since, as we have noticed, Bernaldez includes 1481 in his eight years. Mariana (1592) is in agreement with Pulgar, an earlier writer, (1545), who tells us that these 2,000 were burnt during Torquemada's entire time (1484—1498), and that, not in Seville only, but in the various places to which his activity extended.

Mr. Legge, a non-Catholic writer in the *Scottish Review* (April, 1891), has adjusted Llorente's calculations to this rectified reading of Mariana, and his figures may be set down with advantage for comparison with those just given. In 1481, 298 burnt and 5,960 penanced; in 1482, 88 burnt and 625 penanced; in 1483, 142 burnt and 2,840 penanced; from 1484 to 1498, 2,000 burnt and 40,000 penanced. That is, from 1481 to 1498, 2,528 burnt and 49,425 penanced against Llorente's 8,800 burnt and 90,006 penanced. From 1498 onwards, having no means at hand of testing them, Mr. Legge gives a sceptical adhesion to Llorente's figures. Still, even Mr. Legge, through not adverting to Llorente's mistake of a year in his citation of the passage in Bernaldez, has not reduced these initial facts to their true proportion. The year 1481, according to Llorente's system, being the inaugural year of the Inquisition, must claim to itself a very large proportion of the 700 which Bernaldez assigns to the period (1481–8). This would reduce the annual average for the years following from Llorente's (and Mr. Legge's) 88 to about 40, and would involve a consequent reduction in the annual average for subsequent years at Seville and elsewhere.

We have, however, to bear in mind that inferences like these, deducing the criminal statistics of many districts and many centuries from one to two slight data appertaining to a place and time of exceptional severity, are most hazardous. To what extent this is true, will be the better felt if we make a similar inference from a few chance criminal statistics referring to our own country. Hamilton's *History of Quarter Sessions from Elizabeth to Anne*,[1] gives us the gaol returns at Exeter for 1598. In this year the total result of the two assizes and four quarter sessions was the hanging of 74 persons, many for crimes no greater than sheep-stealing. Starting from these facts Sir James Stephen[2] gathers that, "if the average number of executions in each county were 20, or a little more than a quarter of the number of capital sentences in Devonshire in 1598, this would make 800 executions a year in the 40 English counties." That is 11,200 in 14 years against Torquemada's 2,000 (or 6,024), in the same period, and some reduction on 264,000 executions in a period of 330 years, the duration of the Inquisition in Spain, against Llorente's 23,112 burnt and 201,244 penanced by this tribunal within that time.

Mr. Legge provides, in the article referred to, another instance very much in point, since it deals with an offence kindred to heresy. He cites Mr. Mackay's *Curious Superstitions*,[3] for a computation that in Scotland from the passing of the Act against witches under Queen Mary, an Act due not of course to her helplessness but to the imperious harshness of John Knox—from this date to the accession of the King James I. 17,000 witches were burnt in Scotland, whilst in England 40,000 supposed witches perished in this way between 1600 and 1680, 3,000 during the Long Parliament which undertook its struggle with the Crown in the cause of civil and religious liberty. It would not do to place too much trust in these numbers. Mr. Mackay is a popular writer, not a historian, and sets down without criticism the figures he finds in ancient authors. It does not seem to occur to him that such authors are merely making wild guesses and in no sense relying on accurate statistics. However, we only require one illustration of wild statistics to set against another. Mr. Legge remarks upon these data that, "even supposing the figures are, as one would fain hope, grossly exaggerated,

[1] P. 31. [2] *History of the English Criminal Law*, i. 467. [3] i. 237.

it would appear that the whole number of Inquisition victims would hardly have afforded the witch-hunters of our own land sport for 50 years." Even when we go further and distrust altogether these inferential statistics, whether in Spain, England, or elsewhere, there seems little doubt that the judicial waste of life in England surpassed that in Spain. Witchcraft, it must be remembered, was an offence which in Spain came under the cognizance of the Inquisition, as did many o her offences, partaking to a greater or less degree of a religious character, which did not amount to heresy.

The next charge we have to deal with is the mode of execution employed by the Inquisition. The punishment of fire seems to us cruel and revolting. We moderns cannot tolerate the idea of its infliction on any class of offenders. But this was not the feeling of our ancestors, who were undoubtedly, and regrettably, far sterner and harsher than their descendants, yet are not on that account to be condemned *en masse* as a generation of savages. There is plenty of proof that they had tender hearts like our own. The truth is that human nature is so one-sided. We moderns fix our attention on the acuteness of human pain, and perhaps forget somewhat the gravity of crime. The ancients realized less the throbbings of pain in the criminal's body, as indeed they were less impatient of it in their own, but they realized more the outrage of his guilt, and aimed by their severities at preventing its recurrence. Moreover, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Inquisition alone is responsible for execution by fire. Witches were punished at the stake in England, Germany, &c. and it was not only to ecclesiastical offences that this mode of death was allotted. It was also the English punishment for high treason, in the case of a woman, or if she murdered her husband. In the Carolina, a code drawn up by the Emperor Charles V. in 1532, and considered to be an innovation in the direction of greater leniency towards criminals, it is the punishment for circulating base coin and other offences. In France, too, it was in use for certain civil crimes, among others for poisoning. We have also to remember that ancient justice knew of harsher modes of death even than the stake. On the continent there was the revolting punishment of the wheel, to which the body of the criminal was tied with tight cords, and where, his bones having been broken by severe

blows, he was left to linger in his agonies for hours or days, as the case might be, till death came to release him. This was quite a common punishment for simple murder in France till the time of the Revolution. It was in use in Protestant Prussia as late as 1841. Nor has England any cause to boast of her greater mildness. The punishment for high treason was, to be drawn on the hurdle from the prison to the gallows, to be hanged for a while, to be cut down while still living, to undergo a shocking mutilation, and to have the bowels torn out and burnt before the victim's face. His heart was then pulled out and cast into the fire, his body quartered and beheaded, and the parts exposed in five different places to be the food of the birds. In the time of Henry VIII. an Act was passed decreeing that poisoning should be accounted high treason, and punished by boiling to death. And the Chronicler of the Grey Friars writes: "This year (1531), was a cook boiled in a cauldron in Smithfield, for he would have poisoned the Bishop of Rochester, Fisher, with divers of his servants, and he was locked in a chain, and pulled up and down with a gibbet at divers times till he was dead." From Wriothesley's Chronicle we further learn that this punishment was not deemed unsuitable for a woman. "This yeare (1532), the 17th of March, was boyled in Smithfeild one Margret Davie, a mayden, which had poysoned 3 householdes," &c. In the Low Countries on the establishment of Protestant ascendency it was decreed that Balthassar Gerard, the assassin of William the Silent, should have "his right hand burnt off with a red-hot iron, his flesh torn from his bones with pincers in six different places, that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and finally that his head should be cut off." [1]

If the Inquisition is to be condemned so severely for not emancipating itself from the ideas of its age in the matter of harsh punishments, at least it should receive credit for not having resorted to these refinements of cruelty which were abounding everywhere around it. It was not even primarily responsible for the selection of the fire, as its peculiar mode of execution. The assignment of this punishment to heresy was the State's, not the Church's, choice. The Church handed the heretic over to the secular arm to be punished

[1] Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, iii. 612.

according to the law of the land. Protestant writers sneer at this distinction, but it is real. The Inquisitors might perhaps have scented heresy in the civil authorities, had they neglected to punish the condemned heretics, and of course they knew what the legal civil punishment was. But there is no ground for supposing they would have opposed themselves violently to any general scheme for the mitigation of the mode of punishment.

We must bear in mind also another fact if we are to estimate the large number sent to the stake at their right value as an index of the disposition, cruel or temperate, of the Inquisitors. Great efforts up to the last moment were always made to induce the condemned to acknowledge his errors and recant. Llorente himself, in the statistics he gives of several *autos da fé*, shows that the proportion of those who recanted to those who persisted in their heresy was large. When the recantation came after relapse it did not usually procure remission of the death-sentence, but it always procured a material alleviation of its severity. The condemned were in that case first strangled, and not till life was extinct were the bodies committed to the flames.

But, it will be said, how vain to seek to exculpate the Inquisition from the charge of savagery, when the *autos da fé* at which the victims perished at the stake in vast numbers at a time were treated as religious spectacles, appropriate for days of festal gathering, presided over by ecclesiastics, and sanctioned by the presence of the King in full state.

This is doubtless the popular impression of an *auto da fé*, but it is quite erroneous. There was no stake at the *auto* itself. These assemblages were unquestionably of a religious nature, and were conducted by the Inquisitors. Their purpose, however, was primarily not to punish, but to reconcile. Those who, having erred from the faith, had been induced to return to it, made their public recantation, or *auto da fé* ("act of faith"), and having a penance assigned to them, harsh doubtless according to our ideas, but still not that of death, were solemnly absolved and reconciled to the Church. It was in view of this that Mass was sung and sermons preached. The "relaxed" were those who, though at the *auto*, could not be induced to join in it. They were, therefore, after the judgment, not the sentence had been pronounced over them, "relaxed,"

that is, delivered over to the civil power for sentence and punishment under its arm. The proportion of the "relaxed" to the "penanced" was at all times comparatively small, often very small indeed. Llorente[1] mentions the five *autos* held at Toledo, in 1486, as illustrations of the enormous number of victims, 3,300 in all. Yet out of this large number only 27 were relaxed, and perhaps if he had carried his classification a step further we should have found that a dozen at the most were burnt *alive*. At the two famous *autos* at Valladolid, in 1559, famous because the chief of those which dealt with the Lutherans, out of 71 victims, 26 were relaxed (apparently an unusually large proportion), but 2 only of these were burnt alive. At a public *auto* at Seville, May 29, 1648, we learn from the published *Relacion*, that out of 52 condemned only 1 was relaxed in person, and he, recanting, was garrotted before he was burnt. At the three *autos* at Seville, in 1721, the *Relaciones* give, out of 130 condemned, 27 relaxed and 5 burnt alive. The "relaxation," or deliverance into the hands of the civil officials, accomplished, the latter led away their prisoners either at once, or, more usually, after a day or more's detention in the civil prisons, to the place of public execution. Here the ecclesiastics had no place. They could have no place (except of course that of confessors to the condemned, which is not in question); for to participate in the infliction of capital punishment would have caused them to incur the canonical punishment called "irregularity," which prohibited from performing the functions of the sacred ministry. At these public executions, the King may at times have been present in person, as Philip II. was in 1559. But the *Relacion* of the above-mentioned *auto* at Seville (May 29, 1648) happens to mention the nature of the usual attendance, "Innumerable boys, the troublesome attendants of such criminals, followed the *cortége* to the Quemadero." There had assembled "a numerous multitude on foot, on horse, and in coaches, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle." This reminds us of the assemblages at public executions at Newgate, only that it seems to have been more respectable, and, one would hope, was more deeply sensible of the solemnity of an act of public justice.

Another item in the punishment of the condemned to which exception has been taken, was the confiscation of their

[1] i. 238.

goods, an aggravation of the acutest kind to the sufferer, who thus saw those whom he loved best involved in ruin on his account, and a gross injustice to them as the crime was certainly not theirs. To this we may reply that whether confiscation of goods, in view of its effect on the innocent offspring, is an improper punishment to inflict or not, is a question worthy of discussion, and modern opinion appears to solve it in the negative. The practice was, however, universal in former days (there are even some relics of it in the existing laws of England) in the case of treason and felony, crimes with which heresy was considered to be equivalent, and it does not appear why the Inquisition should be chargeable with its adherence to the accepted methods in this particular any more than in that of death by burning. It should, however, in fairness be borne in mind, that the time of grace always allowed and generally extended before the Inquisition began to hold its sessions in a neighbourhood, was specially designed to enable the suspected to avoid confiscation as well as other punishments by timely submission; also that the sovereigns were wont to restore some portion to the widows and orphans if innocent; that the property of the Moriscos was declared not liable to this confiscation, but passed on to the heirs; and finally that the Holy See in its frequent interpositions to secure greater leniency was particularly insistent in protecting the children of the condemned heretics, and thereby became implicated in many disputes with the Spanish sovereigns, who complained of the consequent loss to the royal exchequer.

We have next to consider the charges against the procedure of the Tribunal: so unfair to the accused, who was not allowed to have the name of his accusers or even the exact text of their accusation against him. The fact is, that the facilities for preparing his defence allowed by the Inquisition to the accused, contrast favourably with those allowed in the contemporary civil courts of our own country as well as of the rest of Europe. It has been urged as so hard that the text of the accusation should be altered before being submitted to the accused, and that his accusers should not be confronted with him. The names of the accusers were not given, in order that their identity might be concealed, but the text was only altered in unessentials so far as was

necessary to preserve this concealment. On the other hand, in England and elsewhere not the names of the accusers only, but the charges made by them, were concealed from the prisoner's knowledge up to the time of his appearance in court, so that it was quite impossible for him to prepare a carefully thought-out defence. Nor was the English prisoner allowed an advocate at all in criminal cases, whereas the prisoner of the Inquisition was allowed and given one. It is true such an advocate had to be of the number of those in the service of the Inquisition, or at all events must take its oath of secresy. This also was a necessity to preserve the secresy about the accusers. But he was under oath to do his best to set forth any truthful defence the accused might have. In the English trials, again, the accused was not allowed to bring forward witnesses on his behalf, whereas in the Inquisition he was, and could even require them to be summoned from the most remote regions. Possibly some readers will be astonished that such unfairness should be imputed to the English system, but that it was so may be read in Sir James Stephen's work already referred to.[1] The notion current in those times was that either the accuser proved his case against the accused, or he failed to prove it. If the latter, a verdict of acquittal was already due and rendered witnesses for the accused unnecessary; if the former, any witness in the contrary sense must either be irrelevant or perjured. That the truth could emerge out of the conflict of opposing testimonies thoroughly sifted, did not enter into the minds of the English and other civil jurists. It was the merit of the Inquisition to have grasped in no small degree the rational principles now realized.

But why should the names of the accusers have been concealed? Could there be any ground for veiling these trials in secresy save to press unfairly on the poor victims? There is a great prejudice in our times against secret trials as pressing unfairly on the accused, but we have occasional reminders that an open trial may also have its disadvantages. To pass over the question of the injury often done to the reputation of third parties, it has occasionally been forced on public attention that crimes cannot be put down, because witnesses know that by giving evidence they expose themselves to great

[1] p. 350.

risks, the accused having powerful friends to execute vengeance in their behalf. This was exactly the case with the Inquisition. We have already described the state of affairs in Spain which first caused it to be set in motion. The Maranos and the Moriscos had great power through their wealth, position, and secret bonds of alliance with the unconverted Jews and Moors. These would certainly have endeavoured to neutralize the efforts of the Holy Office had the trials been open. Torquemada, in his Statutes of 1484, gives expressly this defence of secresy: "It has become notorious that great damage and danger would accrue to the property and person of the witnesses, by the publication of their names, as experience has shown, and still shows, that several of them have been killed, wounded, or maltreated by heretics." The truth about secret trials seems to be that they impose a much greater responsibility on the judges. If a judge is unfair, as we know from history judges have often been, publicity is a valuable check upon them. But as long as the judge is impartial, it is quite possible to work a secret trial in such a manner as to reach a just conclusion, particularly when the court has the power to "inquire," that is, seek out evidence, and is not tied to the mere evidence set before it by others. In the case of inquiries about heresy, there was also this to diminish the otherwise greater difficulties of the secret procedure. Past heresy was of comparatively small account if there was undoubted present orthodoxy, and on this point evidence of a conclusive kind could be furnished on the spot by the accused person if only he chose to furnish it. Provision was of course made by the Inquisition to obviate the chances of unjust accusations and to give the accused every reasonable chance of setting forth his defence. They are provisions obviously dictated by the desire to be impartial and even clement, as well as efficacious. It would take too much space to give them here, but they can be seen in Hefele or more fully in Llorente himself, who, if we separate his facts from his insinuations, is a valuable apologist of the institution he attacks. In the present connexion there is one thing in his pages worthy of special note. In the accounts of many famous processes which he gives, you cannot help feeling that the court invariably succeeds in arriving at the true decision. Llorente's charge against it is in each case too

patently, not that it convicted of heresy those who were not heretics, but that it did not give real heretics sufficient chances of slipping through their hands. It is absurd and illogical to mix up charges. Whether heresy is a crime or not, is one point; whether the law is bound to afford guilty persons facilities for escaping justice is another. On the former we have already offered some remarks; as to the latter, one would imagine no remarks were needed.

The next charge against the Inquisition is its use of torture. We are all agreed that the practice is cruel and happily obsolete. But again, why is the Inquisition to be more blameworthy than other European courts of the period? Torture was everywhere in use whilst it was in use with the Inquisition, and became obsolete there when it grew into disfavour elsewhere. It is indeed the boast of English lawyers that it was never a part of the English procedure, and this is true of the ordinary procedure. But it was employed in England nevertheless, under the prerogative of the Crown, particularly during the Tudor and early Stuart period. "Under Henry VIII. it appears to have been in frequent use. Only two cases occurred under Edward VI., and eight under Mary. The reign of Elizabeth was its culminating point. In the words of Hallam, 'The rack seldom stood idle in the Tower during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign.'"[1] And we may add incidentally that while Edward and Mary do not appear to have employed it in cases of heresy, Elizabeth employed it ordinarily and ruthlessly against the Catholics. If, too, in England torture was not employed under the ordinary procedure, Sir James Stephen tells us[2] this was merely because the ordinary procedure had slight scruples about convicting on very insufficient evidence. Torture was employed by the Inquisition, as by other courts, in order to extract evidence which could not be otherwise verified, and so obtain the certainty, if it existed, without which no conviction was possible. In short, if we are to compare the Inquisition with other contemporary courts whether in Spain or England or elsewhere, in regard to the employment of torture, the result must be to award the Inquisition the palm of greater mercy. It limited largely the number of those who could inflict it, permitted its infliction only when the evidence against the prisoner amounted already to a *semi*

[1] *Encycl. Brit.* s.v. "Torture." [2] Op. cit. i. 222.

*plena probatio* (*i.e.* nearly complete proof), permitted it only once in each case, and required the presence of the inquisitor and the ordinary, not, as is popularly thought, to gloat over the agonies of the sufferer, but to see that the experiment was conducted with as much mercy and mildness as was possible under the conditions. These precautions do not seem to have existed in the same degree in England.

In like manner the charge of inhumanity against the dungeons of the Inquisition needs only to be dealt with by the comparative method in order to melt away. Is the story told, only a century ago, by John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, as to the state of English and continental prisons so completely forgotten? Doubtless the prison cells of the past were in flagrant opposition to the dictates of humanity, and one can only marvel that they could last so long without encountering the protests of the merciful. The Inquisition was naturally governed in this respect also by contemporary methods, though analogy would lead us to surmise that here too it was to some extent in advance of its age. One thing at least we may hope, that it had no dungeon like that into which, under Elizabeth, Father Sherwood was put in the Tower of London. This we learn from Jardine, "was a cell below high-water mark and totally dark; and, as the tide flowed, innumerable rats which infested the muddy banks of the Thames were driven through the crevices of the walls into the dungeons."[1] Alarm was the least part of the torture to the terrified inmates. At times flesh was torn from the arms and legs of the prisoners during sleep by these rats. And this was after a century of enlightenment had separated a new age from that of Torquemada. We have Llorente's unimpeachable testimony for the improvement that had set in by the commencement of the present century. At that time he tells us the cells were "good vaulted chambers well lighted and dry," and "large enough for exercise." Nor were chains in use, unless perhaps in an isolated case to prevent suicide.[2] As much could not have been said of the generality of English prisons at that date.

The last charge relates to the manner of the arrests. That the Inquisition established an all-embracing system of *espionnage* through the agency of secret officials called "familiars" is an important feature in the Protestant conception of its methods.

[1] Cf. Jardine's *Readings on the use of Torture in England.* [2] i. p. 300.

But the "familiars" were not a secret body. They were a sort of militia containing a large number, perhaps a majority, of religious-minded, influential persons. The purpose of their enrolment as such was not to spy out heresies, but to constitute an organized fund of physical force in support of the tribunal against the very considerable power of the heretics it was endeavouring to over-master. They had a large part in the conduct of the *autos da fé*, and apparently the officials, apparitors, &c., of the court were of their number. But there is no ground for thinking them to be mysterious beings with cat-like tread such as a morbid fancy has depicted them. Arrests were perhaps at times made in secresy. This is usual and according to common sense when otherwise an arrest might be successfully impeded. But that after arrest, no news of what had happened were allowed to transpire, or a word of allusion to the occurrence to be made, is absurd. As soon as an arrest was made, an official of the court was at once sent to the prisoner's house to take an inventory of his possessions. How could this be done and the family remain in ignorance of what had happened? That all conversation about the arrests made was forbidden seems also altogether improbable, and at least requires to be established by proof, not imagination. At the best, there may be this slight ground for the notion. To manifest sympathy with the heresy, not the person, of the prisoner, would be to repeat the fault of which he was suspected, and to incur its liabilities. In all cases, when a criminal has been carried off by justice, it is prudent for his accomplices to observe reticence.

No other charge occurs to us demanding notice in a short pamphlet, but readers who desire fuller information may be referred to Hefele's excellent chapters on the subject in his *Life of Cardinal Ximenez*. All that now remains for us here is to correct the notion that the Holy See is responsible for the excesses of the Spanish Inquisition. It is disputed among authorities whether the tribunal ought not to be regarded as a royal rather than a papal court, and Bishop Hefele is strongly of this view. The inquisitors were, however, unquestionably ecclesiastics, and drew their jurisdiction from Papal Bulls. In this sense the court was certainly Papal, but the appointments were all made by the Crown, and the Crown, not the Pope, is responsible for the harshness. The Papal

power of control, though theoretically absolute, was practically small. The Popes met with constant opposition from the Spanish monarchs in all their attempts to interpose. They did, however, interpose frequently, both by protests, by threats of excommunication, by drawing to themselves appeals, and sometimes by revising largely in the sense of mercy or even altogether remitting sentences passed by the tribunal. We are dependent for our information concerning this matter on Llorente, who alone has had access to the Papal Letters. He gives us some letters of expostulation written by Sixtus IV., and these exhibit this Pope just as we should expect to find a Pope, anxious to put down heresy, and therefore granting the spiritual faculties solicited by the sovereigns for their nominees, and even exhorting them to zeal in their work; but at the same time desirous that the zeal should be tempered by mercy, and deeply incensed when he discovered that the claims of mercy were so disregarded. It is the voice of genuine compassion which speaks out in terms like these, "Since it is clemency which, as far as is possible to human nature, makes men equal to God, We ask and entreat the King and Queen by the tender mercies of our Lord Jesus Christ to imitate Him whose property it is ever to show mercy and to spare, and so to spare the citizens of Seville and its diocese," &c. Nor did Sixtus stay at words. First he appointed the Archbishop of Seville as a judge of appeal, and, when this arrangement failed of its effect, he allowed the victims to carry appeals to Rome, where already they had fled in large numbers, hopeful of obtaining, as they did obtain, either complete absolution or a large alleviation of their penance from that merciful tribunal. Surely it is a significant fact that fugitives from the harshness of the Spanish Inquisition should have thought of Rome as the best refuge to which they could flee. Succeeding Popes are stated by Llorente to have made similar endeavours to mitigate the extreme severities of the inquisitors. They were, however, invariably foiled by the Spanish sovereigns, who had the power in their hands.

Llorente tries to take the edge off these remonstrances of the Holy See by insinuating that they sprang from the base motive of cupidity; that the Popes had an eye to the fees they could extort as the price of their absolutions. But this is mere insinuation for which there is not a shadow of proof. The

action of the Popes in regard to the Inquisition is quite in keeping with the character that has always been theirs. The Popes as individuals have had their personal qualities. Some have been sterner, others milder, in their temperament and in their rule. But the Holy See has all along stood out among the thrones of Christendom conspicuous for its love of mercy and tenderness towards the erring and the suffering.

And not the Holy See only, but the clergy also, if we take them as a body. As the ministers of Jesus Christ, more entirely devoted to His service and more exclusively occupied with the study of His Life, this is what would be expected of them. And what honest historian of the past, or observer of the present, can deny that the expectation has been realized? It was the clergy, in the wild middle ages, who were the refuge of the weak and oppressed against the lawless monarchs and chieftains: it was they who originated charitable institutions under so many forms. And in our own days, they are engaged everywhere in exactly the same work. This does not mean, that the Catholic laity are backward in charitable enterprises. It means only that the clergy are wont to be the leaders in such works. Surely then it is reasonable to judge of their part in the Inquisition by these analogies, and this is all we have been contending for. The Inquisition belonged to an age which was far harsher in dealing with crime than our own, and the clergy are always, necessarily, imbued with the ideas and feelings that are in the air they breathe. We ought not to be surprised to find that when they acted as Inquisitors, they adopted methods prevalent in their age, which to us seem harsh and revolting. But we should expect also that their judicial behaviour would in some sort reflect the tender-heartedness in all other respects demonstratively characteristic of their body. In a word, the faults which we deplore in these Inquisitors were the faults of their age, which happily has passed away. The redeeming qualities we discover in them were the virtues natural to their state. The latter survive, and we may hope, ripen, and they furnish a guarantee which should give satisfaction to terrified Protestants, that our return to power, if so unlikely a thing should be in the near future, will not bring with it any danger to their lives and liberties.

It will be convenient to sum up what has been established in a few propositions.

1. The intolerance of Catholics consists in this that they believe our Lord has made His revelation sufficiently clear for all men to recognize it if they will. Still, modern Catholics have no desire to coerce those who will not recognize it. The tolerance of Protestants consists in this that they believe every one must be left to his private judgment in a matter so obscure as the true religion. But they persecute those whose private judgment recommends them to become Catholics.

2. No one wants back the Spanish Inquisition, but although following the notions of its age, it put to death altogether a very large number of heretics, the English civil courts put to death many more for lesser crimes—like sheep-stealing.

3. Torture employed by the Inquisition in conformity with the common law of Spain, but with greater restrictions. Torture employed in England much more fiercely, in spite of the common law of England. The culminating point of its use in England was under Elizabeth, who inflicted it ruthlessly on Catholics.

4. Names of accusers for their security concealed in Spain from the accused, but the accusation given him and the assistance of an advocate. No advocates allowed in English criminal trials of former days, and accusations not shown to the accused till he came into court.

5. Inquisition dungeons probably never worse than contemporary English dungeons, and certainly much better in the latter days of its existence.

6. The victims of the Inquisition had such a belief in the humanity of the Popes that they fled to his territory and begged to have their cases judged there.

# ST. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI

St. Alfonso Maria de Liguori, more commonly called in English St. Alphonsus,* was the son of Don Joseph de Liguori, a Neapolitan gentleman and naval officer, and Donna Anna Cavallieri, sister of the great servant of God, Emilio Cavallieri, Bishop of Troja in Apulia. Alphonsus was born at Marianella, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, on September 27th, 1696, and on the 29th he was baptized in the Church delle Vergini, then the parish church in Naples of Don Joseph. When an infant, he was presented to the holy Jesuit missionary, Francesco de Geronimo, who happened to visit his father's house. The old man blessed the infant and said: "This child will live to an advanced age, he will be a bishop, and will do great things for the Church of God." By a singular coincidence Alphonsus and Francis were canonized together in 1839.

Our saint was the eldest of the seven children of Don Joseph and Donna Anna. Four of these were sons, of whom three became priests. Of the three daughters, two entered the cloister and died nuns. This sufficiently indicates the piety of the family, on whom Donna Anna bestowed continual and loving care.

Alphonsus showed early the profit he made of his mother's instructions. He used to go to Confession to, and obeyed scrupulously, Father Pagani, a priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, under whose care he made at an early age his first communion. It was this holy man who directed Alphonsus for thirty years, until his penitent was called to another state of life.

* Nine names were given to the Saint in Baptism, but in his signature he used the first two, Alfonso Maria. Protestants, and even some Catholics, call him St. Liguori. This is as if we were to say St. Sales for St. Francis de Sales, or St. Becket for St. Thomas a Becket.

As Alphonsus was not only talented, but also most diligent and conscientious, his parents spared no pains or expense in giving him excellent masters in all the necessary branches of learning. They did not send him to any college, but kept him under their own eyes, lest their treasure should be the victim of licentious companions. In due time he followed the lectures of the University, and studied with such assiduity that at the early age of sixteen he was received as doctor.

The parents of Alphonsus enjoyed the favour of the imperial Austrian family, who then reigned at Naples, and so had founded hopes that by his talents their son would rise to some eminent post in the magistracy. Many clients of distinction presented themselves, and amongst others a magnate of the kingdom, who had a lawsuit of great pecuniary importance against another princely family. Alphonsus studied the cause with the greatest care and promised himself success. God, who intended His servant for another state of life, permitted that, notwithstanding his diligence in studying the question, Alphonsus should overlook one point which changed the whole conclusion. On the day of the trial, secure in his hopes of success, he pleaded for his client, when the counsel for the adversary called his attention to the fact which had escaped his notice, and thus showed that his whole argument was without foundation. Alphonsus at once acknowledged that he was mistaken, and retired from the court, having learned to his cost how unstable and uncertain is earthly success. His piety had been always great, but this public humiliation was of service to him, in detaching him more and more from the world, and by increasing the desire which occupied him of abandoning all to save his soul. He no longer accepted clients, he broke off a project of marriage, which his father had arranged with the family del Balzo, into which his only sister who remained in the world was married, and led generally a retired life, passing hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. He was a changed man. Don Joseph tried every means to dissuade his son from abandoning his brilliant position, but without effect. At last, on the occasion of a grand reception given by the then Viceroy of Naples, Don Joseph was so

incensed at the refusal of Alphonsus to go to it, and at his declaration that the world was dead to him, that he left the house in a passion. When his father was gone, Alphonsus, afflicted by the scene, but not changed, betook himself to the Church of Our Lady of the Redemption of Captives, where, taking off the sword which he wore, according to the custom of Neapolitan gentlemen of his time, he suspended it as a votive offering at the altar of our Lady, as a sign that he had renounced the world and every prospect of earthly honours.

Alphonsus from his childhood had frequented the Oratory, and had received his spiritual instruction from Father Pagani and the other sons of St. Philip Neri. He at once opened his heart to Father Pagani and asked admission to the Oratory. The Fathers of that holy congregation would willingly have admitted him, but the consent of Don Joseph was necessary, and this could not in any way be obtained. It required all the influence and eloquence of the saintly Bishop of Troja, uncle of Alphonsus, who happened to be in Naples at that moment, to induce Don Joseph to allow him to enter the clerical state, with the express condition that he should give up all thought of the Oratory and remain in his father's house. On October 23, 1723, with permission of Cardinal Pignatelli, Archbishop of Naples, Alphonsus took the clerical habit, and began his ecclesiastical studies under the direction of the distinguished theologian, Don Giulio Torni, Canon of Naples.

Divine Providence had ordained that our saint should not only be a learned man, but also a great missionary preacher; and his training, whilst at the bar, had contributed not a little to his proficiency as an orator. Whilst only a deacon he had been admitted to the Confraternity of the Apostolic Mission, established among the secular clergy of Naples, and he occasionally accompanied these zealous priests in their laborious courses.

The Bishop of Troja had not the satisfaction of seeing his nephew a priest, for God called him to his reward in the summer of 1726. On St. Thomas's day, the 21st of December of that year, Alphonsus received sacerdotal ordination from the hands of Monsignor Invitta, Bishop of Satriano. He was then a little more than thirty years of

age, and about a year later he obtained from Cardinal Pignatelli, the Archbishop, faculties for hearing confessions. From that time forward, uniting the administration of the Sacrament of Penance to his very frequent preaching in various churches, and especially in those where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, Alphonsus became a true apostle to his native city, and led multitudes of souls to God. He strove to aid persons of all conditions, but his especial love was for the working classes; and for the good of these he took great part in the management of the so-called "evening chapels," in which after nightfall instruction is given, with various pious exercises, for their benefit. This work, which had begun some time previously, was consolidated by the labours of Alphonsus and by the exertions of Barbarese, one of his penitents.

The great Chinese missionary, Don Matteo Ripa, had opened in 1729, in Naples, a college for the education of young Chinese, who should return as missionaries to their own country. Alphonsus, now in his thirty-third year, determined to join Ripa, not indeed as a member of his institute, but as boarder in his college. For this reason, in the month of June, he removed from his father's house to the Chinese college, in which establishment also took up his residence his friend the Abate Sarnelli, who was later on one of his companions in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. In the following year Sarnelli, before his ordination as priest, returned to his father's house, but Alphonsus remained with Ripa until called to another state.

The object of Alphonsus in leaving his father's house was no doubt the wish to lead a life of greater perfection, in which, whilst he continued the works of apostolic zeal in the city, he might be free from many social ties. But God had another intention, that of bringing him into closer relation with one who was destined to give a new direction to his whole life. This was Thomas Falcoja, of the Congregation of Pious Workmen,* who had been the companion and confidant of the Bishop of Troja, and for many years had been director of Ripa.

* A small institute founded by the Venerable Carlo Caraffa, which has done good service to religion both in Naples and in Rome.

God had many years previously made known to Falcoja, while he was in Rome, that He intended to raise up in the Church a new institute, consisting of a double congregation, one of priests and another of nuns, formed on the model of our Blessed Saviour Himself, in as far as human infirmity can reproduce the features of that Divine original. In 1720 Falcoja had been able to begin a convent of nuns, in the little town of Scala near Amalfi, but as the rules he intended them to follow were not yet drawn up, these nuns adopted for a time the rule of St. Francis of Sales. In 1725 one of these nuns had special lights from God as to the new institute, which by the care of Falcoja were duly examined and approved by various ecclesiastics of sound learning and judgment. But various obstacles arose, and rendered impossible for several years the realization of Falcoja's design. He had already refused high dignity which had been offered to him as he was most averse to all earthly honours, but when in 1730 the Bishopric of Castellammare was offered to him, he accepted it as a means to carry out that which he believed God required from him. He had set his eye on Alphonsus as a fit person to be the key-stone of the new institute, but as yet he did not make known to him his wish. Having gone to Rome for his consecration he charged Alphonsus to give a spiritual retreat to the nuns of Scala, and to examine the question of the new institute as far as regarded them. Alphonsus, up to this time, had not been favourable to the projected institute; but after he had seen and heard all the nuns at Scala, and examined carefully the circumstances, he was so persuaded that the idea came from God, that he became an ardent promoter of the same. It was in great measure the personal influence of Alphonsus with Monsignor Guerriero, Bishop of Scala, that persuaded that prelate to accede to Monsignor Falcoja's wishes. In consequence, in the month of May 1731, Falcoja came to Scala, and with permission of the Bishop, the nuns adopted the rule and took the name of the Congregation of the Most Holy Saviour. Alphonsus was the very soul of this new foundation, encouraging the nuns to be faithful to their vocation: but God demanded from him a greater sacrifice, that of his own person. It was on

the evening of October 3, 1731, that the same nun of Scala who six years previously had had the intimation of the new rule for that community, had a vision, in which our Divine Saviour appeared to her, in company with the seraphic St. Francis, whose vigil it was, and showed her Alphonsus, saying that he was the person destined to carry out the congregation of priests of the same institute. On the 4th, the feast of St. Francis, the vision was again granted to her. Alphonsus was profoundly moved when informed of these circumstances, yet he was unwilling to abandon the many good works in which he was engaged in Naples. He, however, took counsel from Father Pagani and others and deferred his decision till later.

The kingdom of Naples, and especially the Apulian provinces, had suffered severely from an earthquake. The Bishops of those provinces had asked for missions and retreats for their afflicted people, and the Confraternity of Apostolic Missions of Naples had destined Alphonsus, amongst others, for those pious exercises. It was in the commencement of 1732 that these missions took place, and in their course the missionaries visited Foggia. An ancient picture of the Blessed Virgin, known under the name of Our Lady of the Seven Veils, had been exposed to public veneration in 1731 at the epoch of the earthquake. This picture, during the whole year that followed, continued to show the same miraculous signs. The painting, from age and damp, had been effaced, but from an oval opening, in front of the place where the head had been, from time to time appeared a head of the Blessed Virgin. Alphonsus many years afterwards, when Bishop of St. Agatha, gave an authentic declaration that when preaching at Foggia in 1732, in the Church of St. John the Baptist, he saw the head of the Blessed Virgin as of a young person fifteen years of age, and that she moved her head from side to side, and he attested that this wonderful sight was witnessed by hundreds of the persons present. The town of Foggia, in consequence of this wonderful favour, celebrates every year a peculiar festival in honour of Our Lady on the 22nd of March. Great, as might be expected, were the conversions which resulted from such a manifestation, and the good missionaries returned to Naples

crowned with the benediction of the inhabitants of Apulia.

The persons who had been charged by Alphonsus to examine the question of the new institute, had come to the conclusion that it was purely God's will he should embark on that arduous enterprise. Alphonsus, in consequence, in August 1732, put himself entirely in the hands of Monsignor Falcoja, and from that time his life was one of entire obedience to his saintly father and director. Falcoja, having determined that the congregation of priests, like that of the nuns, should begin at Scala, had sought in vain for a suitable house in or near that town. At last it was decided that, for the commencement he should place them in the hospitium of the nuns, and then await some more advantageous position. As the new institute was called "of the Most Holy Saviour," Falcoja determined that it should begin on the feast of the Dedication of the Lateran Basilica, that is to say, of the Basilica of the Saviour. On November 9, 1732, the good Bishop of Castellammare, by permission of Monsignor Sartoro, who had shortly before succeeded Monsignor Guerriero as Bishop of Scala, assembled in the cathedral the four or five priests who entered into his views, and commenced the new Congregation, of which Alphonsus alone was destined to be really the corner-stone. Such a beginning in the midst of utter poverty seemed well suited for a congregation, whose object was to imitate the earthly life of our Blessed Saviour, and whose work like His was to labour for the most destitute and forsaken souls. But, if Alphonsus had placed himself without reserve in the hands of Monsignor Falcoja, such was not the case with others of his companions. Amongst these was a certain Tosquez, a layman of talent but of no judgment, who, however, succeeded in drawing away the others from their obedience to Falcoja.

Alphonsus was thus left with only one priest and a lay-brother, and another cleric, Cæsar Sportelli, who joined Alphonsus some months later. For a moment he seemed to have doubted whether God did not wish him to labour in the foreign missions, but a letter from Falcoja told him with prophetic glance, that if he were

faithful to his vocation in establishing the Congregation, this would do more to make known God's name in every clime than any other sacrifice that he could make. "Happy are we," writes to him this kind Father, "if we are called to suffer something for God's glory, happy we who have been chosen that by our humiliations, labours, and sufferings, whether exterior or interior, the triumphal car of God's glory has to be carried through the whole earth." Alphonsus, thus invigorated, made a vow of obedience to Falcoja, and resolved that though he should be abandoned by all, he would remain to work for neglected souls. Sportelli soon joined him, and his old friend Sarnelli, and later on the arrival of his cherished companion Mazzini, and the intended entrance of Rossi, encouraged him in his noble purpose.

A small house had been begun in 1734 in the diocese of Cajazzo, but the times were difficult. In that year Charles, Duke of Parma, one of the Spanish Bourbons, drove the Austrians out of Naples. The policy of this prince under the guidance of the celebrated Tanucci was always hostile to religious orders and opposed to the Holy See. As neither of the two foundations of Scala or of Cajazzo promised any security, Monsignor Falcoja treated with the Sarnelli family for a more eligible site in the village of Ciorani. This foundation was at last concluded, and in April 1736 Alphonsus was installed as Rector of the house of Ciorani. In 1737 Falcoja called away the two Fathers who were in the diocese of Cajazzo, and in August 1738 those few subjects who were at Scala, so that Ciorani became the only house of the Congregation of Missionaries, as Scala was the only convent of the nuns of the Most Holy Saviour.

Great was the good that these two houses did, though hidden to the world under a very humble exterior. The Fathers, in their apostolic labours, were helped and fortified by the prayers and mortified lives of the nuns, and Divine grace worked prodigies both for the reform of the people and for the greater zeal and spirituality of the clergy, who in considerable numbers came to make some days' retreat at Ciorani. The nuns had been bound by vows from the first, but, with the exception of Alphonsus, the Fathers were still free to leave the Institute, as in

fact more than one did. To remedy this defect, and to complete the organization of the Congregation, the members of the community of Ciorani, consisting of Alphonsus as Rector, Fathers Sportelli, Mazzini, Rossi and Villani (Sarnelli being absent in Naples) and four lay-brothers, made on the vigil of St. Mary Magdalen, July 21, 1740, the vow to persevere until death in the Congregation. In 1741, at the earnest request of Cardinal Spinelli, Alphonsus was sent by Falcoja into the diocese of Naples, in which he gave retreats and missions in many of the populous towns and villages around Naples. The Cardinal desired a foundation at Barra, but to this Falcoja was utterly opposed, fearing that the humble spirit of the Institute might suffer. In 1742 another foundation was asked for at Pagani, and as there was no such danger in that locality, Falcoja accepted. This house was destined to be the principal residence of Alphonsus, and the scene of his holy death forty-five years later. As the health of Falcoja, which had never been strong, broke under old age, he called to him in Castellammare Father Sportelli and one of the Brothers, and died on April 20, 1743, at the advanced age of eighty years. It was a special grace for the new institute that, during the first ten years, whilst Alphonsus in the full force and vigour of manhood laboured to develop the Congregation, his actions should be under the watchful eye of so experienced a director, and that the rules established in the institute should emanate from so wise and holy a prelate.

The few Fathers who composed the chapter, after having performed the obsequies of their beloved director, assembled at Ciorani on May 6, 1743, and elected Alphonsus Rector Major, that is to say Superior General of the Congregation, an office which he held until 1780. In the following year Father Sarnelli died in Naples,* but God sent several other good subjects to Alphonsus, so that ere the year 1744 closed, he was able to accept another foundation in Apulia at Iliceto, thus introducing the Congregation to a new field of apostolic labour.

* The Process of Beatification of this servant of God is in course of examination at Rome.

Alphonsus gave missions at Foggia, Troja, and other places, and while preaching at Foggia, he was again favoured with the sight of Our Lady of the Seven Veils, as he had been in 1732. The first proposals were made about this time for a fourth house at Caposele, in the archdiocese of Corva, but this foundation was not permanently effected until 1748. The Neapolitan Government, at the request of the local Bishops, had authorized the presence of the missionaries in each of these four houses separately, as simple diocesan establishments; but when Alphonsus desired to obtain a regular approbation of the whole, as a corporate body, King Charles absolutely refused. He was in truth desirous to eliminate some of the existing religious bodies in his kingdom, rather than encourage new ones. Out of personal regard for the labours of Alphonsus, he offered him the Archbishopric of Palermo, which Alphonsus of course declined.

This repulse did not make the Saint lose courage. In the spring of 1748 he began to take steps in Rome for an approbation of the Congregation by the Holy See. Benedict XIV., the reigning Pontiff, had placed the matter in the hands of the Congregation of the Council, and in the autumn of that year Father Villani was sent to Rome by Alphonsus to treat this important business. Cardinal Bessozzi, who was the prelate entrusted with it, decided that a different form should be given to the rule, which was done to his satisfaction by Father Villani, assisted by one or two friends. By his advice the name of the Institute was changed from that of the Most Holy Saviour to that of Most Holy Redeemer. The Holy Congregation approved the Institute and the rule, thus modified, by a decree dated Jan. 25, 1749, and the whole was confirmed by the Brief of Benedict XIV. of Feb. 25, 1749.

The approbation of the Institute by the Holy See filled the hearts of Alphonsus and his companions with joy. A chapter was held at Ciorani, in which the new rule approved in Rome was read and accepted by all the priests and clerics of the Institute. The pious practices and regulations in use since the beginning were confirmed, and although Alphonsus had been named Rector Major in the Brief of 25th February, he was

elected to that office by the free votes of his companions. As many ecclesiastics and young men of talent wished to enter the Congregation, Alphonsus wrote for their instruction a little treatise on religious vocation, which has been of service not only to his own institute but to religious orders in general. The nuns of Scala, encouraged by the success of Alphonsus, took measures also for the approbation of their rule and Institute, and on June 8, 1750, a Brief of Benedict XIV. approved both, with the change only of name from Most Holy Saviour to Redeemer. It is from this house of Scala that all the communities of Redemptoristine nuns derive their origin.

The powerful influence of regalism in the kingdom of Naples, which led even some of the clergy to believe that the disciplinary acts of the Holy See remained without force until they had received the royal assent, rendered it of the utmost importance that the Brief of Benedict XIV. should be recognized by the civil power. Alphonsus exerted himself in every way, but with no other result than to convince himself that King Charles would not hear of any new religious congregation, and that he utterly refused to recognize the Brief of the Sovereign Pontiff. All that could be obtained from the King was a decree (1752), by which he declared that although he did not recognize the houses occupied by the missionaries under the direction of Don Alfonso de Liguori as forming religious foundations, and in consequence did not permit them to possess property in common; still as he deemed it advantageous for his subjects that the missions should continue, he allowed the missionaries to remain in the four houses already approved by separate decrees, with the restrictive clause that any property belonging to these houses should be administered by the respective Bishops. It was in truth a meagre concession, but Alphonsus, adoring the will of God, continued by prayer and patience to eliminate the obstacles which the narrow tyranny of the Government opposed to the development of his great work. From 1752 the Saint made Pagani his usual residence, as being more easy of access than Ciorani.

The precarious position of the houses made Alphonsus desire a foundation in the Papal States, free from the

dominion of Charles III. An opportunity at length presented itself. Monsignor Pacca, Archbishop of Benevento, offered a foundation at St. Angelo a Cupolo, a village five miles distant from the city. Alphonsus gladly consented, and installed three of his best subjects at St. Angelo in April, 1755. In the following autumn Alphonsus opened the mission in the city of Benevento, to the great joy of Monsignor Pacca. It was during this mission that Donna Anna, the pious mother of the Saint, went to her reward, as ten years previously Don Joseph had died whilst his son was at the mission of Troja. The heroic self-denial of Alphonsus, who did not break off his apostolic labours, no doubt obtained for his parents those special helps which are necessary in that moment on which eternity depends.

In 1756, and again in 1757, Alphonsus sent a band of his missionaries into Calabria, where the people were in a state of extreme spiritual destitution. The good done by the missionaries was immense, and the poor Calabrians would have been too happy if they could have secured a foundation in their provinces; but the small number of subjects in the Congregation, and still more the obstacles on the part of the Government, rendered all idea of such a foundation impossible. In fact, each year seemed to render more difficult all pious foundations. In 1758, the great Pontiff Benedict XIV. had gone to his reward. The Portuguese Government had already commenced that war against the Holy See, which later on, under the leadership of Charles of Naples, who had been King of Spain, led to the suppression of the Jesuits, and prepared the way for the great Revolution. The passage of Charles to the Spanish throne in 1759 in no way rendered easier the position of Alphonsus, as the policy of Charles was continued by the Government of his successor in Naples, the boy-King Ferdinand. All know how the violence of Charles against Pope Clement XIII. embittered the declining years of that excellent Pontiff. Not content with driving the Jesuits from Spain and all her colonies, he insisted on the same conduct in Naples; and as France had seized Avignon, so Naples took possession of Benevento and of Ponte Corvo. Thus

the four Bourbon Courts, as well as the Portuguese, were, at the death of Clement XIII., in open war with the Sovereign Pontiff.

In the year 1759, Alphonsus had received an offer from the Bishop of Girgenti in Sicily for a foundation, but, in consequence of innumerable difficulties, it was only in December, 1761, that this foundation could be effected. As the enemy never sleeps, there arose such an opposition to the missionaries in Sicily that Alphonsus, when Bishop in 1771, was obliged to call back his children; nor could they return to Sicily until the storm had passed in 1775. But we must not anticipate.

The way of the saints is that of the holy Cross. Alphonsus had abandoned all to follow his vocation and to do God's work in forming the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. This had become his life, his constant thought. But new cares awaited him. Cardinal Spinelli had, in 1754, resigned the see of Naples and retired to Rome, where he had accepted a suburbican see, and had become Bishop of Ostia and Vellatri, and, as such, Dean of the Sacred College. His influence was very great with Clement XIII., who consulted him frequently in the difficulties which surrounded him. The see of S. Agata dei Goti (St. Agatha of the Goths) had become vacant by the death of Bishop Danza, and many persons aspired to that dignity. The coldness of the diplomatic relations between the Holy See who had the right of nomination, and the King of Naples, in whose dominions was the diocese in question, rendered it most difficult for the Holy Father to name a successor to the late prelate. Cardinal Spinelli proposed Alphonsus. The Pope at once named him, and as Alphonsus alleged his vow, made according to his Institute, not to accept any dignity, the Pope sent him an order to accept the episcopate. On receiving the command Alphonsus bowed his head, notwithstanding his reluctance, and said: "God wills me to be a Bishop, and a Bishop I will be."

The Saint thus heroically sacrificed himself, and leaving his dear Congregation in God's hands, left for Rome, in company of Father Villani. He visited on his way Cardinal Spinelli, at Cisterna, and complained of the trick his Eminence had played him. On arriving at

Rome, Alphonsus found that the Holy Father was absent, so he took advantage of the interval before his return to make a pilgrimage to Loreto, to put himself and his diocese, as well as his Institute, under the protection of the Blessed Mother of God. On his return from Loreto, Alphonsus was presented to Clement XIII., who again ordered him to accept the bishopric of St. Agatha. In order to diminish the grief of Alphonsus, the Pope permitted him to retain the office of Rector Major of his Congregation, which he could still govern by means of a Vicar-General: and to this office his companion Father Villani was named by a Brief, on May 25, 1762.

Alphonsus in Rome was the guest of the "Pious Workmen" at Sta. Maria de' Monti. The examination and other formalities having been fulfilled, he was preconized in the consistory of the 14th of June, and on the 20th of the same month he received the episcopal consecration from the hands of Cardinal Rossi, of the title of St. Cecilia, in the Church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. The very next day he left Rome for his diocese, and after a very brief stay at Naples and at Pagani, to regulate his affairs, he made his entry into St. Agatha on July 11, 1762.

At an age when men commonly feel the want of repose, Alphonsus was called by God to a new state, to be the model of bishops, untiring in zeal, in charity and in patience. Only one week after his entry, he began in his cathedral a course of spiritual exercises for his people, and from that time forward scarcely a year passed without a mission or retreat in every locality of his diocese. He established in every parish the custom of making in common a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and to our Blessed Lady, at which he assisted in person. His principal care was for the clergy, sparing no pains in order to render all his priests efficient in the duties and ministry of their state. As the Rector of the seminary was incapacitated by his great age from the necessary vigilance, Alphonsus called from Naples a learned Dominican, Father Thomas Caputo, whom he installed as Rector. He made extensive repairs and beneficial regulations for this establishment, which he

never ceased to visit personally every week whilst he resided at St. Agatha. He was the tenderest of Fathers to his seminarists, but if he found them guilty of any serious fault, no intercession could persuade him to allow them to remain in the seminary, as he was wont to say: "Charity to one is in this case an injustice to others." The parish priests, and those who celebrated Mass in country churches, were obliged to explain the Catechism to the people, and in his constant visits to the different parishes, he either preached himself or made one of the Fathers of his Congregation, who usually accompanied him, preach a triduo to the people. These excessive fatigues broke down the weak frame of Alphonsus, and in August 1736, he was so ill at Airola as to receive Extreme Unction. However, he recovered his strength enough to guide his people through the terrible winter famine of 1763–4. His prudence checked the outburst of popular indignation against the local magistrates, whilst his unbounded charity dispensed all he had in relief of the famished people, so that he was really the saviour of the town of St. Agatha.

One of his great benefits to his diocese was the establishment at St. Agatha of Redemptoristine nuns, in 1766. Three nuns and a lay-sister were called by him from Scala, and after surmounting many difficulties, he placed them in the convent he had prepared for them. This convent has ever since been a source of benediction to the town, and from its walls went forth that little band which founded the convent of Vienna, and since then others in northern Europe.

The political circumstances having rendered impossible the celebration of diocesan synods, Alphonsus published in several episcopal notifications those regulations for the clergy which we have amongst his letters, and which are real models of zeal and prudence. The holy Bishop was scrupulous in the extreme as to residence in his diocese, and never left it except for some cause of vital importance. In 1764 he had passed a short time at Pagani, when a Chapter of his Congregation was held, and in 1767 he was constrained to make a longer stay at Naples, in order to defend his Congregation against some powerful adversaries.

In 1768, at the age of seventy-two, and in the midst of so many trials, Alphonsus was attacked by rheumatic fever. In August he received for the second time the last sacraments with admirable resignation. The rheumatism having fixed itself in the vertebræ of the neck, had bowed down his head, so that he could never more raise it while he lived, that is to say, for nineteen years of suffering. Thus his own prayer was fulfilled, as he wrote: "Pray our Lord to make my will comformable to His; if God wills it, I am willing to remain in this state until the end of my life." And so he did remain. From August 1768 until August 1769, the Saint was also deprived of the consolation of celebrating the holy Mass; but a suggestion of a good religious that he could yet consume the Precious Blood, notwithstanding the distorted position of his head, by placing himself on a stool, enabled Alphonsus from 1769 to continue the celebration of the holy Mass, until his infirmities rendered him entirely unable, a year and eight months previous to his holy death. It was in this time of acute suffering that he finished the most touching and most profound of all his ascetic works, *The Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ.* As the climate of St. Agatha was prejudicial to Alphonsus, he resided during the remaining years of his episcopate at Arienzo. Several times he tendered his resignation, but both Clement XIII. and Clement XIV. refused to accept it; the last-named Pontiff replied: "It is sufficient that Monsignor Liguori governs his diocese from his bed; a single prayer which he offers in that state will obtain more than a hundred visits."

The Neapolitan Government, as we have seen, had taken possession of Benevento, and thus the house of St. Angelo a Cupulo was no longer free. Alphonsus was in consequence rejoiced when a small house and church, erected at Scifelli, in the diocese of Verola, by a French priest of Avignon, was offered to him. He at once accepted it in 1773, and three years later enlarged it considerably, in the hope that there at least, as also at Frosinone, a foundation of 1776–8, the rule of Benedict XIV. might be observed without molestation. In addition to his own domestic troubles, the war waged against the Holy See by the Bourbon Courts afflicted him

profoundly. On September 21, 1774, Alphonsus having said Mass at Arienzo, and commenced his thanksgiving in his arm-chair, remained the whole day and following night in an ecstatic state. His attendants, according to the order of the Vicar-General, watched him, but did not disturb him. It was only on the morning of the 22nd, after eight o'clock, that the Saint came to himself, and rang a bell placed by his side, saying to the astonished attendants that he wished to say Mass; and to their inquiries as to what had passed during the twenty-four hours that he had remained as it were without life, he replied: "I have been to assist the Holy Father who has just expired." And so at once he began the Holy Mass. When later the news arrived of Clement's death, it was found that it had taken place at the exact moment that Alphonsus had come to himself and had said Mass for the deceased Pontiff.

The year 1775 brought some consolation to the venerable sufferer, as his children were for the second time established at Girgenti in Sicily; and Pius VI., who had been elected Pope in February, at length yielded to the prayer of Alphonsus, and accepted the resignation of his bishopric. On the 27th he left Arienzo, and returned to his old residence at Pagani, poor as he had left it.

Who would not think that Alphonsus would, in the midst of his infirmities, have enjoyed at Pagani, at least, the rest so necessary for his age? Yet it was not so. The adversaries of his Congregation continued their lawsuit. They had gained the goodwill of Tanucci, and of several other influential persons, and every hope of justice seemed to vanish. Alphonsus, without neglecting every human means that was at his disposal, put his sole trust in God, who, said he, is more powerful than Tanucci and all our adversaries. God heard his prayers, and in 1776, Tanucci retired from public life, and his successor, the Marquis della Sambuca, had none of his prejudices against the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. It was indeed a providential change, for in 1777 the Procurator-Fiscal, who had been charged to examine the question, made his report, in which he virtually proposed the suppression of the institute. Fortunately, the disposition of the young King was no

longer such as was his father's. He had intrusted to the companions of Alphonsus the mission of preaching the so-called Crociata, and, in 1779, he confirmed his father's decree, and allowed the reception of novices to keep up the supply of missionaries.

Alphonsus, rejoiced at this partial success, charged one of his consultors, Father Majone, to treat with Monsignor Testa, the Grand Almoner, the question how and with what restrictions the Congregation could be approved by the Neapolitan Government. Unfortunately, Testa was a friend of Tanucci, and a regalist of the most ardent character, whilst Father Majone was anxious to obtain a recognition at any price. The result was that he consented to a compromise which, under the name of "Regolamento," was the cause of great suffering to Alphonsus, and of ruin to the Congregation in his declining years. The "Regolamento" was in fact an audacious blow against the Holy See, worthy of a Neapolitan regalist such as Testa was. It altogether ignored the approbation given to the Congregation as an ecclesiastical body by Pope Benedict XIV., and treated the Institute as a simple secular foundation, created, as it asserted, by the decrees of Charles III., and confirmed by his successor. A Superior was recognized, not as charged by the Holy See with his functions, but as a consequence of the royal decrees. The missionaries were not to be bound by vows, but should make a simple oath of obedience to the Superior, from which they could at any time be dispensed by him. The powers of the Superior were in many things subordinated to the vote of his consultors, and the local bishops could interfere in various ways. The whole of this schismatic "Regolamento" was moreover to last as long as the good pleasure of the King permitted, so that, as the royal power alone, and not the Church, had created the Institute, the same power might suppress it, when it was so pleased, without reference to the Holy See.

When this "Regolamento" became known, there was an outburst of indignation against it amongst the Fathers, and some even accused Alphonsus of being party to it, although the whole thing had been devised by Monsignor Testa without his knowledge. His age and want of sight and hearing debarred Alphonsus from treating

the question in person. In fact, the whole ordinary government of the institute after the return of Alphonsus to Pagani in 1775, though carried on in his name, was really the work of his vicar, Father Villani. A sort of assembly was called together in these troubles at Pagani, in the month of May. Alphonsus did not take part in it, and the deputies could come to no solution. The Grand Almoner insisted on the acceptance of his "Regolamento," and in the month of June some few of the Fathers accepted it under protest. In the meantime the Holy See had been informed of what had passed at Naples, and the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars sent stringent orders to the Fathers in the Papal States, forbidding them to obey any injunction coming from Naples, and ordering them to observe only the rule approved by Benedict XIV. At length, as, by an unaccountable neglect, or, we should say better, by permission of God, no one of the companions of Alphonsus came from Naples to explain such strange doings, the Holy See declared Alphonsus and all who (as erroneously supposed) had abandoned Benedict XIV.'s rule, excluded from the Congregation, and named the Rector of the House of Frosinone, Father Francis de Paola, Superior, with the title of President of the Institute in the Papal States. This decree was given on the 22nd of September, 1780. Admirable providence of God! Alphonsus had always been the faithful defender of the rights of the Holy See, and now he appeared (at least outwardly) unworthy of his former reputation, and ungrateful to his fond mother the Roman Church. It is also a singular coincidence that it was on the anniversary of the loving assistance given by Alphonsus, with Divine permission, to the dying Clement XIV., that his successors excluded him, and cut off the Neapolitan houses from the Congregation.

Two days after the pontifical decree, the two deputies sent by Alphonsus and his companions arrived in Rome and found the matter settled as we have said. The Saint, being informed of the decision, said: "I seek God alone, it is enough for me if I am in God's grace. The Pope so wills it, may God be praised." But later on in the day he had a terrible assault of temptation, in which it seemed to him as if the ruin of the Congregation

were the result of his sins and ingratitude. In his agony he cried piteously: "Help me, my brethren, the Evil One is trying to make me despair, but I will not offend God." At last, raising his eyes to the crucifix and to our Lady, he said: "Thank you, my Queen, for the help you have given me, keep on helping me, O my good Mother. Jesus, my hope, let me not be confounded." As he said nothing himself against the decision, so he would not suffer others to criticize it. The Pope, he said, has thought fit to act in this manner; may God be praised, the will of the Pope is God's will. Knowing that the Pope recognized the Congregation in the Papal States, he wrote to Father de Paola to declare himself his subject, and to say that he was ready to go to Benevento or wherever else the president might command him. The Neapolitan Fathers put before him that as he alone was recognized by the civil Government, it would be a serious danger for the houses in that kingdom if he were to move into the Pontifical States; and for his quiet came a letter from Father de Paola, saying that he fully recognized him as member of the Congregation, and begged him to remain at Pagani. A new sorrow came on Alphonsus during this year (1780) from the sudden death of his brother, Don Ercole, and the consequent anxiety for the education of his children.

The King had said, whilst charging the Fathers of the Congregation to preach the "Crociata," that if they exerted themselves he would show them favour. Alphonsus took advantage of this opportunity, and asked leave for the Fathers to make an oath of poverty and of common life, as well as that already sanctioned by the "Regolamento." In the month of February, 1781, through the kind influence of his friend Don Carlo di Marco, Alphonsus obtained this permission. He had hoped that this concession would have satisfied the Holy See, and led to the revocation or modification of the decree of the 22nd of September; but the opposition of Rome was not so much to any one point of the "Regolamento," as to the whole spirit, origin, and pretensions of the same, as a flagrant encroachment of the civil on the territory of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Consequently this partial concession did not alter matters,

and on August 21, 1781, a second Papal decree confirmed that of the September previous. When this decision was communicated to Alphonsus, he replied: "I shall go on praying as I have during the last six months: my Lord, I will that which Thou willest." Pius VI. steadily refused to recognize the Neapolitan houses as part of the Congregation, but granted personally to the missionaries the faculties enjoyed by the subjects of Father de Paola. The Pope had authorized the establishment of the Congregation in Rome, in the Church and Convent of St. Julian; and on July 4, 1783, he named Father Francis de Paola, Rector-Major of the Institute. In the same year Alphonsus had had the consolation to witness the end of the long lawsuit brought against him by the Baron Sarnelli, who was formally declared non-suited by a royal decree in April of that year.

An event may here be mentioned that took place in 1779. In one of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, the volcano one night sent forth volumes of flaming matter, and seriously menaced Torre de Annuziata and the surrounding country. Alphonsus was carried to a window, and at the sight exclaimed three times: "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu," and at the prayers of the Fathers, he raised his hand and blessed the mountain. Suddenly the flaming torrent took another direction, and the menaced villages were saved.

In 1784, Alphonsus was rejoiced to hear of the entrance into the Congregation of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer and of his companion Father Thaddeus Hübl; and when these two Fathers were sent into the north and settled as they did in Poland, he seemed to have light from God as to the great work they would do. The last years of the Saint were a continual purification of his spirit through suffering, and detachment from everything he loved, however holy it might be. In November, 1780, he had made his last conference to the community of Pagani. It was on prayer, as well befitted the future Doctor of prayer. In 1784 he had to give up his usual drive, which contributed to his health, and in the same year at the order of Father Villani he had to renounce the consolation of being carried down to the church, as was his wont morning and evening, and

of being placed in sight of the Blessed Sacrament, to which he made the tenderest acts of love and adoration. As these acts drew the attention of the public, Father Villani thought it prudent to forbid Alphonsus this visit. On November 25, 1785, he celebrated for the last time the Holy Sacrifice, which thenceforward he was obliged to forego, contenting himself with hearing Mass and receiving the Holy Communion. Intense mental as well as bodily sufferings became the portion of the Saint, night and day. That great intelligence seemed reduced to a state in which he could not make an act of faith or of love, whilst the most insidious temptations assailed him continually. There was not a virtue, said his companion, Father Mazzini, against which Alphonsus was not tempted. Like holy Job, he remained firm by God's grace, and in the midst of these immense trials and humiliations, God willed that his simple blessing should restore to health a number of sick children whom from day to day their parents brought to him.

Seven years of continual trial had now passed over Alphonsus since his deposition and humiliation, and as gold in the furnace he was purified for Heaven. On July 18, 1787, he was seized with dysentery accompanied with fever. It was a Wednesday during the octave of the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer. Though very weak he continued to hear Mass and to communicate daily, and on the 23rd of July Father Mansione, Rector of the house of Pagani, gave him Extreme Unction. Until the 28th of July he was able to receive Holy Communion, but from that day forward he was deprived of this consolation, although Masses were said at the altar in his room. Several times he seemed at the point of death, and the prayers for the dying were begun, but he lasted on until the 1st of August, fifteen days after his first serious symptoms. On that morning nine Masses had been celebrated one after another in his room, commending to God his holy death. The tenth Mass finished just before mid-day. At its close the Fathers recited the Litany of our Blessed Lady, and as the Angelus bell rang at twelve o'clock Alphonsus resigned his holy soul into the hands of that Redeemer whom he had so fondly loved, so zealously preached, and

whom, co-operating with His grace, he had so glorified during his long life of ninety years and ten months.

Space does not allow us to speak of the many miracles which followed immediately on the death of the Saint, and by which God testified to the glory of His servant; nor can we relate the process of his canonization. It must suffice to say that so great was the reputation of sanctity he already attained during his life, and so many and conspicuous the prodigies that declared the power of his intercession with God, that the long and laborious investigation into his writings and his virtues and miracles was begun almost immediately; and after going through its various stages, was completed in 1830. He was solemnly canonized by Gregory XVI., on May 26, 1839, which on that year was the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, and the feast of the Saint was fixed on the 2nd of August for the whole Church.

As the many theological and ascetic writings of the Saint spread rapidly and became more and more esteemed in the Church, many desired to see the great teacher of modern times declared Doctor, and some Bishops, amongst whom was Cardinal Mastai (afterwards Pius IX.) petitioned Gregory XVI. on this subject, but without immediate result. It was reserved for Cardinal Mastai, when Pontiff, after having celebrated the Vatican Council, in which the Papal Infallibility for which St. Alphonsus had written so forcibly was defined, that on the decision of the Congregation of Rites, St. Alphonsus was declared on March 23, 1871, Doctor of the Universal Church.*

It is not the object of this short notice to speak of the many and various works with which St. Alphonsus,

* This distinction belongs as yet to only nineteen among all the saints whom God's grace has raised up in as many centuries. They are the following: St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers; St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria; St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea; St. Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch of Constantinople; St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan; St. John Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople; St. Jerome, priest; St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo; St. Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop of Ravenna; St. Leo, Pope; St. Gregory, Pope; St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville; St. Peter Damian, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia; St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Bernard, Abbot of Citeaux; St. Thomas Aquinas; St. Bonaventure, Cardinal Archbishop of Albano; St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva; St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.

who had bound himself by vow never to lose time, has enriched the Christian world. Suffice it to say that such had been the influence of his moral theology that in a certain sense he may be called the great professor of the Catholic Church, inasmuch as all moral writers are proud of declaring themselves his disciples. Of the two dogmas of faith defined by Pius IX., that is to say, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, Alphonsus was the firm defender. But it is especially as Doctor of prayer that the influence of the Saint is felt universally. As he maintains that the grace of prayer is a grace given to all who come to the age of reason, and that if men faithfully use that grace God will infallibly lead them on to a higher light and higher sanctity; so every devout work which he wrote has for especial object to make all pray. It is impossible to read one of his works without praying, even against our will; we pray almost without being aware of it. It is perhaps to this wonderful charm that we may attribute the success which his works have had, translated as they have been into all languages. The *Eternal Truths* of St. Alphonsus in some countries, as in Rome, may be said to be the only meditations in universal use. His *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament* and *Visits to our Blessed Lady* have done more perhaps than any other work of our times to draw men to the Sacrament of love and to promote a filial love for the ever-Blessed Mother. Multitudes of persons in every clime, from the highly civilized of Europe to the poor Indians of Malabar, are guided by his maxims and pray in his words, almost without thinking of the kind Saint who thus leads them on their weary journey through this world, and who makes easy for them their entrance into eternity. Amongst his prayers is one for the grace always to pray: let us ask this true Doctor of prayer that in all temptation, in all danger, we may fly to prayer as he teaches us, and so obtain that help which God is ever ready to grant. Let us say with him: "All my hope is in Jesus, and after Jesus in my loving Mother Mary."

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# A Workhouse Concert.

*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

"I AM quite charmed with your wife, Tom—really I am! I could not have chosen better myself for you."

The speaker was a well-dressed woman with a handsome face, and her brother, whom she was addressing, was very like her. Her face had a haughty expression though that was absent from Mr. Millard's.

"I am really flattered, Henrietta," said he, bowing, with an amused smile.

"Oh, well, I do like pretty people. I have a weakness for them, and Rose is graceful as well. I shall be charmed to take her about with me and introduce her to all our set. It really is so fortunate that the Oaks is so near the Beeches."

"It is indeed. When I heard of your engagement I thought it was delightful."

"Yes, I can hardly realize I have been mar-

ried five years," said Lady Dolman. "How time flies! And ever since you dashed over from the Rockies for my wedding you have been wandering as usual?"

"Not out of Europe, though," said Tom. "I have been pottering about in all kinds of out-of-the-way places in Italy."

"Ah, yes—of course. But where did you meet Rose?"

"At a ball in Florence."

"Love at first sight?" enquired Lady Dolman, and Tom coloured.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Not a long engagement, was it? or had you been engaged some time before you told me?"

"I wrote to you at once, Henrietta. I am not much of a scribe, as you know, but I was not going to let you hear of my engagement from some tattling society paper—what a pest they are!"

"Well," laughed Lady Dolman, "if I had, perhaps I should have learnt more about your *fiancée*. As it is, I am quite in the dark. Has she a mother or father, aunts, sisters, cousins? where was she raised, as the Americans say?"

"It is rather a romantic story," said Tom. "Rose's parents were Yorkshire people."

"Oh, owners of big mills, and that kind of thing; of course that is quite possible now-a-days," said Lady Dolman.

"No, they were very poor. I believe the father

was a mill-hand, and Rose worked in the mills herself as a child. Then the father died, and the mother was left in very bad circumstances with five children, Rose being the eldest. She was then eleven. A lady who lived in the neighbourhood took a great interest in them all, and seemed to fancy Rose in particular because she was very like the only child she had ever had, who died just when she was Rose's age, and about that time. She was a widow, very rich indeed; she offered to adopt Rose and take her away from England, and the mother consented, on condition that Rose was allowed to come and see her once a year. This was promised, and she went to Italy with Mrs. Darton, who sold her place in Yorkshire; it was in the West Riding, close to Leckheaton. She said she would not care to live there, as it reminded her so much of her lost child. After six months they heard news of the death of the mother and two of the children, and of the other two being sent to an uncle in Australia. Rose was well educated by Mrs. Darton, and when she died, just after our engagement, she left Rose her fortune. Rose had taken her name, and was known generally as Mrs. Darton's adopted daughter."

"And you knew her origin when you proposed to her?" asked Lady Dolman, who had looked astonished as her brother told her this.

"Yes. Mrs. Darton was a shrewd old lady, and when she saw how the land lay, she told me

all about Rose—I suppose to give me a chance to cry off, if I felt inclined."

"But you did not, of course; well, it was very like you, Tom, I must say. You are very unconventional, and unworldly in many ways."

"Would you have had me give up a girl I thoroughly loved, because of her accident of birth, when her education—and after all, that is the chief thing—had made her a thorough gentlewoman?"

"Oh, well, really, don't ask me," said Lady Dolman. "Of course you won't talk about it, and no one shall know anything of it from me."

"Certainly not. It concerns no one but myself who Rose is. I think a man of thirty, with no parents even to consult, may please himself about those things."

"It seems a pity, though, as you say, education is the great thing. And Mrs. Darton was well connected; I know them by name very well. They were the Howard-Dartons. I worked it all out, when you told me Rose was Mrs. Darton's adopted daughter."

"I cannot think where Rose can be. She said she was going to a dressmaker's, and would not be long," said Tom, presently.

Lady Dolman and her brother were seated on a long bench, placed half-way up the wide softly-carpeted staircase of a large new hotel in Northumberland Avenue. The October evening was drawing in, the lamps were lighted, and the scene in the hall was ever varying. There were

large palms and plants of many kinds by the pillars, a book-stall near the door, and people of several nationalities passing to and fro. There was a handsome Indian in his native dress, a French nurse with her white cap, American ladies with eye-glasses and costly clothes, well-dressed English men and women, sallow ladies just come from India, with fractious children and picturesque ayahs. There were country cousins in town for a few days, anxious to make the most of them, and here and there you heard a few words of German, harsh and guttural, serving as a contrast to the soft sweet Italian and musical Spanish.

Lady Dolman and Tom sat silently for a few minutes more. Just as Tom was going to insist upon his sister not waiting tea any longer, a hansom drove up, and a tall graceful girl got out and made her way directly up to them.

"I felt guilty at leaving you," said Tom; "only I could not stay at Madame—what's her name? —while you discussed clothes."

"No, I managed remarkably well," said Rose, who from having lived so long abroad, had a slight foreign accent. "I made them get a hansom for me, and I told the man to drive here."

"Come, that is not bad. This is Rose's first visit to London," said Tom. "We have been sight-seeing diligently for a week, for Rose has a great fondness for seeing everything. I wish you could have stayed longer, Henrietta."

"I wish I could, Tom, with all my heart," said Lady Dolman, as they walked towards the drawing-room for tea. "But I must get back to the Beeches, as I am anxious about baby." As she spoke, a look came over the somewhat hard face, which lightened and softened it wonderfully.

"Ah, the son and heir of course. He is a very important person indeed," said Tom smiling. "I really am anxious to see my godson."

"He is very precious to us," said Lady Dolman: "our only chick. Rose, I am longing for you to see him."

"I love babies," said Rose, "and they always take to me."

"When will you be coming to the Oaks?" asked Lady Dolman, as Tom informed the small boy in attendance that No. 332 required tea for three at once. Extremes meet, and in large hotels the inmates are addressed by their number in the same way as those who occupy very much larger hotels—only at the expense of the Government.

As Lady Dolman drank her tea, she gave many furtive glances at Rose, and listened with critical ears to her conversation. It was all very well to admire her before she knew her origin, but now that she was aware of it, would her hastily-formed judgment hold good? Yes it did, so decided Lady Dolman, for the girl before her, with her large serious grey eyes, sensitive mouth and chestnut hair, was not only graceful and pretty,

but, in every movement and word, proclaimed herself a cultivated gentlewoman.

Rose had answered Lady Dolman's question by saying they were going to the Oaks in a fortnight.

"We have a good many things to do in town, and there are old friends of mamma's whom I wish to see."

"Then you called Mrs. Darton mother?" enquired Lady Dolman.

"No—mamma. Not mother. We liked mother the better of the two, but that seems only to belong by right to one's own mother."

"Yes, I quite understand," said Lady Dolman, for the moment afraid that Rose was going to treat her to some reminiscences of her Yorkshire home, which the latter had not the faintest intention of doing.

"I do not know Sussex at all. In fact, I scarcely know England," said Rose. "Is Sussex a pretty county?"

"Where we are is very pretty," said Lady Dolman. "We are about four miles from Eastbourne, and it is so charming that our place—the Beeches—is next to the Oaks! It was singular that I should marry the owner."

"Very nice for Tom and me," said Rose. "Can one see the sea?"

"Not from either house, but a short walk up to the Downs gives you a splendid view of it."

In a little while, Lady Dolman had taken her departure, and Rose and her husband went to

the theatre. After the first act a friend of Tom's came to their box.

"I have come to ask a favour," said Mr. Hallis, "I hope Mrs. Millard will grant it."

"That depends upon what the favour is," said Rose.

"I expect it is to subscribe to some mission or other," said Tom. "When you know Hallis better, Rose, you will always be prepared for something of the kind."

Mr. Hallis laughed. He was a good-looking man of about Tom's age, and a certain proportion of his time was spent in work amongst the poor, as he was a working member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

"Oh, of course. I am a great beggar, I know. But this time it is not money."

"Nor old boots? Vincent, whom we met at Florence, said boots were a weakness of yours."

"Nor boots. The fact of the matter is, that some friends of mine are helping the Committee of the A— Workhouse, in the north of London, to get up evening entertainments for the inmates. They get up theatricals or concerts, and these friends, the Andersons, have undertaken to organize a concert for Tuesday. They are rather in a hole, because the lady who was to sing three songs is suddenly obliged to go to Paris, and they are casting about as to who should supply her place. They heard Mrs. Millard sing on Monday at the Leightons, and they

asked me to try and get her to sing at this concert."

"I should like it very much," said Rose. "I have sung at charity concerts very often in Italy, but I have never seen a thing of this kind. I like the idea very much."

"I think it is a capital plan," said Mr. Hallis; "and they generally contrive to get good musicians and actors."

"Professionals?"

"Sometimes. They have a capital pianist for Tuesday. By the way, Mrs. Millard, will you mind singing something English? Ballads are most appreciated, or songs the people can understand."

"I will sing what you like," said Rose. "Most of my music is Italian, but I have a few English songs."

"'Home, sweet Home,' something of that kind?" suggested Tom.

"Exactly, comic or pathetic. But you will know, Mrs. Millard."

At this moment the lights were lowered, and the curtain rose for the next scene.

"It is the first time that I shall have heard you sing in public, Rose," said Tom, as his wife came down dressed for the concert. They were dining at six, so as to reach the workhouse in good time. "Well," he continued, "you have got yourself up regardless of expense!"

Rose smiled.

"The Andersons told me that all the performers dress a good deal on these occasions. The poor people take it as a compliment."

After dinner they drove off, and soon reached the great gates of the workhouse. It was a great ugly building, standing in a courtyard, and a thrill passed through Rose as she stepped out of the carriage and up the stone steps. How differently the lot of life was apportioned! How blessed was she, with wealth and comfort, peace of mind, and last but not least, a husband whom she respected as much as she loved him, and to whom she was as the apple of his eye. And in contrast, how many thousands of sad, heart-broken men and women, had come into that great grey building, to work through many sorrowful days, or wait for the end! These thoughts withdrew the smile from her lips, and Rose was very grave as she followed her husband into the room where the performers were assembled.

It was about half-an-hour before her turn came and she was led on to the platform which was raised at the end of the great dining hall, and prettily decorated with flowers for the occasion. As the accompanyist played the opening bars of the song, Rose glanced at the scene before her, one utterly unlike any she had ever beheld. At first it seemed but one great sea of faces, and then as she looked she saw what the arrangement was. The men were all to the right, the women to the left, clad in workhouse garb, and ranged according to age, the oldest being in the front.

It was a strange sight, such variety in the faces. There were old men there with hopeless, patient faces and snowy hair; younger men with a daring, impudent expression; men who had toiled, and men who had idled; the prodigal who had wasted his living, and the elder son who, through accident and force of circumstances, found himself forced to accept this shelter.

The old women were sadder-looking. Their toothless faces were worn and wrinkled, and on some was the expression of semi-childishness, or a smile which was sadder than tears. In the back were younger women with different caps, and up and down the centre space, separating the two sides, were the buxom good-looking matron, the doctor, and some of the guardians. At the sides too, were a few visitors, who had come in by special ticket, and the open door at the end gave a peep into the kitchen, with its white boards and dresser, and bright fire.

Rose's first song was much liked, and in the second part of the programme she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen."

As she sang, she looked at her audience, for she knew the words by heart, and suddenly at the end of one verse, one face amid that crowd seemed to stand out in singular vividness. Where had she seen it before? She certainly had seen it—as she looked, she felt for the first time in her life quite nervous, for her attention was taken from her song, and she had an uncomfortable fear lest she should break down.

However, she did not do so, and her beautiful voice soared through the building. The pathos of the words and singing made many a man brush his hands across his eyes, while one white-haired veteran fairly wept.

As Rose drove home that evening she told her husband about it.

"Tom—now don't laugh, please, but if I had not tried my hardest I should have broken down."

"Because you saw a face you fancied you knew?" asked Tom, rather surprised.

"No, Tom. But the face reminded me so—oh, Tom, I cannot get it out of my head!"

"Well, but of whom did it remind you?"

Rose was silent for a moment.

"Tom, it was not being reminded only. The more I think of it, the more certain I am that it was my mother."

"My dear child—why, how could it be? Your mother has been dead years and years! You told me she died just after Mrs. Darton adopted you."

"I know, Tom. But still, the likeness is so extraordinary."

"Had your mother any sisters? That would be quite possible, and if she had, of course we must see about it."

"No. Mother was an only child. And Tom, do you know, the more I think of it, the more sure I am that it might be."

"How?"

"Mrs. Darton never let me speak of my mother. She seemed almost jealous of my ever thinking of her, and I could see that she wished me to forget my home, and all about my childhood. And—oh, Tom—I hate thinking it—my mother may not have died after all!"

"My dear! come, come—that is rather a serious charge to make. It is unlike you, Rose, to be suspicious."

"I know, Tom," said Rose excitedly. "But I cannot help the suspicion. Because though mamma was goodness itself to me, I know she wanted me all to herself—and then, Tom, before she died she was paralyzed, and for the last few days she looked at me in such a strange way, as if she wanted to tell me something."

"My dearest Rose! why, you are imaginative."

"I may be, but I cannot help thinking that it might have been that she had concealed the fact from me that my mother was alive."

"Well, we shall never know now. How quickly you think a thing out, Rose. At that rate, you must have thought over years between your song and coming home."

"Thought is very rapid, Tom, and my thoughts are very quick."

"Well, my dear, but what do you wish to do?"

"Oh, Tom—we can't let the matter rest. We must go and see about it."

"Certainly—not to-night, though, I hope,"

said Tom, in a would-be resigned tone. "You don't want me to tell the man to drive back?"

"I believe you would if I asked you, Tom," said Rose, who was rewarded for this speech in the way most likely to suggest itself to a man deeply in love with his wife.

"We can go to-morrow morning, darling," said Tom, "and believe me, you will find this delusion of yours to be nothing but a delusion. The whole thing is highly improbable, and quite the penny novelette style of romance. It is very improbable after all these years that you would come upon your mother in a workhouse, when you have good reason to believe she is dead."

"Life is stranger than fiction," said Rose, "and that face haunts me. I shall know no rest until we have been and found it all out."

The next morning was very fine—one of those brilliant days which sometimes come in late autumn. The trees had shed nearly all their leaves, the sky was intensely blue, and the white clouds here and there moved slowly along. The grey walls of the workhouse looked even drearier seen in the sunshine, than in the dimness of the evening before, when the windows had made long lines of light. Here and there were old men and women hobbling about, or younger paupers engaged in work.

The matron was sent for.

"You don't know the name of the woman you

want to see?" enquired the matron, who was very matter of fact, and disinclined to waste words.

"No, my wife fancied last night, that she recognized a face among the women paupers," said Tom, and Rose winced inwardly at the word pauper. What if it were her mother after all?

"And you wish to see the woman?"

"Yes, if you will be so good as to allow my wife to do so."

"Can you tell me who you think she was?"

"No, not at present. If I may, I should like to see the woman, and then I shall recognize the face at once, I am sure," said Rose.

The matron looked dubious.

"Well, I suppose you may go. It's against our rules, letting in visitors in the morning; but as you seem anxious, will you come with me?"

Tom waited in the dull lofty waiting-room, with its bare walls and hard chairs, and Rose, with a white face and curious feeling at her heart, followed the matron down one corridor up a great many steps, and then into a room where some of the inmates were sewing. She looked quickly at one face after another, and then shook her head. The matron led the way, and as Rose inspected the women at work in various parts of the building, she never recognized the face of the evening before.

"Have I seen the whole place for the women?"

asked Rose, as she went down another flight of stairs.

"No, you have got to see the wash-house now," said the matron, and she opened the door of a large building, just outside the one of the back entrances, and in the fumes of steam, Rose saw that women, standing on boards, were washing at tubs placed all round the walls, while others were working the wringing machines, or what are called the "dollying tubs," for it was not a steam laundry.

The paved floor was wet, and Rose felt the hot damp air strike her face.

At her heart was a feeling—one that she was humiliated at recognizing, and yet there it was—a certain sensation of hope that she had been after all the victim of a fancy. However, the familiar face had been no fancy. There was the woman, middle-aged, with a withered plain face on which was an expression of deep patience, bending over a long tub, where, with arms bared, she was scrubbing at what is called the "coarsery," coarse canvas aprons, and things of that kind.

Just as Rose came up to her, a piece of her slate-coloured hair fell from under her close ugly cap, the whiteness of which made her face look all the browner, and, as is the fashion in laundries, she put the lock back by brushing it with the wet scrubbing brush.

Rose gave a significant look at the matron. "Is this the person you wanted?"

"Yes—can I speak to her?"

"Certainly.'

"Oh, not here, please! Cannot she come with me?"

The matron gave the order, and the woman, with no expression either of surprise or curiosity, wiped her hands, drew down her sleeves, and took off her apron. Then she let down her skirt, which had been pinned up underneath it, and looked askance at the matron who bade her follow them.

In a very short time, Rose found herself in the same waiting-room, with Tom and the matron. A greater contrast could hardly have been found in two women, than in Rose, who, tall and graceful, looked charming in her well-made tweed dress and soft furs, her big hat with its drooping grey feathers shading her pale face, with its delicate features and sweet grey eyes, and the old woman in her workhouse dress, with her large hands all swollen with washing, and worn down nails.

In a very short time Mrs. Butler, for that was her name, had told her story, which was one of want, poverty and privation.

"Had you not any children in Australia?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Butler, who spoke with a strong Yorkshire accent. "But one of them died, and the other one, John, never framed to his work, and so he went to Canada, and I have heard naught of him. My daughter was

adopted by a fine lady, and she was to come to me, but she never did. I got Father Richardson to write to the lady, but no answer came. Then there was Mr. Barton—he had the highest chimney in the place—and he was a good friend to me. But he went away and sold his mill. Then I took myself away and came to London, and my money soon went, for I had to sheddle out so fast where I wasn't known."

"And how came you here?" asked Tom.

Then there was another history told of want and illness. It seemed strange that the chronicle of all those years seemed to take so short a time in being told. And all the while Mrs. Butler's eyes were fixed on Rose's face with a perplexed expression.

"Ah yes," she said, "I have been going backward way, and it's been a hard time."

Husband and wife looked at each other. There was no doubt about the matter. It was Rose's mother who was before them, evidently uneasy at sitting in the presence of those she considered her betters.

"Yes—an' I'm all alone now. I was never one to *addle money, and yet I worked hard when I could."

Then they told her, and the old Yorkshire woman took it all very quietly. She was not much over sixty, but poverty and struggle had made an old woman of her.

"I'm fair capped," said she, as she heard

* Make.

Rose's voice, "fair capped. Aye, aye, and to think you are my little Rose, you a fine lady like that."

Of course there were many arrangements to be made, and Tom, who was very business-like, managed everything quickly, while Rose saw after her mother's wardrobe, and in a few days Mrs. Butler was dressed plainly, but well, and looked as unlike a lady as Rose was unlike anything else.

They were going home the next day. Mrs. Butler, who had been a good deal upset, quiet as she was, with all that had happened, had gone to bed, and Rose and her husband were seated together in the private sitting-room they had at the hotel.

"Oh, Tom—I hope we shall make her happy."

"Sure to," said Tom briefly.

"Tom!"

"Yes, Rose. Why, what troubles you?"

"Oh, Tom, I don't know what you will think of me—there's something I want to confess."

"Why, I thought you went to confession yesterday, at Farm Street," said Tom, who liked to tease her a little.

"Yes, I know. I wanted to go to Communion this morning, and I am so glad I did," said Rose, very inconsequently. "But Tom, I do feel so ashamed of myself. Do you know that in my heart of hearts, I have been so unhappy these last few days?"

"I saw something was wrong."

"Of course you did. Tom, I really felt sorry—oh, I am ashamed of myself, but I felt sorry that we ever found mother. I do feel so mean, Tom, and yet I shall be happier now I have told you."

"I guessed that," said Tom, flicking his cigarette against an ash-stand. "I can read my wife's very tell-tale face now."

"Oh, I hope she doesn't guess! No, I don't think she does. Tom, can you understand? When I thought I recognized her, I felt we were bound to try and see if it was her or not."

"We could not have done otherwise," said Tom.

"No, I know. But it was a shock. And you know, Tom, of course, now I am with her, some of the old feeling comes back, for she was always a kind mother to me. And I am so sorry for her, and all the years she has had of wretchedness and struggling."

"Yes—so am I. Never mind, we'll give the old lady a good time now."

"Oh, Tom, you are good," said Rose, with tears in her eyes which threatened to fall. "It was chiefly because of you I felt it."

"Of me?"

"Yes, it must be trying for you. It will be so for me to have her in our new home, though I do want to make her happy, and love her, and be good to her. Still——"

"I am not a good hand at preaching, and I can't talk like all the pious books you are so

fond of. But it strikes me that being Catholics means being citizens of a heavenly kingdom, and our Lord as King," said Tom gruffly, for he disliked speaking of sacred things.

"Yes?"

"Then we have certain laws to govern us and we've got to obey them. In a matter of this kind there's no choice about it if one wants to do right. There, Rose—I daresay you understand."

"You understand what it is to be poor in spirit, Tom," said Rose. "I was worrying myself very much. For had you known, you——"

"I should have loved you and married you, if you would have had me, all the same. I disapprove of marriages in unequal rank, as a rule, but your education has made you my equal and I love you. I should not have been likely to have met or cared for you had I known you in Yorkshire, supposing you had been a mill-hand, and besides, it's no use speculating about those things. Let us take life as it comes."

"As long as you don't mind, I do not," said Rose, and then she laughed out of sheer relief of heart. "I do wonder what your sister will say!"

Tom smiled.

"I shall survive it—so will you. In a thing of this kind one must have courage, though I confess I don't care twopence as to what the world says, as long as I do not give scandal."

So they travelled down the next day, and Mrs.

Butler leant back silently in the carriage, which they had to themselves, and looked out of the window. Rose saw that her mother was not inclined to talk, so she busied herself with some papers, and Tom soon went into a smoking carriage.

The servants, who were all ready for their mistress, were considerably astounded at Mrs. Butler's appearance and way of speaking, but the brief explanation Rose had given to her maid was quickly circulated among the others, and they soon saw that Mrs. Butler was to be treated with respect.

Rose felt the colour burn in her cheeks as she had to tell her mother many little things about how to act in her new surroundings. It seemed to her so out of place for her to have to teach her mother, but the latter was so humble and unassuming, that she proved a willing if not a particularly apt pupil.

When Tom walked over to the Beeches to see his sister he told her all about it.

Lady Dolman listened until Tom had finished. They were seated in a lovely morning room, all white and gold, with delicate hangings and well-chosen pictures, and statuettes where the light best fell upon them. Everything spoke of refinement and good taste, and the brother and sister were in keeping with their surroundings.

"Well, Tom, you are so queer in many ways that really I am prepared for a good deal, but this is a surprise."

"Yes, so it was to us to find her," said Tom.

"I am sure you were right to look her out and of course provide for her, but really, I don't see why you should have brought her to your own home."

"My home is Rose's home, and it was her mother. What else could we have done?"

"Several things," said Lady Dolman in an irritated tone. "You could have put her into some Home for old women, or with the Sisters of Nazareth, or to board with some people. You need not have her actually as a member of your family."

"I don't think it would have been right, nor does Rose," said Tom.

"You must find it very trying in many ways," said Lady Dolman.

"Yes, we do," said Tom; "very trying, only I suppose one must have some cross or other in life, and this is one."

"Fancy having a vulgar old woman always with you! what can her ways be like?"

"She is not vulgar, Henrietta: people of that class never are. It is in the intermediate classes, where there is an aping of those above them, that you find vulgarity. Mrs. Butler certainly is not a refined gentlewoman, but her simplicity makes it comparatively easy to manage her. And the more I hear of her hard life and all the trials she has had, and how through them all she has been a good faithful Catholic, I am glad to think we can do something to make her happy."

"Have you thought of what people will say Tom?"

"Oh yes, and neither my wife or myself care in the very least."

"You won't be visited, I can tell you that," said Lady Dolman.

"Then we shall have to go without visitors," said Tom coolly.

"And Tom, I really can't offer to take Rose about with me. It would never do. She is very nice and all that, but you could not expect my friends to know her mother."

"No?"

"Really, Tom, you are stupid! You don't really think that your friends would stand being brought into contact with an old woman like that, just out of the workhouse, and being asked to consider her on an equality with themselves?"

"If they are friends they will treat my wife's mother with respect, and certainly if they drop us because we choose to do our duty, all I can say is that they are not worthy of the name of friends."

"I don't think you are afraid of anything, Tom—you are a queer fellow."

"Yes, I am—of sin," said Tom shortly. "That's really the only thing to be afraid of. Now we've talked over this enough—don't you think so?"

As the time went on, the fact of Mrs. Butler being an inmate of the Oaks and Rose's mother, was the talk of the county. Some people thought the story romantic, and were anxious to go and

see Mrs. Butler for the sake of curiosity, which was seldom rewarded, for Mrs. Butler remained very much in a pretty sitting-room that had been made her own, and did not care to encounter visitors.

A great many people declined to call on the Millards because of this, and Rose really had very few acquaintances, but in time she made a few friends who learnt to care for her for her own sake. But a happier couple than Rose and her husband could hardly have been found. They were happy because they had the "kingdom of God" within them, a "joy in the Holy Ghost," Whose teaching they had followed at the cost of doing violence to their tastes and the opinion of the world.

Lady Dolman was obliged to meet Mrs. Butler now and then, and as the latter would have expressed it, "looked yonderly," a Yorkshirism expressive of distance and coldness of manner. The old woman was no fool, and had a good deal of shrewd common sense and quickness of perception, though she was a very long time before she learnt not to put her knife in her mouth, and the use of the various implements in the way of knives, spoons and glasses which crowded round her plate at meals, made life for the time being full of unsolved problems. And though she did not guess that it was on her account that Rose was so little visited, she knew that Lady Dolman's manner to her was caused by the fact that she objected to her being there.

However, there was no help for it, and in the old woman's heart there was no bitterness or resentment.

"There seems a good deal of throat mischief about," said Tom one day, a year after their marriage. "I met Hoxton this morning, and he said he had several cases."

"Really, what sort of mischief?"

"In some cases it has turned to diphtheria," said Tom; "and the children at the lodge of the Beeches have it."

"Your poor sister, how terrified she will be about it—she is so nervous about infection."

"Yes, and so afraid lest that precious Bertie should catch anything."

"Well, he is not a strong child," said Rose.

"I just saw him on Sunday after church was loosed," said Mrs. Butler; "he's nubbut half strong looking. Dearie me, it's to be hoped he won't get it."

"It is a horrid thing," said Rose.

"Yes, there was a deal of it at Leckheaton one autumn," said Mrs. Butler; "and many died of it."

"I shall go over and see Henrietta, this afternoon," said Tom; "and hear how they are. Rose, you must stay indoors until that cold of yours is better."

"Very well, I shall be obedient," said Rose smiling, and all the afternoon she stayed by the fire, her mother knitting by her side.

"Well, Tom, what news?" enquired Rose, as her husband returned at tea-time.

"Bertie has a slight cold, but is well in other respects," said Tom; "but of course Henrietta is anxious, and the lodge children have been removed to the hospital."

It was a very damp autumn that year, and not a healthy one. Mrs. Butler suffered from rheumatism, but still her pains never stood in the way of her walking every morning to the little church for daily Mass. Sometimes she was driven over, but as a rule she walked, and often Tom went with her.

A few days after the conversation just recorded, Mrs. Butler had been to Mass, and as she walked up the road, she met the village doctor, Doctor Hoxton.

"Well, Mrs. Butler, out again?"

"Yes, doctor," said Mrs. Butler. "I'm rare glad that I can get to Mass."

"I have to thank you, Mrs. Butler, for all you have done for the Kings, I don't know what they would have done without you," said Doctor Hoxton, alluding to a poor family in the village, whom, Mrs. Butler had visited.

"It's not my own brass, Doctor Hoxton, it's just what my daughter gives me. I've none of my own."

The doctor smiled.

"You give the poor what is worth more in many cases than money. You sympathise with them, and you can tell them of many simple homely remedies that are worth more than all our physic."

"I'm glad I can do a little, doctor. I ought to do what I can for the poor, seeing I was poor myself, and now God Almighty has been so good to me, giving me my daughter again, and every comfort a body could have."

"You make good use of it, Mrs. Butler, but I must not stay, for I am on my way to the Oaks: that child of Lady Dolman's is ailing again." And the doctor shook hands with Mrs. Butler and walked off.

Later in the day the news was sent over to the Oaks that Bertie had diphtheria.

"Rose," said Mrs. Butler the day after when they heard that the child was dangerously ill. "There's something I'm fast about."

"What is it, mother?"

"That child of Lady Dolman's—I wish I could do something."

"Dear mother, what could you do? It is well to keep away from infection. They have a trained nurse and all they need."

"Yes, I know. But the little chap is so ill."

"We can send again and enquire," said Rose, touching the bell.

"It isn't that, Rose. It is that I think perhaps I'm a born nurse, and have just a way of seeing after things that perhaps——"

Rose coloured. She hardly knew what to say, for she remembered that her sister-in-law had always kept her mother at arm's length, and that the latter had never been once to the Beeches. Even to her sweet nature it seemed

at first quite strange that Mrs. Butler should seem to apprehend no difficulty in going where she might be of use where she had never been invited as a guest.

But Mrs. Butler knew nothing of what the world calls proper pride, and her mother's heart ached for the mother who was now so anxious about her little child. However, no more was said.

The next morning at Mass, as Mrs. Butler knelt in her corner, quite out of the way, she heard the sound of weeping. Turning quickly, she saw Lady Dolman, her head bent on her hands, and her frame shaken with sobs.

The Mass was for the child in his danger, and when it was over, Lady Dolman, tall and stately, felt a hand that time had not even yet softened laid on hers, and heard words of sympathy that went straight to her heart.

"Let me come and see him," said Mrs. Butler.

"Would you?"

"Yes."

Then the two walked to the Beeches. Mrs. Butler was taken to the child's room, and at her own request she asked to talk to the doctor alone.

"I see you've tried that new-fangled thing," said Mrs. Butler, alluding to the insertion of a tube in the wind-pipe.

"Tracheotomy—yes"

"It don't seem of much use."

"I am afraid it is not."

"Can anything be done, doctor?" asked the

old woman, her eyes filling with tears as she looked at the child and watched its suffering.

"I am afraid not."

"Does his mother know?"

"Not yet."

"Doctor—there's one thing I have heard tell of. I read it once in a bit of paper when I was in the workhouse. I was fettling up a cupboard for the matron and I just caught sight of it. It was about a child who had been ill of that same complaint, an' that thing you call by the learned name did no good, and some one sucked out what was stopping up the throat."

"Yes—yes, one has heard of such cases," said the doctor hastily, "but it is always done at risk of life."

"Of the person who does it, d'ye mean, doctor?" asked the old woman quietly.

"Certainly. You can use disinfectants and all that, but there is a risk. It's such a fearfully infectious thing."

After some more conversation, the doctor saw Lady Dolman, and said simply that they were going to try what might do the child good. Then the doctor and Mrs. Butler were left alone.

An hour later, when Mrs. Butler had gone back to the Oaks, Lady Dolman, with tears of joy, was learning that, humanly speaking, all danger was over. They had been going to send for a London physician in their despair.

Then he told them what Mrs. Butler had done, and the grave risk she had incurred by her heroic action. The nurse that night went to rest, and Lady Dolman and her husband watched by the child's bed.

"You will have to be civil to the old lady now, Henrietta," said Lord Dolman.

"I can't bear to think of it—how cold I have been to her, and never asking her here. I can see how wrong I was."

"We can never be grateful enough to her," said Lord Dolman.

"Never. Fancy, she really has saved Bertie's life! It was a splendid thing to do. The doctor says it has very seldom been done."

"We must make all the amends we can," said Lord Dolman. "Of course I thought you took an extreme view of the case, snubbing her as you did; but I could not interfere, for after all, Tom is your brother, and not mine."

"I know," said Lady Dolman, thinking of many things. She remembered how she had ignored Mrs. Butler as much as she possibly could; how she had never shown her the smallest kindness, and how she had condemned her brother and his wife for their action, which was only in accordance with true Christian charity. How small it all seemed now, when compared with the great realities of life and death, with which she had been brought face to face during the last few days. Of what consequence were the things of which she had thought so

much—the world's opinion, the fear of what people might say!

And now that all the agony of anxiety was over, regrets and reproaches thronged Lady Dolman's mind, and she thought of the many things she would do to prove her sincere sorrow for the past, and her gratitude for the act that had given her back her child.

It was a very beautiful day. The sun was shining, and the autumn tints were seen in its radiance, as Lady Dolman and her husband sat at breakfast.

"We must send over, and enquire how Mrs. Butler is. I wonder almost she has not come over. I long to see her, and thank her. But we daren't go to the house, as Tom is afraid on Rose's account."

"I wonder where Mrs. Butler went? She ought to have remained here."

"Oh, her rooms are in the west wing, and Dr. Hoxton said he would see about disinfection."

The news they had of Mrs. Butler was very bad. She had taken the disease herself, and was dangerously ill.

By evening, all the blinds at the Oaks were drawn.

# THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

## I.—Why should we Rest from Work on Sunday?

An all-sufficient answer would be, "Because the Church orders me to rest." This, indeed, is the reason. It is an ecclesiastical law which bids us rest on the first day of the week: for under the Old Law the Sabbath (a Hebrew word meaning *to rest* or *to cease*) was on the last day of the week. It was founded, as Cornelius à Lapide tells us, for four reasons:

(*a*) That man might on that day ponder on the work of the creation and on the benefits of Nature conferred by God, as appears from Gen. ii. 3: "And He blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

(*b*) That the Jew might celebrate the day in memory of freedom from the slavery of Egypt. This is gathered from Deut. v. 15: "Remember that thou didst serve in Egypt, and the Lord thy God brought thee out from therein with a strong hand and a stretched-out arm. Therefore hath He commanded thee that thou shouldst observe the Sabbath day."

(*c*) That it might be a sign of the special adoption of this people by the Lord before all the other nations, as we see in Exod. xxxi. 13: "See that you keep My Sabbath: because it is a sign between Me and you in your generations: that you may know that I am the Lord who sanctify you." And in fact we know, from

the occasional allusions to it in pagan authors,[1] that it was a distinguishing mark of the Jew.

(*d*) That, finally, it should afford complete rest to man and beast, lest they should be overburdened by work —Deut. v. 14: "The seventh day is the day of the Sabbath, that is the rest of the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not do any work therein, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant . . . that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest with thyself."

We have said that the law of Sunday rest and observance is an ecclesiastical law. This requires a word of explanation before we pass on further. That we should withdraw some time from our labour to give to the worship of God is a duty made known to us by the very nature of things. That this time should be exactly one day in seven, and even one particular day out of the seven, as again that this observance of the day selected should involve this and that duty—all these are matters of what is called "positive" enactment; that is to say, they need to be determined either by God Himself or, if that is His will, by some authority appointed under Him. In the Old Law, God Himself appointed the seventh day as His day of rest, and in the Fourth Commandment enjoined the mode in which it should be kept. When, however, our Lord introduced the New Covenant, the Old Law was abolished in all its "positive" enactments, and therefore in this. In place of it came legislation better adapted to the Christian Dispensation. Some portion of the new legislation our Lord Himself determined, another portion He left over to His Church to draw up. Hence we must be careful to understand the Third Commandment (which Protestants call

[1] Horace, Sat. I. ix. 69; Ovid, A. A. i. 76; Juvenal, Sat. xiv. 96; Persius, Sat. i. 184.

the Fourth) as applying to modern times only so far as it has been re-enacted by the Christian Church.

Now the Church, or perhaps our Lord Himself, has changed the day, but has preserved in its substance the character of the rest. She changed the day because she had that to commemorate which surpassed in importance even the very foundation of things. She had to commemorate the restoration and the redemption of mankind, and these benefits could be most fittingly celebrated on that day of the week which the Redeemer, our Lord, sanctified, by His triumphant resurrection, His supreme victory over Death and Hell. The Resurrection was the central fact in the preaching of the Apostles, the resting-point of Christian faith.

These, perhaps, were the only external signs vouchsafed to the Apostles, though it is not improbable that our Lord may have declared His will to them in this matter. Scripture does not give us any decisive indications, but in the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse, we see what, in the light of the sequel, is clear evidence of the change. Thus, in Acts xx. 7, it is written: "And on the *first* day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed with them. . . ." And St. Chrysostom explains this text on the assumption that the Sabbath had been already changed to the first day of the week. Again, in 1 Cor. xvi. 2, St. Paul speaks of the collection of alms to be put by on the *first day* of the week, and St. John, in the Apocalypse i. 10, says: "I was in the spirit on *the Lord's day*, and heard behind me a great voice. . . ." Cornelius à Lapide accepts this as testimony to the change having been then effected.

From the time of the Apostles onward the tradition is most certain and clear. In the sub-apostolic age there is mention of the change in the Epistle of Barnabas,

where the writer says: "We observe the *eighth* (that is, the first) day with gladness, *on which Jesus rose from the dead;*" and also in St. Ignatius' Epistle to the Magnesians we read: "Wherefore if they who were brought up in these ancient laws came nevertheless to the newness of hope, no longer observing Sabbaths, *but keeping the Lord's day*—in which also our life is, having sprung up by Him, and through His death, which yet some deny. . . ." To this early testimony—early because the Epistle of Barnabas was written before the end of the first century, and St. Ignatius died somewhere about 107 A.D.—we may join that of the pagan Pliny. He wrote, it is supposed about the year 112, to the Emperor Trajan a famous letter concerning the Christians, in which he describes them as meeting on a fixed day (*stato die*). St. Justin, the great Christian apologist, writing about A.D. 150, gives a full description of those meetings, which, taking place "before daylight," caused uneasiness to the Governor of Bithynia. He tells how both in town and country on "the day of the sun" all meet together, and the commentaries of the Apostles and the writings of the Prophets are read. An exhortation to imitate the sublime examples that have been put before them is given. Then all together rise up and pray, and the sacrifice of bread and wine is offered, and all closes with thanksgiving.

These few early records will help up us to realize what the new Sabbath, the Lord's Day, has been to the Church from the first; that this day, which St. Peter of Alexandria tells us they kept in his day "in joy," must have been a constant spring of strength and vitality in her early trials, as it has been ever since.

## II.—How are We to Rest on Sunday?

We are to rest by abstaining from *servile* work. It is important that this should be rightly understood, so that we may avoid all *excess* and all *defect*. Rightly speaking, there is no excess possible in the *sanctification* of the Sunday. The more recollectedly and devotionally it can be passed, the more entirely are we in the spirit of the Church. We know that in the good days of old our forefathers spent the entire day in holy exercises. It was even possible to exact from their greater devotion obligatory attendance not only at Mass, but at High Mass; and they were not allowed to break their fast until the service was ended. In Scotland, too, the efforts of the Queen, St. Margaret, were wonderfully fruitful. She exhorted the Scots, saying: "Let us venerate the Lord's day, inasmuch as on it our Saviour rose from the dead: let us do no servile work on that day whereon we were redeemed from the slavery of the devil." So powerfully were the people moved, that we are told no one would think on that day of either carrying a burden himself or compelling others to carry it.

Though in the mind of the Church the entire day should be given to God, yet she does not wish to overburden her children. She has never exacted or approved of the excessive stiffness and sanctimoniousness of Sabbatarianism, not even of the Sabbatarianism of England, still less of Scotland: a sanctimoniousness which held that any form of amusement was a suggestion of the evil one, that even whistling was sinful. This was the Sabbath of the Rabbis of Israel, a pharisaical Sabbath, when the lame man might not use his crutch nor the toothless carry a false tooth, when it was unlawful to kill or even drive away the insect that molests one, when no man might

pursue his journey, though involved in the woods and exposed to the inclemency of the weather or fear of robbers.

With us it is very different. The rest enjoined is a rest from *servile work*. Other occupations may be lawfully indulged in if they do not interfere with the end and object which the Church has in view, namely, the sanctification of the day. Even servile work of some kinds is permitted. Thus the ordinary work which is involved in the daily care of the body is allowed, even though it could have been done beforehand, as preparing food, cooking, both plain and with great expenditure of skill, bed making, the brushing of clothes, and so on. Also work involved in the due care of the sick and of the young, and all work directly concerned with the Divine Service is allowed. The adage that "necessity knows no law," may be applied in this matter, for the Church does not wish to bind if, through keeping her law, her children would incur grave loss or suffering.

It is false to say that all work which is gratuitous, *i.e.*, not done for pay, is not servile and may be practised on Sunday; or, again, to say the intention of the labourer causes work to be servile or not, so that if it is done for amusement, it is not servile; or, finally, to say that works which are fatiguing are servile and those which do not fatigue are not. The reverse is often true. As for instance, to play the organ is far more fatiguing than to knit a pair of mittens; but the latter is servile work, the former is not.

These few rules, by no means complete, may be of help; it is, however, always wise, and in fact an actual duty, for those who have not made a special study of the theology of Sunday work, to ask information from their pastors in cases of difficulty.

One other remark of paramount importance, especially

in this Protestant country, may be here made. Many things otherwise lawful become wrong because of the scandal, *i.e.*, the spiritual harm, they may cause to others; either because it may lead them to act against their consciences, or, because it may generate in them an unfavourable judgement of the Church, whose children we are. For the rest, we should be careful lest, through any action of ours, England fall away from what, though it may have been in some respects excessive, is still, on the whole, her most promising religious characteristic her strictly preserved Sabbath. To avoid having false consciences, it must be said that we do *not* transgress the commandment if we do servile work only for a very short time. In a matter of this kind "a very little counts as nothing."

But why, it may be said, should servile work be the only work forbidden, since the other kinds of work, which employ the head more than the hands, stand equally in the way of Divine worship? The reason of the distinction would seem to be this: Servile work is done mostly by those who are not their own masters. Its prohibition secures for them the rest which otherwise might be denied them by their employers. Further, the practical effect of forbidding servile work is to cause the general cessation of other work also, which does not therefore need to be specially forbidden.

Although work, in the sense explained, is forbidden on Sundays, games and other amusements are by no means forbidden by any law of God or man. Even in the old Jewish form the command does not say, "no manner of *play*," but only, "no manner of *work*." Such amusements are even directly contemplated by the institution of the Christian Sabbath, which is a partial exemption from the law of labour. God wishes us to connect His worship with the innocent enjoyments and

relaxations which our nature requires, and it has always been a characteristic of the Catholic Church that she has known well how to make the two run together in harmony.

If, however, the Church is without sympathy for the stern Scotch Sabbaths, she is equally averse from the practice, now unfortunately growing more and more general among the younger generations, of devoting the entire Sunday to amusements, and leaving no time, or only some tiny portion of time, for the service of God; which service after all is the primary purpose for which the Day of Rest was instituted. There is a mean between the two extremes. Sunday is God's Day, set apart for God's worship: but this does not take up all the time. Even the fervent will have many free hours which may be devoted to innocent enjoyments, according to the requirements of age and circumstances.

Here a question arises of special interest for the present day. What are we Catholics to think of the movement to throw open art galleries on Sunday? What too of Sunday trains, restaurants, etc.? The difficulty is that these amusements, in themselves innocent enough, involve much servile work in others, as in the railway servants, shop-assistants, attendants, tradesmen, etc. Ought we not to deny ourselves relaxations which cannot be obtained without causing so many others to break the law of the Sabbath? The answer is that we may avail ourselves of the trains, museums, restaurants, etc., in spite of this difficulty. The case is in principle the same with the more easily understood case of eating a dinner which involves a certain amount of cooking. The work of the few being necessary in order that the many may enjoy their legitimate rights and even needs of comfort and relaxation, the few are not guilty of any sin in such working, any more than

those who cook the dinner, or stay away from Mass because some one must mind the house, are guilty of sin.

Perhaps it may seem to some reader that this justification fails, through not taking into account the difference between the degree of work involved in the little cooking and that required of railway servants and others on Sundays. The latter give up their whole day, often Sunday after Sunday, for the sake of our Sunday travelling and amusements. It is true that this is too commonly, though not invariably, what does happen, and far be it from us Catholics to sanction the practice with our approval. Railway managers, and others, ought so to arrange that their *employés* have some time which they can give to the service of God, and indeed also to the rest and amusement which they as well as others require. This should be done either by some system of relays, so that each person may have a part of the Sunday, or alternate Sundays, free; or at least by running trains, opening museums, etc., only at certain hours of the Sunday.

But, since this duty on the part of employers is so commonly neglected, is it not, at least on that account, wrong to avail oneself of the Sunday labour of their *employés?* No, it is not wrong. We are not responsible for this conduct of employers. It is not through any necessity, but of their own free will, that they mix up this wrong with the service, in itself perfectly innocent, which we seek at their hands. If, however, we had more power in the country, it would be most desirable that we should demand of the employers a proper Sunday rest for their men, and resist any undue lowering of fares, if this should be necessarily involved in our demand, which it would probably not be.

## III.—How is God to be Worshipped on Sunday?

Before all thing, and in strict obligation, by attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Mass is the most solemn and important of all acts of Divine worship. The Church does not act arbitrarily in compelling us at stated times solemnly to join in this Holy Sacrifice; she merely enforces a duty incumbent upon us by virtue of the natural law itself. That each Sunday and sundry festivals besides should be the stated times, is by her positive institution: for she knows well our weak human nature, which, unless compelled by an unbending law, procrastinates, defers, and never fulfils. A duty which may be performed at any time ends in being performed at no time, if it is irksome in itself, or calls for much self-restraint.

### *Attendance at Holy Mass.*

By the *ordinary* law of the Church, all who have come to the use of reason are bound, under pain of mortal sin, to be present every Sunday at Mass in a public church. If we fail to be present during some portion of the service, we may be only guilty of venial sin, or even of no sin at all, should that portion be inconsiderable and not one of the more solemn parts of the Sacrifice. And if there is any serious difficulty to prevent us—as distance, illness, weather, attendance on the sick, care of a house—the Church is lenient and permits our absence. We should, nevertheless, always remember that continued absence from Mass, even if justified by reasons of the kind mentioned, is a very serious loss, very apt indeed, as experience shows, to lead to lukewarmness over God's worship. Hence we should make great efforts to go at least sometimes, and if quite unable, should do our best to join our hearts with the Sunday Mass at the nearest church, and say our Mass prayers.

We should be far from entering into the true spirit of the Church's law by mere attendance at the Sunday Mass. The Church requires this attendance of us, because she desires that we should put all our hearts into this solemn act of worship. It is by so doing that we shall render to God the acceptable homage which the Holy Mass enables us to render to Him, and shall gain for ourselves a due share of the rich graces which flow from this all-powerful sacrifice. This is what we might anticipate from our knowledge of what the Mass is, a sacrifice in which the Victim of Calvary is again and again mystically renewed. It is also the teaching of experience; for experience proves that, if only a man will continue through life to lay sufficient stress on his Sunday Mass—never missing it without a real reason, and even then with regret, joining in it with attention and fervour as in an appointed and efficacious means of obtaining grace for the coming week—that man's perseverance to the end may, under God's blessing, be anticipated with much confidence. Of course, we have always our free will, and can deliberately give way to temptation. But God is lavish beyond measure with His graces, in the hour of temptation, towards those who are thus diligent and fervent in hearing their Sunday Mass.

### *Sermons.*

Are we bound to anything beyond hearing Mass? Nothing further, strictly speaking, is commanded. Thus neither evening devotions, nor attendance at sermons, are of obligation under pain of sin. Still, attendance at sermons is, under ordinary circumstances, a necessity for the preservation of fervour. Those particularly need to hear sermons who are insufficiently instructed and in unfavourable surroundings, who live among non-Catholics, who read the popular philosophy of the news-

papers, of magazines, and of novels, who have little time or inclination for serious Catholic reading. Great danger to both faith and morals is involved in the systematic avoidance of all instruction, for let us note, that as Christ gave His Church divine authority to teach, so the Church commissions her priests to bring home to the people her salutary doctrines; and this commission involves in the faithful the corresponding duty of coming to hear the preaching of those doctrines. To many the Gospels themselves are a sealed book, the example of Christ and His Saints has been given in vain, the stored-up wisdom of the Fathers is lost, the accumulated learning of the theologians is as if it were not, simply because men shun sermons, instructions, and pious reading.

We should try also to preserve ourselves from the growing habit of listening to sermons mainly in order to criticize and find fault. We should rather imitate those who look to the sermon for some spiritual profit, and are able to find it in the few earnest words said in simple language from the altar each Sunday morning and evening, as much as in the more elaborate and eloquent sermons which may be delivered on special occasions. We should bear in mind at all times that the preacher is God's messenger to our souls, and that God imparts to His words, through His accompanying grace, a force and power far beyond what belongs to them of their own nature. We should, in short, hear in the word of our pastors, "not the word of man but, as it truly is, the word of God" (1 Thess. ii. 13), and then we shall not go away without His blessing: for the Word of God sown in the heart is a seed which is sure to bring forth its fruit in due season.

### *Evening Service.*

Finally, those who are truly in earnest in the desire to save their souls and to acquire grace and strength to to that end, will usually delight, besides hearing a sermon, to be present at some of the other services of the Church,

as Vespers, Compline, or devotions, or at least at Benediction.

Such then, is the Christian Sabbath, a day of rest, but not of idleness, a day on which we are seriously bound to take part in the solemn worship of the Eternal King and Lord, and, at the same time a day when it is quite lawful to recruit our strength by a larger measure of relaxation and amusement than during the week. In this, its true sense, it is a day essentially Catholic, for the Protestant principle—as the unhappy Döllinger long ago pointed out in *The Church and the Churches*, p. 452—stands in the way of impressing on the people the obligation to attend Divine Service as a sacred duty. He says, "Kraussold and others have shown that the principles of the Reformation render it impossible to found on them an obligation to the solemn observance of the Sabbath. The Sabbath has fallen with the Mosaic law, and the Sunday is not to be found commanded as a holy day in the New Testament; nor has the Church (according to Protestants) any authority to introduce such a holy day."

He speaks, indeed, of Germany, but if in England the institution can be defended by those who accept the first Councils and the tradition of the earliest Fathers, yet even for these, in the sense of true authority, it can be but a day of *recommendation* and not of *obligation*. For us, with its great central feature, the Sacrifice of the New Law, the Sunday is set apart by an authority we cannot question. And we can make our own the words of the martyr Saturninus, who suffered in the days of Diocletian: "Keeping the Sunday is to us an indispensable duty, and he who does not comply with this duty *is guilty of a crime*. We fulfil it as far as possible. We never stay away from the holy meeting. We keep God's commandment, although our faithfulness should be the cause of our death."

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# PRAYERS TO SAINTS

By SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

ACCORDING to the twenty-second of the Thirty-nine Anglican Articles, "the Romish doctrine concerning . . . . Invocation of Saints, is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the plain word of God." Even this severe condemnation of a doctrine on which the Catholic Church sets special store, and in which her children find special consolation, treats us far more mildly than the popular verdict. To the mass of our countrymen who still cling to the Christian religion we are people who commit the awful blasphemy of giving to others the worship due to God alone, and who imagine we can obtain our salvation through other channels than the sole mediatorship of Jesus Christ.

Living as Catholics do in the midst of neighbours, even well-intentioned neighbours, who entertain so bad an opinion of our cherished practice, we do well to understand on what grounds the lawfulness and usefulness of Prayers to the Saints is asserted, and how they are guiltless of the two blasphemies just mentioned.

The doctrine involves four points, (1) that the Saints reigning with Christ in heaven make assiduous inter-

cessions for us their brethren still struggling below on earth; (2) that they are not without a particular knowledge of our wants and necessities; (3) that we may, therefore, lawfully and profitably invoke them; (4) and that we ought also to pay them a becoming religious honour and veneration. We will take each point separately, and so build up our defence.

## 1.—The Saints reigning with Christ make assiduous intercessions for us.

Holy Scripture tells us plainly that we ought to pray for our neighbours as well as for ourselves, and assures us that the earnest prayer of a good man, when offered up for some necessity of his fellow-men, has great weight with God (St. James v. 16–18). The Bible also gives us striking illustrations of the value and effect of intercessory prayers. The Children of Israel (Exodus xxxii. 7) during their wanderings, whilst Moses was with God on the Mount, relapsed into grievous idolatry and incurred the Divine wrath. God was then kept from destroying them, according to His own word, by the prayers of Moses. "And He said He would destroy them, had not Moses, His elect, stood before Him in the breach, in order that he might avert His anger lest it should destroy them" (Psalm xv. 23). This one instance, to which others could easily be added, is enough to prove that at least whilst on earth we ought to pray for each other, and should attach special value to the prayer of those whose lives are marked by evident sanctity. Indeed, this is so clear that no one would contest it. If we are members one of another, and as members should abound in charity towards our fellow-members, manifestly our charity should include intercessory prayer among its primary works.

Now, if on earth intercessory prayer is so natural an

outcome of Christian charity, and is, therefore, so acceptable to God, are we to think that it perishes in the tomb? Surely not. The soul itself of the Saint survives the tomb and passes to the throne of God. We cannot imagine that with its mortal coil it casts off all interest in those whom it has known and loved on earth. We cannot suppose that if it retains its interest, it will fail to assert that interest in prayers, just as it was wont to do on earth. Rather we cannot but think that with the deeper realization of what it is to save the soul, and of God's readiness to hear prayer, the interest in those still fighting for their crown will grow in the heart of the glorified Saint, and along with it the earnestness of his prayers. "If," says St. Jerome in the fourth century, "apostles and martyrs, whilst still in the flesh and still needing to care for themselves, can pray for others, how much more [will they pray for others] after they have won their crowns, their victories, their triumphs! Moses, a single man, obtains God's pardon for 600,000 armed men, and Stephen prays for his persecutors. When they are with Christ will they be less powerful? Paul says that two hundred and seventy-six souls were granted to his prayers when they were in the ship with him, and when he is dead, shall he close his lips and not mutter a syllable for those who throughout the world have believed in his gospel?"

We must also bear in mind that besides Saints there are angels in heaven: beings, that is to say, who, although different in nature from us men, are bound to us by fraternal ties, and share with the Saints their interest in our lot. These angels have unquestionably the right to plead for the earthly objects of their solicitude, for our Lord said: "See that ye scandalize not one of these little ones: for their angels see the face of My Father who is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 10); in other words, "remember that, though weak in themselves, these children have

powerful angels to intercede for them in heaven." The text talks of intercession for children, as our Lord was inculcating the sacred duty of respect for the consciences of children. But we cannot suppose that, if angels intercede at all, they are restricted to intercession for children only.

If, then, God can desire the angels to pray for men on earth, and can be much moved by their prayers, what possible ground could He have for denying a like privilege to the Saints? Indeed, if there were ground for making a difference between them, would it not be more natural to deny the right to the angels and allow it to the Saints, seeing that the latter are bound to us by the ties of a nature common in every respect?

## 2.—The Saints are not without a particular knowledge of our wants and necessities.

A Protestant is wont to lay great stress upon this point. He usually cannot well help granting that the Saints in heaven intercede for us in a general way, and that they even pray more particularly for the friends and the companions of their previous life. Nevertheless he is confident that from the moment of death further knowledge of what happens on earth must stop.

Now is this at all likely? Even if we could form no conception of the manner in which, in their new mode of existence, further knowledge could be conveyed to their minds, do we not perceive the truth of certain facts from which the inference seems at once to follow that some means of communication is provided? These facts are (1) that the Saints must have a very strong and reasonable desire to know further about us, just because of their earnest desire to assist us with their prayers; (2) that God has the power to grant their desire. That the Saints have this desire has been sufficiently established,

and if they have it, and God, the God of love, has the power to grant it, the certain inference would seem to be that He does grant it. Why should He refuse so reasonable a desire? This question was asked just now, when the point was whether the Saints could be permitted to intercede at all. If there seemed no conceivable ground for refusal on the part of God, then still less can we divine any possible ground of refusal now. If it is right for the Saints to intercede for us at all, it would certainly seem right that their intercessions should not be of a vague kind, but should be directed to our actual and known wants.

But has God the power to grant to the Saints this their desire of knowing our particular wants? Yes, certainly. To begin with, what is to prevent God from Himself revealing to them our wants? No one will be so absurd as to deny to God the power of communicating knowledge to the spirits of the departed; but perhaps it might be thought an absurdity that God should tell the Saints of our wants that they may then ask Him to relieve them, instead of at once granting or denying the favour. There would, however, be nothing incongruous in this. We do not imagine the intercession of the Saints to be necessary in order to inform God of what he would otherwise be ignorant, but as offering to God a further motive for showing mercy to us, in addition to that arising out of our own direct prayer to Him, and thus supplying for our unworthiness. The principle on which we rely is exactly that recognized in the Book of Job (xlii. 8), where God says: "Go to my servant Job, and offer up a holocaust for yourselves: and my servant Job shall pray for you: for him I will accept, lest I deal with you according to your folly."

And if it is unreasonable to deny that God can at least make known to the Saints what we need, it is

hardly less unreasonable to deny that He can and does communicate to them some inherent faculty of perception. The angels, since they are intelligent beings, have presumably some faculty of acquiring knowledge for themselves, just as we have on earth. Is it conceivable that the soul in its separate state should be without a similar power? Many Catholic theologians have thought they could perceive the nature of this faculty. The blessed enjoy the Beatific Vision. They see God "as He is" (1 John iii. 2) in Himself; no longer "in a glass and darkly," but "face to face" (1 Cor. iii. 12). May it not be that in seeing God, they see in God the pattern of all being, as in a mirror, what goes on below? This, however, is an abstruse doctrine, which is only mentioned as it may interest some readers. It is in no sense necessary to make good the defence of our doctrine about the Saints. We have given ample reason for holding that the Saints do *in fact* attain to a knowledge of our prayers, and are not bound to demonstrate the exact mode of their knowledge.

We may also press again at this point the parallelism between the Saints and the angels. In the text quoted above (Matt. xviii. 10), our Lord's argument with the disciples is, "Do not scandalize these little ones, for if you do their angels are sure to perceive your evil deed, and will ask God to punish it." This proves that at all events the prayers of the angels are guided by particular knowledge of what is happening to their earthly charges. Unless, then, some positive Divine statement to the contrary can be produced, or some manifest reason to the same effect, we ought to conclude that a like knowledge of earthly events to stimulate their prayers is granted to the Saints.

### 3.—We may lawfully and profitably lay our necessities before the Saints in heaven and solicit their prayers.

We have now obtained good grounds for believing that the Saints are ready to pray for us, that their prayers are acceptable and powerful with God, and that they can hear us when we ask? After this it seems superfluous to prove by any special argument that we are justified in invoking them. On earth the practice of offering intercessory prayer has its correlative in the practice of asking it. Even apostles do not hesitate to ask the intercession of their flock: "I beseech you, brethren," says St. Paul (Romans xv. 30), "for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake and for the love of the Spirit, that you strive together with me in prayers to God on my behalf, that I may be delivered from the unbelievers in Judea." Why may we not with a like or even a greater confidence address these self-same words to St. Paul in heaven, and ask him, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Spirit, to add his powerful prayers to ours, that we may be delivered from our dangers on earth?

### 4.—The Invocation of the Saints is sanctioned by the authority of the Church and by primitive practice.

We have set down a fourth point as included in the Catholic doctrine we are considering. But it will be more convenient to take it presently. Hitherto we have confined ourselves to expounding the doctrine and showing its reasonableness. Even on this basis we should be entitled to pray to the Saints, for it suffices to show that there is no impropriety in the practice, but on the contrary a reasonable expectation of

spiritual profit. Nevertheless it is fair to demand of us that we should show authorization on the part of God for what we do.

There is not much, if anything, in Holy Scripture which amounts to a direct authorization, although we have seen that Holy Scripture lays down the principles from which it is legitimately inferred. If the Protestant doctrine of the all-sufficiency of Scripture were true, the absence of direct scriptural injunction to invoke the Saints would tell against us. But the all-sufficiency of Scripture is itself "a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the plain word of God." The authority of the Catholic Church, ever studious of God's honour and of sound doctrine, is ample warrant for a Catholic devotion, and this voice of the Church reveals itself alike in her solemn definitions, in the practice of her Saints, and in the testimony of her Fathers. It would be impossible in so short a tract to give many passages in support of this statement. It must suffice to cite one or two. Thus, St. Chrysostom has a sermon on SS. Berenice and Prosdoce, two martyrs, in which he says: "Not only on this their festival, but also at other times, let us approach them, pray to them, invite them to be our patrons. They appeal to God with great confidence, not only whilst alive, but even after death, nay, much more after death. For now they bear the marks (*stigmata*) of Christ, and whilst they display these marks there is nothing they cannot persuade our (heavenly) King." St. Gregory of Nyssa, in his Homily on St. Theodore, prays to this martyr, and says to him: "If there be need of greater importunity, assemble the choir of thy brother martyrs and implore with all. Remind Peter; arouse Paul; John, too, the theologian and beloved disciple, that they have a care for the churches they established." St. Ambrose, in his treatise *De*

*Viduis*, says: "Angels are to be besought for us, who were given to us as guardians: martyrs are to be besought, whose patronage we seem to claim for ourselves by the pledge of the body. . . . . Let us not be ashamed to employ them as intercessors for our infirmity, who knew the infirmity of the body even when they overcame." St. Jerome in his hundred and eighth letter to Eustochium, prays to St. Paula, saying: "Farewell, Paula, help with thy prayers the extreme old age of thy worshipper (*cultoris*). Faith and good works join thee with Christ. Being in His presence thou wilt more easily obtain what thou askest." St. Augustine, writing *On the Love of the Dead* (c. 4), says that he can see no purpose in burying others near the shrines of the Saints, save that while the living "remember where the remains of their friends are laid, they may recommend them to the same Saints as to their patrons." These five Fathers will be recognized as among the very foremost of the Fathers of the fourth century, that is, of the age when, the persecution over, the Church first began to develop a copious literature. And their language is distinct and free from hesitation, the language of those who are not hazarding a novel opinion of their own, but are expressing the inherited and unquestioned faith of all.

## 5.—Objections taken by Protestants to the Invocation of Saints.

We have not as yet noticed the usual Protestant objections to the Invocation of Saints, as it seemed better first to consider the doctrine on its own merits. These objections, though variously stated, are reducible to the three following heads:

(*a.*) The doctrine is against our Lord's special prerogative. He is the *one Mediator* according to St. Paul (1 Tim. ii. 5), "for there is one God, and

one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

This we know is considered to be a singularly conclusive condemnation of prayer to the Saints. For when we ask a Saint to be our intercessor, do we not make him into a mediator between God and ourselves?

Unquestionably we do in some sense. But in what sense? There is a famous phrase of Lord Bacon's, that "words are the fool's coins and the wise man's counters." He means to say, that foolish people are led by words just as they stand, whereas wise people always ask carefully what precise meaning is attached to words by the particular speaker who uses them at the time. Thus we are told that there is but "One *Lord*, one Faith, one Baptism, One God and *Father* of us all" (Eph. iv. 5); and (Matt. xxiii. 8, 9) we have even a command forbidding us to be called Rabbi (*i.e.*, *Master*), "for One is your Master, even Christ: and (to) call no man your father upon the earth; for One is your Father, which is in heaven." Such is the solemn injunction of our Lord Himself, and yet we do—that is, all sensible people do—apply these names of "Lord," "Master," "Father" to others beside God; for we understand well that the prohibition is directed not against the bare words, but against a certain meaning of them. None can be to us Lord, Master, or Father in the full sense in which God is our Lord, our Master, and our Father. And so in like manner no one can be our mediator in the full sense in which our Lord is such; and yet others may be our mediators in a lesser sense, as indeed Moses is so called in Holy Scripture itself (Gal. iii. 19). Our Lord is our Mediator inasmuch as He redeemed us by His precious blood, as St. Paul says in the very place quoted against us, "Who gave Himself to be a ransom for all." Except in virtue of this ransom we could have no hope of reconciliation with God. And now that our risen Lord stands

before His Father's throne, ever living to make intercession for us, the nature of His intercession corresponds with the nature of His redemption. He does not plead in our behalf the merits of another: He claims as of His own right, in virtue of His own merits, that God should hear Him on our behalf. The Saints, on the other hand, though they add their prayers to ours, and though their prayers are specially acceptable to God in view of their holiness, plead for us ever through the merits of Jesus Christ. Our doctrine, therefore, in no sense conflicts with the sole mediatorship of our Lord.

It is further observable that if it did, it would conflict, not because it encourages us to ask the intercession of the Saints and angels, but because it presupposes that Saints and angels do intercede for us in heaven, and similarly that Christians may intercede for one another on earth. Protestants, therefore, who take scandal at our prayers to Saints, on the ground that they set up other mediators by the side of our Lord, should in consistency take similar scandal at their own prayers for one another.

(*b.*) Our doctrine is said to presuppose in the Saints *omniscience* and *omnipotence*, two attributes which cannot without blasphemy be ascribed to any creature whatever. The idea is that the Saints could not know of so many prayers arising from the lips of so many supplicants without possessing a practical omniscience; whilst to be able to grant all their prayers would involve a practical omnipotence. But this objection is easily set aside, when we remember, first, that the power we ascribe to the Saints is that of intercession only, not of direct help, of asking God to use His power on our behalf, not of exerting power inherent in the Saint himself; and secondly, the ability to know of our prayers falls a long way short of omniscience, and even a long way short of the intuitive knowledge of God, which the

Saints certainly possess, since they enjoy the Beatific Vision.

(*c.*) The Catholic doctrine is said to imply that the sinner, in view of his sins, has not the right of *direct approach* to our Lord in prayer; whereas the Bible would have us feel that, however sinful we may be, we can at all times with boldness approach God through Christ. But we are far from denying this universal right of free approach to God through Christ. On the contrary, the Catholic Church is ever insisting on it. What we do say is that, whilst we approach God through Christ directly in our prayers, we do well to take with us and add to our own the intercessions of others. A parent might justly be angry with an erring son for not approaching him directly with a prayer for reconciliation, but sending another brother to take his place *whilst he remained absent*. Does it follow that the parent would be angry if the erring son did come and ask himself, but *brought along with him* the brother to ask in addition, and this even if the guilty one came to say, "I know my behaviour has been too outrageous, still have regard to the fidelity of my brother, and for his sake forgive me"? In any case, here again the charge against our invocation of the Saints in heaven tells as much and as little against seeking the prayers of our brethren on earth.

## 6.—We ought to show the Saints a becoming honour and veneration.

A fourth objection usually taken to the practice of invoking the Saints leads us to the fourth point set down at the commencement of this tract as involved in the Catholic doctrine. Your defence, say Protestants, might pass if all you did was to ask the prayers of the Saints in the same way in which you ask the prayers of others on earth. But who could think of going down

on his knees to a brother on earth, singing hymns to him and burning incense before him, when wishing to obtain from his charity a promise of prayers?

It is quite true that as soon as the question becomes one not of merely invoking but of also venerating the Saints, there is a difference between our treatment of them and of our brethren on earth.

The veneration of Saints is, however, also rational. In another tract, *On the Use of Holy Images*, it has been shown that it is in accordance with nature to venerate the crucifix on account of its relation to Him Whom it represents. In the same manner the Saints are intimately connected with our Lord. They are Saints through their participation of His gifts, His gifts of grace and glory. And we feel, therefore, it is only becoming that we should revere them as the holders of these gifts, and revere them with a veneration which is religious in its character; though, of course, widely differing from the religious veneration, the supreme worship, which we pay to God Himself. Catholics have among themselves the custom of showing veneration for their priests, particularly for bishops and popes; and in the sanctuary this veneration takes the form of religious ceremony. Yet no rational persons would suppose, when they see us incense the celebrating priests and others in the mass, or genuflect before a bishop, that we are offering them divine honours. The veneration takes a religious form because these priests and bishops are set in authority over us by God; in other words, are clothed with some participation of His authority in the religious sphere. For similar reasons when a Saint appears amongst men, although out of respect for his humility we might try to repress external manifestations of our feelings, we should instinctively feel a reverence for him, religious in its nature, and struggling to find religious expression.

Many non-Catholic readers will have similar feelings in regard to these two cases. If others do not, they may come to realize our state of mind by pondering over the following thought. If an angel were to appear to one of them, as Gabriel did to our Blessed Lady, would they treat him and address him as an equal, or would they not rather feel constrained to show him reverence and bow their heads before him; feel, too, that the veneration they were showing was religious, not secular; of the kind proper to the sanctuary, not to the palace? And if to an angel, why not also to a Saint; and if to a Saint or angel descending on earth and made visible to human eyes, why not also to one remaining in heaven and visible only to the eyes of faith?

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# Adolf Kolping,

## *The Apostle of Working Men.**

(1815-1865.)

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

The Associations for Catholic working men and apprentices, which are a powerful agent for good throughout the length and breadth of Austria and Germany, owe their origin and development to the zeal and energy of a man who, in his early years a poor shoemaker's apprentice, became through divine grace the apostle of the class from which he sprang.

Adolf Kolping, the humble instrument chosen by God for the accomplishment of a great work—a work of rapid growth, wide-spread usefulness, and permanent duration, —was only twelve years of age when he left home to learn a trade. His parents were pious people, very poor, living by the labour of their hands and the produce of a few acres of land which they owned at Kerpen, a small country town not far distant from Cologne. Impoverished as they were by a succession of bad seasons, and the miseries brought on the country by

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the war in the early part of the century, they were unable to give their children a good education, and thus Adolf was taken from school as soon as he was of an age to earn. He was a boy of slight build, not very robust, ill fitted by nature for the field labour in which his father and elder brothers were employed. In consequence of this it was determined that, instead of following the plough on the lands of some neighbouring farmer, he should be apprenticed to a shoemaker in the town.

It was a sorrowful day for Adolf when he reluctantly put on the leathern apron, and seated himself at the shoemaker's bench. Not that he felt any repulsion to the trade, or to the worthy man who was to instruct him in it: the cause of his sadness was that all his cherished hopes and aspirations seemed doomed to disappointment. He was a quiet boy, of quick intelligence and retentive memory, fond of reading, and a great favourite with the village schoolmaster, on whose lips he used to hang with eager attention when he told him of men who had risen from a lowly station and made their way to fame and fortune; or, better still, by their piety and diligent application to study, had fitted themselves for the sacerdotal state. Many a time the school-master had begged Adolf's parents, at whatever cost to themselves, to educate him for the priesthood; and the boy, too, had earnestly entreated that he might be allowed to pursue his studies. And indeed the good people themselves desired nothing better. His fond mother could picture to herself no greater delight than to see her son stand at the altar of God, to receive from his hands the Bread of Angels; to think that on her death-bed she would hear his lips utter the *Profiscisere*, and know that he would offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul. But what was to be done? Look which way they would, the means were not forthcoming: no wealthy benefactor could be found who would undertake to provide for the

boy, and the monasteries where young students were taught for the love of God had been suppressed at the Revolution. So there was nothing for it but to submit to the divine will.

Young Kolping saw, as he thought, the golden gates of happiness close behind him for ever, as he applied himself with a heavy heart to learn his trade. How he got on with it we can not say; we only know that in later years, when addressing the members of the workman's club, he often used to make them laugh heartily by his description of the first pair of boots he made for his father. When with great difficulty he had succeeded in getting them on, they could not be got off again, so badly were they manufactured. After he had served his apprenticeship, Adolf worked at one shop or another in the vicinity of his home until the death of his mother, which took place in 1833. Then he made up his mind to go to Cologne; for he thought he should get on better if he could obtain employment in a large house of business. There, too, he fancied he should find companions of a similar stamp to himself: good workmen, industrious at their trade, and men of some intelligence, with a taste for better things, not wholly engrossed in material interests, like the agricultural labourers around his native place.

Alas! although this town offered many advantages for attaining proficiency in his trade, in other respects Adolf found himself sorely disappointed. He was shocked at the moral depravity, the gross ignorance, of the men with whom he was brought into daily intercourse. The ideas he had formed of the intellectual and religious condition of the working classes in towns were rudely dispelled, and well was it for him that he was not led to follow the evil examples he saw around him. Thanks to the grace of God and the sound religious training of his early youth, he was enabled to stand firm and resist temptation. In a great measure, too, the memory of his good mother, to whom he had been

fondly attached, was a safeguard to preserve him from the taint of moral corruption. He had vowed, as he stood beside her coffin, that she should never be ashamed of her favourite son; and he would not break his promise. His love for his mother led him to seek consolation and aid from another Mother, the Help of Christians. Daily might the young man be seen kneeling at the feet of a miraculous image in the Church of Our Lady in the *Kupfergasse*, asking for help and guidance, renewing his resolution to lead a holy life, praying for the accomplishment of his dearest hope, that of consecrating himself to God in Holy Orders. For of this Kolping never despaired, impossible as it seemed of fulfilment, but humbly trusted that God would bring it about in His own good time.

Every shilling he could save went in the purchase of books, and every moment at his command was devoted to reading. He even took his book with him to the workshop, and laid it open by his side, so as to cast his eyes on it if he happened to leave off work for a single moment,—a proceeding for which his master more than once found it necessary to administer a sharp rebuke. All the evenings, and oftentimes late into the night, by the feeble light of a candle, he pored over his books, devouring all that came in his way—lives of saints and other biographies, travels, history, sermons, devotional books, and stories. He had not, however, lost the love of nature that seldom forsakes those who have been born and brought up in the country. On Sundays, after vespers, he used to take a long walk to the top of a hill in the neighbourhood; and there, seated upon the turf, he would contemplate the scene before him, and in solitude and silence raise his heart to the God of nature, until the Angelus bell, sounding in the distance, roused him from his musings, and warned him that it was time to turn his steps homeward.

So distasteful did Adolf Kolping find the forced

association with his fellow-workmen, whose manner of thought and way of life were entirely antagonistic to his own, that he began to look out for a situation in a smaller establishment, where he would be left more to himself. Before long he was fortunate enough to be taken into the employ of a respectable, well-to-do tradesman, who kept a very unpretentious bootshop, and did not care to enlarge his business, as he had regular customers for whom he worked, and was in easy circumstances. Besides an apprentice, he employed only one assistant, who lodged in the house. This arrangement suited Kolping admirably. The room assigned to him was an attic, light and airy, where he might spend all his free time in undisturbed enjoyment of his books. The family consisted of his master—an elderly man,—his wife, and a daughter about twenty years of age. After a few weeks the new comer was quite at home in the house; he pleased his master, and still more his master's wife, who took a great liking to him, and treated him with the greatest kindness.

"Adolf," she said to him one day, "do not trouble yourself to put your room in order before you go down to the shop. My daughter and I will do it for you with pleasure, while you go out to get a little fresh air. It pains me to see you look so pale and tired."

"Mother," interposed the daughter, "why should we not give him one of the empty rooms on the second floor, where he would have more space and be more comfortable?"

"Well said, Marianne!" rejoined her mother. "That we will. To-morrow his effects shall be moved downstairs."

Kolping felt somewhat embarrassed at being made so much of.

"I like my attic immensely, and I would not exchange it for a room in a palace," he said. "I have a beautiful view from the window by day, and at night I can amuse myself with counting the stars."

At this moment the father came up.

"Nonsense!" he said. "How is any one to sleep who counts the stars at night?"

This settled the question. On the following day Kolping was installed in his new room.

This was by no means the only attention shown him by the good people. They did not seem to know how to make enough of him. Many a time the mother, when she found herself alone with him, would tell him that, as her husband was getting old, they thought of putting the business into other hands, and ask if he knew of a suitable person, hinting very plainly that the individual she was addressing was the one they would most gladly make their successor. On these occasions Adolf always contrived to put the matter aside with a joke; but it was not so easy to do this when one day his master spoke to him seriously, saying that he regarded him with the affection of a parent, and that he asked nothing more than that he should take the business and marry Marianne, who was a good girl, steady and industrious, who would make an excellent wife. If Kolping would make up his mind to do this, the old man said he should die content, and would leave him the house and all that he possessed.

It was a hard trial to Adolf to refuse the good fortune offered to him, and harder still to grieve the worthy people, who had shown him nothing but kindness, and to whom he was sincerely attached. But he felt that he owed his services to another Master; one who would repay them not with the good things of this life—its riches, its pleasures or its honours,—but with an imperishable and eternal reward. After a short but sharp struggle, having sought and obtained supernatural assistance, he went to his master and said:

"Will you let me speak quite unreservedly to you, sir?"

"That is what I wish above all things," he answered. "I shall be glad, my dear fellow, to have matters settled and my mind put at rest."

"Well, then, sir, you must please get another workman. I cannot stay with you any longer."

This was a sad blow for the good man. His work fell from his hands, he dropped into a chair.

"What, Adolf!" he said, in dismay. "You cannot mean to leave us? For goodness' sake do not break my heart!" Then he called to his wife: "Here is bad news for us, mother! Adolf wants to leave us."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old woman, hastening forward. "What in the world has happened?"

Behind her appeared her daughter, with a troubled and anxious countenance.

"Do not distress yourself," Adolf said, gently. "You have treated me like your own son; you wished to provide for my future; you were even willing to give me your daughter, an angel of goodness, who would have made me the happiest of men. But God wills it otherwise: He calls me to His service,—it is my intention to become a priest."

An exclamation of astonishment and dismay broke from the lips of those whom he was addressing; but they made no attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. The old father bowed his head in silent resignation; the mother pressed her lips respectfully and fondly to the hand of the future priest; Marianne withdrew sobbing to her room.

Troubles and trials began for Kolping from the day that he bade farewell to his kind friends, and left the shelter of their hospitable roof. Mental anxiety, and the difficulty he experienced in procuring regular employment, brought on a severe illness, and he was compelled to return home to recruit his shattered health. When he was convalescent, he paid a visit to the parish priest to acquaint him with his project, and ask his aid in carrying it out. But the good old vicar who had known and encouraged Adolf's aspirations was dead; and his successor saw in the applicant only another of the class of idle youths who, when tired of their work

or unsuccessful in it, imagine that they have a vocation to the priesthood. He had seen several instances of this, and of the unhappy results consequent on encouraging them.

Disappointed but not disheartened by this rebuff, Adolf opened his mind to his father. But no help was to be had in that quarter; in fact, the old man thought that his son, now twenty-two years of age, ought to assist him in his declining years. Then Kolping bethought himself of another priest in the neighbourhood, well known for his charity. He went and asked counsel of him. He was advised to return to his work in Cologne, and, in preparation for future studies, to employ himself during his free time in acquiring a thorough knowledge of Latin grammar. Kolping acted on this advice. It was hard work at first; but, by means of diligent application and a little instruction, he advanced sufficiently to be able in the following year to enter the third class in the public Gymnasium of Cologne.

Few can estimate aright the trials and hardships that a penniless student has to encounter when he enters comparatively late in life on a course of study. The severe mental application, the long hours of reading, tell upon the eyesight and health of one accustomed to manual labour; while, with the best of wills, the effort to have the meagrest pittance suffice for his daily needs, the dependence on the charity of others, the humiliation of sitting on the school-bench with boys half his age and merciless in their jests make learning a weariness to the spirit as well as to the flesh. In spite of all difficulties and privations, however, Kolping struggled on. He had been born on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; and our Blessed Lady, who had preserved him from the seductions of vice and enabled him to resist the allurements of a comfortable married life, watched over him still, and provided for his wants in a wonderful manner.

One night a note was brought to his lodgings, written

in an unknown lady's hand, begging him to go at once to a narrow street near the Cathedral. It was Kolping's birthday, December 8. The snow lay upon the ground and the cold was intense. The young man hesitated whether he should obey the summons. It might prove to be some snare laid for him ; at any rate, he might be going on a fool's errand. However, he determined to go ; and, commending himself to his Immaculate Mother, he started on his way, though not without some inward trepidation. On arriving at the house indicated, he was directed to ascend a narrow staircase, at the top of which was a miserable apartment, lighted by the flickering flame of an oil lamp. A strange scene here met his eye. Amid the most poverty-stricken surroundings, a lady, young and beautifully dressed, plunged in the deepest grief, was kneeling beside the bed whereon lay a young man evidently in his last agony. She rose as Kolping entered ; and, addressing him by name, implored him by all he held most dear to watch over the dying man until he breathed his last, as she could remain with him no longer. Placing a considerable sum of money in his hands to defray the expenses of the funeral, she bade him farewell, and, with a last fond look at the dying man, hastily left the house. Adolf felt bewildered, as he did not know what to make of this mystery. Approaching the bed, he recognized in the prostrate form upon it a young man from the neighbourhood of his own birthplace, a former school-fellow of his, who had entered a theological college in Bonn, and had subsequently fallen into evil ways. Kneeling beside him, he recited the Rosary and the prayers for the departing. In a few hours all was over. Adolf performed the last offices for his whilom friend, and followed his remains to the grave. Then the approaching examinations chased all other thoughts from his mind for a season.

The time came for Kolping to leave the Gymnasium and enter the University. The means of support were utterly lacking to him ; the only hope was that, through

the advocacy of an influential friend, he might be admitted gratuitously into some college in Belgium. Providence ordained otherwise for him. One day when he was at home, recovering from an attack of small-pox, caught through nursing a sick comrade, a lady, the daughter of a wealthy landowner in the vicinity, called on his father. In her Adolf instantly recognized the mysterious stranger who had committed to his care the young man who was dying in Cologne. During her visit she made no allusion to her previous interview with him, but on leaving asked him to accompany her a short distance. She then asked him if he remembered that night, and told him that the unhappy man whose end he witnessed had been her brother's tutor, and that she had become deeply enamoured of him. Partly perhaps through her influence, but chiefly through his own fault, he had lost his vocation, and ruined himself by his excesses. On hearing that he was dying, she had hastened to Cologne, in the hope of inducing him to make his peace with God. In this she had been successful; and since she was unable to remain with him to the last, she had sent for Kolping. Thanking him for his charity, she proceeded to say that in expiation of her ill-regulated affection for the unhappy seminarist, and for the repose of his soul, she had made a vow to pay the expenses of a poor student at the University. For whom should she do this if not for Adolf? He accepted the proposal with heartfelt joy. One stipulation only he made—that no restriction should be placed on his studies, nor as to the post he should accept after ordination.

Kolping passed three years at the University of Monaco in Bavaria, and a fourth year at a training college in Cologne, in special preparation for his clerical duties. In April, 1845, at the age of thirty-two, he had the happiness of being ordained priest. But in this world joy and sorrow go hand in hand: scarcely had he left the church, the sacred chrism still upon his

consecrated hands, when he was called to the death-bed of his father. When he arrived, the good old man had expired. During a lingering illness it had been the one hope and desire of his heart to live to see his son a priest. This was denied him; but the night before his death he was consoled by a dream, in which he beheld the church brilliantly lighted up and magnificently decorated; while, amid the songs of angels and clouds of incense, his son Adolf stood at the altar in vestments of gold, in the act of elevating the Sacred Host. Thus God, in His goodness, vouchsafed to fulfil the desire of one who had served Him in simplicity and sincerity.

In the summer of the following year, on the Festival of Corpus Christi, two young artisans stood watching the solemn procession, as it wended its way through the streets of Elberfeld, an important manufacturing town of Rhenish Prussia. They were Catholics, and consequently no strangers to processions of this kind, yet never before had the spectacle impressed them so deeply. As the different schools of the town passed before them in gala dress, wearing their distinctive badges and carrying banners, one of the men turned to his companion and said: "Why should we not have something of this sort on St. Laurence's Day?" (August 10 was at that time a holyday for the lower orders.) "Nonsense!" replied his friend. "Would you have us dress up in white and carry flowers like those children?" "Of course not," rejoined the other; "but what a good effect it would have if we got together a number of apprentices, and made them walk two and two, carrying tapers, with a banner or two, and singing something the while!" The idea pleased his companion; and, since the procession was by that time over, they turned their steps to the presbytery to obtain clerical approval of their project.

Elberfeld, at the commencement of the century a small country town, had by the time of which we speak become a large manufacturing city. The Catholic population was rapidly increasing, but it was far out-

numbered by the Protestants and free-thinkers, who waged constant war against the faith. The clergy were desirous to avail themselves of every means of promoting the practice of religion amongst the working men, who formed a large proportion of the inhabitants of Elberfeld; consequently the priest to whom the two young men applied encouraged them heartily. He suggested that the association should be placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and that the procession should take place on the 15th of August, the day of her glorious Assumption, instead of on the 10th. If they would find the men, he said, he would provide the banners. His colleague, Father Kolping, knew a painter who would paint them a picture of Our Lady, and one of St. Joseph too, the special patron of working men. To form a choir was no difficulty. Several artisans, among them the two friends, were accustomed to meet on Sunday evenings in the workshop of a good old man, to chat together over a glass of beer, and listen to the tales of adventure which their host, an old salt, loved to relate. Music also formed part of the entertainment; for the old man played the violin, and to its accompaniment many a part-song was learned and sung,—aye, and sung well too; for where is the German artisan who does not possess an ear for music and a voice to sing the sweet ballads of the fatherland? The parish schoolmaster lent willing aid, and soon the praises of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph resounded in the humble workshop, until a more suitable place of assembly for the infant association was provided.

No one was more active in promoting its growth than Adolf Kolping, whose first appointment had been to the junior curacy of the principal church in Elberfeld. When the schoolmaster brought the table of rules that he had drawn up for his approval, Father Kolping turned on him a countenance beaming with delight. "May God prosper this good work!" he said. "You have realized the dream of my life." Soon after he

became the president and chaplain of the association, which, once started, rapidly assumed large proportions. A sodality was formed for apprentices (a large and important class in Germany) and young workmen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, whose members were to meet every Sunday and holyday for religious instruction, to approach the Sacraments at regular intervals, and on weekday evenings to assemble for harmless and profitable recreation, such as music, lectures, reading, etc. When, in 1848, the wave of Revolution swept over the continent of Europe, proof was given of the stability of the work thus inaugurated; for in Elberfeld all the members of the sodality—and they were by that time a numerous body—resisted the influence of the baneful doctrines then widely disseminated, and stood by the clergy in the defence of religion and social order.

Persuaded of the vast amount of good that might be effected among the working classes were institutions like that of Elberfeld established in other large towns, Father Kolping wrote a pamphlet expounding the object of the association, and appealing to fellow-labourers in the Lord's vineyard to aid him in spreading this good work. He spoke of the important place the working classes held in the social fabric; the state of physical misery, moral degradation, spiritual abandonment, in which they often live; and their need of guidance and help to rise superior to the difficulties of their lot and the dangers that surround them. He urged priests to provide for the working classes "a habitation of peace," where the young, the friendless, the ignorant, the erring, would find assistance, protection, instruction, support; and where they would be formed to the practice of Christian virtue and the exercise of fraternal charity.

This pamphlet was widely circulated, and well received by the German clergy. To be the apostle of the working classes, the friend and father of the artisan and

apprentice, was the work for which God had called Father Kolping, and zealously he fulfilled his mission. It would be impossible to relate the great things Divine Providence accomplished by means of this humble instrument, or to enumerate a hundredth part of the clubs, *cercles*, sodalities and associations which in Germany and the neighbouring countries—Belgium, France, Austria and Italy—owe their origin and their prosperity to his untiring energy and self-denying charity.

After labouring for three or four years in Elberfeld, Father Kolping felt impelled to seek a new sphere of usefulness. On the death of one of the clergy attached to the Cathedral at Cologne, he sought and obtained the vacant post—the emolument of which was very small,—and set himself to grapple with the evil around him. At first he met with no success; the difficulties in his way seemed insuperable: he was single-handed and devoid of funds. But obstacles and difficulties only called out in him fresh resolution and greater activity. The seven artisans with whom he started a club multiplied so quickly that one room of meeting after another had to be abandoned for lack of space, until an imposing edifice was secured in the Breitestrasse, capable of accommodating more than five hundred members.

All this, and much more too, was accomplished in the course of one year; for the work excited great interest in Germany. Similar institutions were established in Berlin and other important cities; before three years had elapsed, ninety new foundations had been made. In 1850 the Rheinische Gesellenbund, or Confederation of Artisans for the Rhineland, was formally organized. The central house was at Cologne, where the president-general resided; each of the affiliated associations was presided over by a priest, the other officers being generally taken from the artisan class. Their duty was principally to see that the rules were strictly observed. A general congress was to be held annually in one or other of the principal towns.

Father Kolping beheld with joy and gratitude the marvellous success of the work he had inaugurated, and to which his life was devoted. His head-quarters were in Cologne, where in former years he patiently toiled at the shoemaker's bench, and where subsequently he laboured indefatigably for his beloved workmen and apprentices; but from time to time he visited other cities, to open a new club or address a meeting. The object he continually kept in view was the maintenance of unbroken union throughout the whole confederation; so that all the members, whatever the diversities of their nationality, their calling, or their character, should form one body, animated by one and the self-same spirit.

As the promotion of religion and piety among the working classes was the primary aim of the confederation, Father Kolping, in order to give it the character of a religious congregation, proposed, at the congress held in 1858, to divide it into ecclesiastical provinces, subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese, who should appoint a diocesan visitor. This plan was accepted, and received the episcopal sanction of the Bishop of Treves, the Archbishop of Cologne, and various other prelates. It was not carried out without opposition, however; and Father Kolping was for a time greatly discouraged. But he was consoled by the warm approval of the Holy Father, who sent his apostolic blessing to the association, and conferred on the presidents of several *cercles* substantial tokens of his favour. Moreover, Cardinal de Luca, the Apostolic Nuncio in Vienna, expressed his opinion that these Catholic associations of working men might render immense service to society, and further the pacific solution of the social question, reconciling, in a great measure, the conflicting interests of Capital and Labour by the cultivation of a spirit of charity, industry, and content.

It may perhaps appear almost incredible that one in Adolf Kolping's position—poor, friendless and unknown—should in so short a time have been able to

procure the funds necessary for the foundation and maintenance of institutions so numerous and on so large a scale. Christian charity supplied them all. Despite his humble origin, his shy and retiring character, never was there a man more skilful in pleading the cause he had at heart. He seemed to know by intuition how to choose the right moment, to touch the right chord, to urge the argument best calculated to impress the individual whose aid he solicited. Thus he never gave offence, and rarely failed to attain his object. Through his persuasive manner or some timely jest, he often cajoled—if we may use the word—wealthy persons into giving him surprisingly large sums; and, after a long quest, he would return home with his capacious pockets well filled with coin. Calling his secretary, he would smilingly take out handful after handful of shining thalers, among which pieces of gold were freely mixed; never resting till the smallest coin had been hunted out from its corner, and, always with some little joke, added to the heap upon the table. "There," he would finally exclaim,—"there is our fresh supply! How much there is God knows, and you soon will know; count it up and write it down. To-morrow we will see how much more we want."

In Cologne, where after a time everybody knew him, and he was familiarly designated as "Brother Deo Gratias," he obtained a footing in the following manner: Soon after his arrival there, when matters wore their most unpromising aspect, he made the acquaintance of a wealthy merchant, who took much interest in his scheme, and frequently checked his too ambitious designs. One day when Kolping was at the house of this friend, he showed him, with a piteous face, his empty pockets, saying that he did not possess a single cent wherewith to provide for himself or to prosecute his work. The merchant immediately rang the bell and ordered his carriage to be brought round. "Must you go out?" inquired Father Kolping, somewhat abashed; for he

imagined that he had mentioned his impecunious condition at an inopportune time. "Did you not say you were out of money?" rejoined his friend. "We will go out hunting together, and see if we cannot succeed in bringing down a few birds." Accordingly he drove round to the residences of his most opulent acquaintances, to whom he introduced Father Kolping, stating in a few words the object of his visit. The result was that Kolping went home that night with a considerable sum at his disposal.

The project this zealous labourer cherished most fondly was the erection of a hospice in Cologne, where journeymen employed in the town for a short period, or youths who were homeless, could lodge; or strangers, passing through in quest of work, could be housed for the night. He knew only too well how frequently men thus circumstanced were ruined by falling among bad companions or seeking shelter in houses of ill repute. Not until the year 1861 was he able to carry out this project. He then obtained possession of a small house situated in the immediate vicinity of the Breitestrasse, to be used provisionally until more suitable premises should be secured. Ever since 1850 he had been seeking a site for the purpose, but could not succeed in obtaining one from the municipality; at last he determined to sacrifice a portion of the garden in which the House of the Association stood. Plans were prepared—a fine building in Gothic style, with refectory, kitchens, and a vast hall on the ground floor, and in the upper stories a large number of sleeping apartments. The foundation stone was laid with great ceremony in 1864. Funds flowed in, and the work was pushed on with all possible vigour.

About this time Father Kolping's health began to cause serious concern to his friends. For some years past his strength had been gradually forsaking him; symptoms of consumption showed themselves, and he was forbidden to preach or speak in public. In the

spring of 1865 he was much worse, and advised to go to the seaside for several months. He was, however, able to attend the congress at Treves before returning to Cologne for the opening of the new hospice. On the very night of his arrival he was prostrated by an attack of fever, from which he felt certain he should never recover. The consolation of witnessing the realization of his dearest desire was not denied him: he rallied sufficiently to take part in the opening ceremonies, which were on a grand scale, representatives from all the *cercles* in the Rhine provinces, and from many more distant parts, having come to Cologne for the occasion. After Pontifical High Mass had been celebrated, the new building was solemnly blessed by the officiating prelate; and in the evening a festive meeting was held in the capacious hall, which had been painted and decorated with emblematic designs by the young workmen themselves in their free time. Suffering and enfeebled as he was, Father Kolping could not refrain from addressing a few words to his dear artisans, gathered around him in the new hospice for the first and last time,—words of fervent gratitude for the past, of heartfelt joy in the present, of strong hope for the future. Once more he earnestly exhorted them to avoid the paths of perdition, to persevere in the way of industry and virtue. Once more he repeated to them his favourite axioms: "Man is the maker of his own fortunes. What we sow in our youth we reap in our old age." When he had finished speaking he left the hall, never again to enter it alive.

After all hope of ultimate recovery was abandoned, and it became known that the end was fast approaching, it was most edifying to see, evening after evening, hundreds of young workmen assembled in the Franciscan church, praying for their beloved benefactor with the greatest fervour, to judge by the heartfelt manner in which they joined in the public prayers, almost shouting the responses to the Litany, emphasizing especially the

one wherein Our Lady is invoked as *Salus infirmorum*. Others lingered about the doors and corridors of the hospice, eagerly asking for tidings from the sick-chamber. "For their sakes I would willingly recover my health," Father Kolping remarked, when informed of the affectionate solicitude manifested on his behalf. "If I am still necessary, *non recuso laborem*. But the holy will of God be done! I submit to it in life or in death."

Father Kolping did not live to see his fifty-third birthday, the 8th of December. He breathed his last on the 4th of that month. Before night the hall of the new building was converted into a *chapelle ardente*. The walls were draped with black by loving hands; groups of exotics, lent by private persons, with tall tapers, were placed around the catafalque whereon was laid in state the body of Father Kolping, clad in sacerdotal vestments. On the following day a continuous stream of persons, residents in Cologne, passed through the spacious hall, anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed, to give silent testimony of their regret at his loss. Bands of working men, dressed in black, many with tears running down their cheeks, stood round the door, awaiting their turn to gaze once more on the features of their beloved Father, and to kneel beside his venerated remains. Who amongst them failed to add to the prayer for the repose of his soul an earnest entreaty that he would continue to intercede for and watch over the associations he had founded?

At the funeral the demonstrations of respect and affection were still greater. Deputations from some three hundred associations, from different parts of Germany, attended the obsequies and followed the coffin to the grave. After these came all the members of the Cologne association, eight hundred in number; the parochial clergy; the different guilds of the city with their ensigns; several of the municipal authorities, and a vast concourse of townspeople of all classes and conditions.

"What will become of your work when you are taken from us?" was asked of Father Kolping during his last illness.—"What becomes of a young workman," he inquired with a smile, "when his father dies?"—"He is left an orphan," was the reply.—"Not so," he said: "he becomes a man, and learns to shift for himself."

Thus it was with the Gesellenbund. Its growth and development did not cease on the removal of the earthly parent to whom it owed its existence. More than twenty-five years have now elapsed since the Apostle of Working Men was laid to rest, but he still lives and energizes in the institutions he inaugurated,—institutions productive of incalculable benefit to religion and society. Great indeed will be the number of those who will one day rise up and call him blessed, acknowledging that it is to him that they owe the maintenance of their faith, and the preservation of their innocence.

# About Monks and Nuns.

By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.*

The monastic life is an integral, though not an essential, part of Christianity. Without the practice of the monastic vows by men and women, the Church of God would still exist, and would bear her sorrows and win her triumphs fulfilling her divine mission; yet would she be shorn of much of her strength, and much of her beauty: and her note of Holiness, which is the outward manifestation of her divine origin, and the attestation of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, would be dimmed and scarred, and less resplendent to the eye of the world.

Let us see, as briefly as we may, how the words and life of our Lord influenced His followers in the early days of Christianity. In the apostolic age we see the community of goods, the virgins living in their fathers' house, the ready obedience to the voice of an apostle, frequently referred to in the New Testament. In the first three centuries, which may be called the age of Persecution, the more fervent of the early Christians, realizing how difficult it was to practise the true spirit of Christianity in the midst of a fallen world,

* An extension and development of a speech delivered by the author at the Catholic Truth Conference held in Portsmouth in September, 1893.

withdrew themselves as much as possible from all distracting employments, shunned the general amusements, which were seldom without sin or at least danger of sin, and gave themselves up without reserve to prayer and good works. These more fervent Christians came to be known as Ascetes or Ascetics, and in them we may trace the rudimentary beginnings of the monastic spirit.

Later, when the throne of the Roman Empire was occupied by a succession of Christian Emperors—beginning with Constantine—the social position of the Christian was vastly improved; but the presence of persecution which had braced the Christian was relaxed, and toleration, tended—as it so often since has tended—as it tends this day—to enervate the Christian spirit. Many were Christian but in name, clinging still to the vices of their paganism. The more familiar intercourse between Christian and Pagan did not always tend to the improvement of the Christians. To the most fervent it appeared that the Christian body was tainted and was falling into decay. With their strong yearnings for a higher life, and the seeming impossibility of realising their ideal in the midst of their existing environment, they fled from a world which it seemed impossible to heal. Soon the vast deserts of Thebais were filled with *anchorets*, who placed themselves under the guidance of men of known sanctity. They ate their bread in the sweat of their brow, and their days were divided between manual labour and prayer; with fast and vigil they kept alive the flame of that more perfect Christianity, and were at once an argument and reproof, and a guiding light, even to their fellows whom they had left behind in the world.

Amidst the leaders of these "Fathers of the Desert," as they are frequently called, arise the figures of St. Anthony and St. Pachomius. These were probably amongst the first who gave a regular rule and mode of life to their followers, and this very early in the fourth century. Their rules have been preserved to us. The entrance to the monastic life was narrow and difficult, the exit

from it wide and easy. At first there were no vows such as we understand them now; a spirit of penance and a sincere desire of perfection were indispensable, and so long as this spirit animated the postulant, he was trained in the monastic life; if later he repented of his choice, the gates were open and he was at liberty to depart. (Lingard's 'Anglo-Saxon Church,' p. 103.)

From Egypt these colonies of monks gradually overflowed into the neighbouring provinces, and early in the fifth century there was not a corner of the vast Roman Empire, where the monastic system had not taken root, and flourished apace. The various communities followed each its own rule, the founder of each being usually the legislator, but they were all bound together by the habitual practice of what we call the Evangelical Counsels—Poverty, Chastity, Obedience.

In the fourth and fifth centuries, monastic life took a more regular form, and was moulded on the rule of St. Basil and St. Augustine. In those centuries it differed but little from the forms of community life which at present exist. The members were bound by vows, they lived together in community, and they observed a certain approved rule. In the West, St. Benedict, towards the close of the fifth century, became in a special way the Father of the Monks of the West, and the rule which he gave to his followers was the most approved, and may be regarded as the basis on which have been framed all subsequent rules. We shall presently find the children of St. Benedict labouring in our own land to which we now turn.

When in the far off gloom of our early history we strive to separate facts from fiction—history from legend—we touch almost unconsciously the beginning of monasticism—nay, the very light which shines athwart the gloom of those early times, and enables us to read their history, is the light from the monastery. If we turn to the written records of our country, we find that it was the hand of the monk that wrote them. If we gaze over the fair face of our beautiful land—and taken

all in all, we shall find a fairer nowhere—we see in the scattered ruins the traces of what in the long ago were the pride and glory of the land—its abbeys and monasteries and priories. They teach us, even in their ruins—for there *are* sermons in stones. And if we turn from the open hill-side and smiling valley to the great cities where men do congregate, we find the evidence of the presence of the monks in the names which are handed down to us. To-day, in the midst of London, with its mighty roar of many men, we seem to hear the sweet voices of the monks of old, raised in songs of praise;—amidst the going to and fro of many feet we catch the footfall of the sandalled monk. Amidst the many men of many races gathered from the whole world's circumference, we seem to catch a glimpse of the fleeting figures of monks clothed in their monastic garb. Surely their spirits revisit the scenes of old, and their memory crowds upon us as we pass White-friars and Grey-friars, or linger on Black-friars Bridge;—shadows of great names.

But we are anticipating. The monasticism which was introduced amongst our early ancestors may be divided into three great divisions. 1. The sons of St. Gregory. 2. Those of St. Columba and 3. those of St. Benedict. We have all heard how the beauty of the Saxon youths in the Roman Forum so touched the heart of Gregory that he not only redeemed them and took them to his father's home on the Cœlian Hill, where now stands the Church of San Gregorio, but conceived the idea of setting forth to their northern island home, there to labour for the conversion of the Saxon race; how this design was frustrated by the love of the Roman people, who would not brook his departure, and still further by his subsequent elevation to the Pontifical Throne:—but his heart was with the Northern barbarians, and from his own monastery he sent forth St. Augustine and his forty companions, all monks following the rule of their father St. Gregory, which was fashioned on the Benedictine model.* These first

* The chief authority for regarding the monks sent to England

missionaries, to whom under God we owe the conversion of this land to Christianity, were Italian monks. Augustine the Italian monk, sent by the Roman Pontiff became first Archbishop of Canterbury in 597; and in direct succession followed St. Laurence, St. Mellitus, St. Justus and Honorius. At the same time others of the missionary band were spreading themselves through the southern parts of the country, and the Church was being built up by the labours of monks in Rochester, London and other places. Whilst the Italian monks were labouring in the south, and pushing northward even as far as York, the children of St. Columba were toiling in the north country through the vast territory then called Northumbria. Eight and forty years after the landing of Augustine and his companions on the shores of Kent, *i.e.*, in 645, Oswald, King of Northumbria, invited the Scottish monks to come into his country for the conversion of his people. St. Columba, the founder of these northern monks, had gone to his rest one year before St. Augustine landed in the south. He was of the royal race of the Irish Neils, and by his preaching and miracles had converted the inhabitants of Caledonia who, in gratitude, bestowed upon him the little island of Iona on the Western coast. From the monastery there founded came forth St. Aidan, the Apostle of Northumbria and founder of Lindisfarne.

Whilst the monks of St. Gregory in the south, and those of St. Columba in the north, were working for the conversion of this country, there was spreading over the continent of Europe the religious order of the Benedictines or monks of St. Benedict, destined to become the most widely diffused order, and to absorb into itself or supersede most of the other monastic institutions. About the year 666 that typical Englishman, St. Wilfrid of York, introduced the monks of St.

by St. Gregory as distinct from the Benedictine order, is Lingard in his "Anglo-Saxon Church." On the other hand, the grave reasons adduced for regarding them as Benedictines, pure and simple, cannot be ignored. An attempt has been made in the text to reconcile both views.

Benedict into the kingdoms of Northumbria and Mercia, and even during his lifetime these monks are spoken of as "many thousands." Soon they were found building up the Saxon Church, not only in the north but also in the south and throughout the whole land. They entered into the labours of those who had gone before them, and became the natural successors of the Scots of Iona and Lindisfarne, and of the foreign missioners of Canterbury and London.

We must not however suppose that monasteries were inhabited only by men. It might indeed be inferred that the hard toil, the severe fasts, the long vigils which entered into the life of the monk, rendered that mode of life unsuited to the weaker sex, but then, as now, the zeal and self-sacrifice of women more than made up for their bodily weakness. It is impossible to read the history of early Saxon times without being struck by the fact that the monastic life seems from the earliest times to have had a special attraction—nay, a positive fascination for Saxon ladies of royal or noble blood. We are told by Lingard that they refused to await the erection of convents in their own land, and that they poured forth in crowds to foreign establishments, notably to Faremoutier, Chelles, and Andeli, the first of which was governed by a succession of abbesses of the royal house of Hengist.

Before the close of the seventh century there were several fervent communities of nuns among the southern Saxons, under the guidance of Eanswide, Mildrede, and Ethelburga, princesses of royal blood. At the same time, in ruder Northumbria the Abbess Hein, said to be the first lady among the northern tribes who took the veil, ruled under the guidance of St. Aidan, a small and obscure convent on the Island of the Hart—our modern Hartlepool. To her succeeded a princess, united with the royal houses of Northumbria and East Anglia, named Hilda, who subsequently built at Whitby a double monastery—one for men and the other for women, both of which became very famous. In 660 St. Erconwald, Bishop of London, built the monastery

of Barking, which was ruled over by his sister, St. Ethelburga, as first abbess. The Abbess of Barking and many of the sisters were slain by the Danes in 870, but the house lasted until its suppression under Henry VIII., a period of nine hundred years. In 672, St. Etheldreda founded a convent at Ely, which subsequently became one of the most renowned in England.

So from those far away times through all the history of our race, through the days of Saxon and Dane and Norman, in peace and in war, from the days of Ethelbert, King of Kent, to those of Tudor Henry, eighth of the name—through all that glorious record of a thousand years, the monastic system flourished in this land, and the land was blessed thereby. Those men and women consecrated to God were the light of the land and the salt of the earth. Like the clouds, drawing the moisture from the earth, and distilling it again in quickening dew or fertilizing shower, so those houses of sanctity seemed to draw to themselves all that was best and holiest in the land, and then pour it forth again in due season for the fertilizing and spiritual quickening of the people.

Whatever of art, of science, of literature, of refinement, of civilization has been handed down to us, has come from those institutions, which most of our country men have been taught to despise and decry.

What was the life of the monk or nun? It was essentially twofold, the service of God and the service of man—the practical carrying out in daily life of the two great commandments—to love God above all things and to love our neighbour as ourselves. Hence much time was given to prayer, to the chaunting of the Divine Office, and to the Sacrifice of the Mass. This was what we may call the direct worship of God. Then there were the hours of manual labour, and the time given to study—for it was a monkish saying, *Laborare est orare*: to labour is to pray. Then there was the care of the poor and old and sick, for that reproach of our civilization—the poorhouse—came in only when the monasteries went out. As evidence of the culture and refinement of these institutions and what they did for art—it would

be sufficient to refer to the life of St. Bennet Biscop. He founded one monastery at the mouth of the Were, the modern Weremouth; and another at Jarrow, on the south bank of the Tyne, the future home of St. Bede. He brought foreign workmen from Gaul, who taught the art of building in stone, and of making glass. The paintings which he brought from abroad fired the imagination of the monks, and laid the foundation of a school of painting. Many volumes he placed in the library—precious volumes in those days before printing was invented—and these not only afforded mental food for the monks, but inspired them also to become writers; and whilst their hands were busy in copying, they came to realise the beauty and value of the manuscripts which they copied, they loved to perfect every letter and to adorn every page with those marvellous illuminations which are the envy and despair of our more mechanical age. To them, for instruction not only in things spiritual but in the liberal arts, came the youth of the land, as came Bede a boy of twelve; for the monastery was the source and centre of all education and intellectual life; it was the school, primary and secondary, and the university to boot. It gave a free education to all who desired and were capable of appreciating it; it taught not merely the liberal arts, but the more mechanical crafts, and abbots and bishops were proud of their skill in carpentry and masonry, and the working of iron and other metals; and, all unconscious of their own excellence, they set the copies for these later generations, and the men of these days feel that they approach perfection as they copy most faithfully the models worked by the monks of old.

In these days of free education and technical education, and countless examinations, it does seem to me that we are only groping our way back slowly and painfully, and with much noise and clamour, to that which was done silently and well in the old days.

What the monks were doing for the boys, the various orders of women were doing for the maidens, and in the few arts which were open to the girls of that compara-

tively early time, instruction was given by the nuns, and it may be conceded that in music and song, and the essentials of a liberal education, the maidens of old were not inferior to their sisters of to-day, while in the beautiful work of the needle, and deftness with the distaff, they were generally superior.

It is scarcely possible, I think, to find words more truthful in which to describe the work and office of the monastic system, than those employed by Maitland in 'The Dark Ages.' "It is quite impossible," he says, "to touch the subject of monasticism without rubbing off some of the dirt which has been heaped upon it. It is impossible to get even a superficial knowledge of the mediæval history of Europe, without seeing how greatly the world of that period was indebted to the monastic orders; and feeling that, whether they were good or bad in other matters, monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan the maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills, and barren downs, and marshy plains, and deal bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs for the learning which was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute—as the nucleus of the city which in after days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral.

"This I think no man can deny. I believe it is true, and I love to think of it. I hope that I see the good hand of God in it, and the visible trace of His mercy that is over all His works . . . . . Let me thankfully believe that thousands [of these monks] were men of enlarged minds, purified affections, and holy lives—that

they were justly reverenced by men—and, above all, favourably accepted by God, and distinguished by the highest honour which He vouchsafes to those whom He has called into existence, that of being the channels of His love and mercy to their fellow creatures." (Preface to first edition, page 2.)

We may supplement, though we can scarcely hope to strengthen, this beautiful picture of the monastic life, by a quotation from Cutts' very interesting 'Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages.' He is speaking especially of the Benedictine monks. "Their general character was, and continued throughout the Middle Ages to be, that of wealthy and learned bodies; influential from their broad possessions, but still more influential from the fact that nearly all the literature, and art, and science of the period was to be found in their body. They were good landlords to their tenants, good cultivators of their demesnes; great patrons of architecture, and sculpture, and painting; educators of the people in their schools; healers of the sick in their hospitals; great almsgivers to the poor; freely hospitable to travellers; they continued regular and constant in their religious services; but in housing, clothing, and diet, they lived the life of temperate gentlemen rather than of self-denying ascetics. Doubtless, as we have said, in some monasteries there were evil men, whose vices brought disgrace upon their calling; and there were some monasteries in which weak or wicked rulers had allowed the evil to prevail." (p. 9.)

We may also gather from the pages of the same learned Protestant writer an insight into the various monastic establishments, which tended so much in those rough times to the alleviation of human sufferings and incidental inconveniences. Amongst their other works of mercy a notable place must be given to their hospitals and infirmaries. Some of these hospitals were founded at places of pilgrimage, and along the roads for the entertainment of pilgrims and travellers. For example, at Bury St. Edmunds, there were at least four such hospitals, all founded and endowed by the abbots of St. Edmunds.

These were outside the gates, and were dedicated respectively to St. John, St. Nicholas, St. Peter and St. Saviour. At Reading, there was the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, for twelve lepers; and another, St. Lawrence, for twenty-six poor people, both erected by the Abbot of Reading. There was another at Fountain's Abbey, and one at Glastonbury, and yet another at Coventry dedicated to St. John Baptist. These are merely examples of many others, for the last edition of the Monasticon enumerates 370 of them. The smaller hospitals were under the charge of one or two priests, the larger ones were attended by a prior and brethren, who, for the most part, were Augustinian Canons, or Austin Friars, as they were more commonly called. One of the most notable of these, which has continued to our time, was the still famous St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in Smithfield, London. A monument to 'Rahere, first canon and prior,' may still be seen in the Church of St. Bartholomew's. It was founded to be a hospital for the sick poor, and a lying-in hospital for poor women. There were Sisters on the staff, who looked after the female patients, and if any woman died in the hospital, her children were taken care of till the age of seven. The staff of these hospitals consisted usually of a community living under rules and vows. The prior and brethren were trained in medicine and surgery, and one or more of them was always a priest. In a word, they formed a college of clerical and monastic physicians, surgeons, dressers and nurses, who devoted themselves to the service of the sick poor, as an act of religion, having always in mind our Lord's words, "inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me.'" (*Vide* Cutts' 'Middle Ages,' p. 23, &c.)

Another scene of works of charity which formed an integral part of most of the larger monasteries was the *hospitium* or guest-house. It is not easy for us now rightly to estimate the value and importance of such an institution; but we must remember that the palmy day of monasticism was before the age of inns and hotels.

Anyone who has made the journey through Palestine, in recent years, and has shared the hospitality of the Franciscan Fathers of the Holy Land, in a country where their houses are practically the only places of entertainment, will more readily understand what an immense boon the hospitium was to the weary traveller in mediæval England.

How large-hearted and generous was the hospitality of the monks may be inferred from the size and magnificence of many of these hospitiums, or guestenhalls, as they were called, which still remain. At St. Augustine's, Canterbury, the old Norman guest-house still remains; it is a very noble building, 150 feet long by 50 broad. At Worcester there is also a very fine specimen of the old hospitium. Durham was famous for its hospitality; the following description is quoted in Cutts' 'Middle Ages' (page 86). "The sub-prior of the house was the master thereof, as one appointed to give entertainment to all estates, noble, gentle, or what other degree soever, came thither as strangers. Their entertainment was not inferior to that of any place in England, both for the goodness of their diet, the clean and neat furniture of their lodgings, and generally all things necessary for travellers; and with this entertainment, no man was required to depart while he continued honest and of good behaviour. This hall was a stately palace, not unlike the body of a church, supported on each side by very fine pillars, and in the midst of the hall a long range for the fire. The chambers and lodgings belonging to it were kept very clean and richly furnished." At St. Albans there was stabling for 300 horses, besides accommodation for their riders.

Though the mediæval monks devoted so much of their time and money to alleviating the sufferings and necessities of those amongst whom they lived, they did not neglect to cultivate the arts and sciences. A most delightful picture may be formed from the very interesting accounts which are given in Maitland's 'Dark Ages,' (page 422, &c.) of the *scriptorium* or writing-room of the monastery. He tells us that William,

Abbot of Herschan, according to his biographer, "knowing, what he had learned by laudable experience, that sacred reading is the necessary food of the mind, made twelve of his monks very excellent writers, to whom he committed the office of transcribing the Holy Scriptures, and the treatises of the Fathers. Besides these there were an indefinite number of other scribes who wrought with equal diligence on the transcription of other books." Again, Odo, Abbot of St. Martin's, Tournay, about 1093, used to exult in the number of writers the Lord had given him. Othlonus, a monk of Ratisbon, who learnt to write without a teacher, produced an enormous number of copies of various books, all beautifully written, although, as he quaintly tells us, "I got a habit of holding my pen in a wrong manner; nor were any of my teachers afterwards able to correct me in that point." But Othlonus was far surpassed by good Sister Diemudis of the monastery of Wessobrun. The list of works copied by her 'in a most beautiful and legible character' would have done credit to a modern publishing firm.

These outward works of piety, and the busy literary lives of monks and nuns, must not be overlooked by him who would form a just estimate of their character and work.

But is it not truly said of most of these institutions, that in time they became the homes of ignorance, idleness, and immorality?

In reply I would say with regard to ignorance, that it is a comparative term; and the ignorance of one age may be the wisdom of another. As we have already seen, they were the very centres of whatever learning or intellectual life existed—they were the teachers;—and these monks and nuns certainly towered above their contemporaries as much as our present university men surpass the children of the village school. It is childishness to accuse them of ignorance because they knew not certain things which have since been discovered, but in their day were not suspected.

With respect to the charge of idleness: the magni-

ficence of their buildings, the perfection of the tillage of their farms, the variety of their works, gives the lie to the charge. The Rule of St. Benedict, which was the one almost universally followed, is most particular to find employment for every moment of the day. The monk was continually reminded that he who laboured best prayed best; and amongst them it was an accepted truism that idleness was the mother of vice. In the Rule of St. Benedict, six hours were allotted to sleep; seven hours were devoted to manual labour, two hours to study. At midnight the monks arose to chaunt the Divine Office, and to perform the other parts of the Canonical Office, and during the day seven times were they called together for public prayer. The fragments of time that were left over were employed in the refection of the body and in recreation. Compared therefore with the modern division—eight hours sleep, eight hours play, and eight hours work—the present day labourer has a far easier life than the lazy monk of old.

With regard to immorality—that is, I may say, a comparatively modern charge. So far as history reveals the past, though there are many and various charges made against monks and nuns, the breath of slander never tarnished their fair name. Their contemporaries in the midst of whom they lived thought no evil of them.

Do we venture then so far as to say that the monasteries of men and women were perfect and without fault? Not so; they were composed of human elements, of men and women who had free wills, who had the same freedom of right and wrong as you or I—and to whose human passions the tempter ever appealed. Of these houses of virtue it was true that scandals must needs come; without doubt there were monks and nuns unworthy of their high vocation, but do you condemn a whole class because an individual is bad?

But was it not the corruption of the inmates which led some three hundred and fifty years ago to the forcible dissolution of monasteries throughout the land; which convinced that remarkable man, Henry VIII., that the whole system of monasticism was

so utterly and hopelessly bad that it could not be mended, and therefore must needs be ended? Such unquestionably is the theory which through three and a half centuries has been beaten into the minds of Englishmen and welded into the thoughts of the nation. Let us see. What manner of man was he, so enamoured of virtue, so sensitive to vice, that he could not brook the presence of sin amongst those who had vowed their lives to God? Who was he, so filled with zeal for glory of God and the happiness of the people, that he must needs transfer to his own coffers the wealth which the monks and nuns held as trustees for God's poor, and vindicate the cause of purity by the slaughter of those who would not say that lust and murder were without offence when worked by a royal sinner? You may peruse the history of Henry VIII., and then turn to that chapter of the Gospel which tells of the adultery of Herod and the murder of the Baptist. Of a truth, Henry out-Heroded Herod.

We have the testimony of eye-witnesses, both friends and foes, as to the pure and holy lives of those who suffered—the former we may dismiss as being suspect—the latter is beyond suspicion.

Modern research has so completely changed the old ideas regarding the wickedness of monks and nuns before the suppression of the monasteries, that the difficulty is rather to make a selection amongst those who have, in recent time, undertaken their defence. I do not mean that the bad tradition has been completely destroyed; unfortunately, it yet clings to many minds, but the more enlightened and unprejudiced part of the public begins to see through that conspiracy of falsehood which has for so long warped the judgment of men.

Cutts, in his 'Middle Ages' (p. 52), thus speaks of the suppression: "Henry VIII. had resolved to break with the Pope; the religious orders were great upholders of the papal supremacy; the friars especially were called 'the Pope's militia;' the king resolved, therefore upon the destruction of the friars. The pretext was a reform of the religious orders. At the end

of the year 1535, a royal commission undertook the visitation of all the religious houses, above one thousand three hundred in number, including their cells and hospitals. They performed their task with incredible celerity—'the king's command was exceedingly urgent;'—and in ten weeks they presented their report. The small houses they reported to be full of irregularity and vice; while 'in the great solemne monasteries,' thanks be to God, religion was right well observed and kept up. So the king's decree went forth, and parliament ratified it, that all the religious houses of less than £200 annual value should be suppressed. This just caught all the friaries, and a few of the less powerful monasteries for the sake of impartiality. Perhaps the monks were not greatly moved at the destruction which had come upon their rivals; but their turn very speedily came. They were not suppressed forcibly; but they were induced to surrender. The patronage of most of the abbacies was in the king's hands, or under his control. He induced some of the abbots by threats or cajolery, and the offer of place and pension, to surrender their monasteries into his hand; others he induced to surrender their abbatial offices only, into which he placed creatures of his own, who completed the surrender. Some few intractable abbots—like those of Reading, Glastonbury, and St. John's, Colchester, who would do neither one nor the other—were found guilty of high treason—no difficult matter when it had been made high treason by Act of Parliament to 'publish in words,' that the king was an 'heretic, schismatic, or tyrant;'—and they were disposed of by hanging, drawing, and quartering .... *We are not defending the principle of monasticism:** it may be that, with the altered circumstances of the Church and nation, the day of usefulness of the monasteries had passed. But we cannot restrain an expression of indignation at the shameless, reckless manner of the suppression. The commissioners suggested, and Bishop Latimer entreated in vain, that two or three monasteries should be left in

* The italics are mine.

every shire for religious, and learned, and charitable uses; they were all shared among the king and his courtiers. The magnificent churches were pulled down; the libraries, of inestimable value, were destroyed; the alms which the monks gave to the poor, the hospitals which they maintained for the old and impotent, the infirmaries for the sick, the schools for the people—all went in the wreck . . . . No wonder that the fountains of religious endowment in England have been dried up ever since."

Maitland, 'Dark Ages,' preface to first edition, says: "The fact is that popular indignation, and hatred of the bitterest kind was excited, and has been studiously kept up, and that for centuries the general notion in this country has been that a monastery naturally, almost necessarily, is a place dedicated to idleness, gluttony, lewdness, hypocrisy, political intrigue, fraud, treachery, and blood; so that, as a matter of course, a nun is to be supposed something as bad as can be, and a monk no better." Then, after admitting in somewhat general and vague terms that in the monasteries were to be found some who were 'profane,' 'debauched,' 'secular,' and 'careless of religion,' he continues, "but that there ever was truth in the coarse and filthy abuse heaped upon the monastic order as a body by some who were forward in the business of the Reformation, is what I suppose never was believed by anyone who had a moderate knowledge of facts."

We might add almost indefinitely to these quotations, did space permit; but it is better that we turn now for a moment from these more general lines of defence, and accept the evidence of some of those who were Henry's tools in the work of suppression.

Take an example. Cromwell's Commissioners write to him, anent the nunnery of Polesworth (Dublin Review, April, 1889): "We have surveyed the monastery or nunnery of Polesworth, in the county of Warwick. Therein is an Abbess, named Dame Alice Fitzherbert, of the age of sixty years, a very sad, discreet, and religious woman, and hath been head and governor

these 27 years. And in the same house under her rule, are twelve virtuous and religious nuns—and of good conversation as by the open fame and report of the country. . . . And the repair and resort there is made to the gentlemen's children and sojourners that there do live to the number sometimes of thirty, and sometimes of forty or more, and there be right virtuously brought up." This is the testimony of men who had been especially delegated to find defects, real or imaginary, which might justify the suppression of the convent.

Take as another illustration of the process by which monasteries were despoiled, the case of Glastonbury; and the history of that suppression and destruction, by merely changing the names, is the history of the destruction of the Abbeys of Colchester and Reading. The inquisitors were sent down to Glastonbury, but they could find no colourable cause to justify the suppression of that most ancient and glorious fane. We have the official letter of Leyton, the chief commissioner sent down by Cromwell. He writes: "There is nothing notable; the brethren be so straight kept, that they cannot offend; but fain they would if they might, as they confess, and so the fault is not with them." They send the poor old Abbot up to London, "being very weak and sickly." He was eighty years old. Then they seize the money and plate, which was placed with those of "attainted persons and places." You see the treasures were confiscated before the trial. The Abbot, together with those of Reading and Colchester, was then tried. Even Froude is constrained to admit that Cromwell "was prosecutor, judge and jury." This is what Cromwell himself writes about the trial: "*Item*, councillors to give evidence against the Abbot of Glaston. . . . *Item*, to see that the evidence be well sorted, and the indictments well drawn. *Item*, the Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and *also to be executed* there." Here again the sentence before the trial. The poor old man was taken back to Wells, "arraigned, and next day put to execution, with two other

of his monks," "*for the robbery of Glastonbury Church.*" They tied him to a hurdle, dragged him to the top of Tor Hill, and handed him over to the executioner. "One quarter," Sir John Russell writes, "standeth at Wells, another at Bath, and at Ilchester and Bridgewater the rest; and his head upon the Abbey gate at Glaston." After this, the Abbey was wrecked and razed to the ground.

Lord Herbert tells us that when the suppression of some of the monasteries was debated in the Council, the two reasons which most prevailed were, that the king would thereby secure some of their riches, and that he would intimidate the men who were most likely to be effectual supporters of the Pope's Supremacy against the royal pretensions.

Again, the important question of securing the money, is shown from the preamble to the act of suppression of the lesser monasteries in 1535. It expressly rehearses that in 'the great and solemne monasteries of this realm, thanks be to God, religion is well kept and observed;' but when the riches of the guilty monasteries had been spent, the king discovered that the greater monasteries were, if possible, more wicked than the rest; and all were suppressed. (*Vide* 'Our Lady's Dowry,' pp. 404, 5.)

So the work of ten centuries was undone in our England in ten years, *i.e.*, between 1536 and 1547, the date of the death of Henry VIII. In those ten years, six hundred monasteries were suppressed; the spoils of the sacrilege amounted to some fifteen millions of pounds; the number of monks, canons, friars and nuns cast out upon the world was eight thousand. The destruction and plunder and murder were not limited and partial, as when the Danes harried the land. It was entire, complete—it had but one redeeming quality—it was thorough.

To men who in those evil days clung to the old faith, it must have seemed, as they wandered among the ruins of those once stately piles, that the hand of God was heavy on His people. Surely among the eight thousand who were turned out upon the world, there must have been

many who came in the quiet of the night, and wept sad tears upon the ruins of their former homes—wept hopelessly as the Jew to-day weeps over the ruins of the Temple. But I know not if amongst all those who mourned was one with a faith so strong, or a hope so enduring, or to whom was given that prophetic insight which enabled him in spirit to see the things which now we see with our bodily eyes. I know not if through that winter of gloom it was given to any one of them to see the bright springtime of the present; and to behold the desolation of *their* day yielding to the glad fruitfulness of ours. "Son of man, dost thou think these bones shall live? And I answered, O Lord God Thou knowest." Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

There is perhaps no darker page in Ecclesiastical History than that which recounts the undoing of the Catholic Church in our land. On the other hand, it would be difficult to find a page more brilliant and beautiful than that which recounts its subsequent uprising. So long was the winter that men had almost lost hope of the spring, yet when the spring came, the land blossomed again—the roots which had been hidden and seemed dead, once more sent the life and sap through trunk and branch. We have reason to exult in what has come upon us. "For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers have appeared in our land." (Cant. ii. 12.)

Even in the last forty years the numbers of the clergy have increased three-fold, the number of churches almost three-fold, in twenty years the children in our schools have doubled their numbers once and again. But in no department has the growth been more rapid than in the uprising of Religious Institutes of men and women. Whilst the old orders which were suppressed, like the Augustinians, Benedictines, Cistercians, Carthusians, Premonstratensians, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and others have come back to us, a whole galaxy of Institutes and Congregations of men and women—the growth of more recent times—has burst upon our vision.

Look upon the monastic and conventual system as it lies before us this day in England. Look at the work of the monks and nuns. Is there any department of human needs or sorrows in which they have not their place and their labour? They are engaged in the work of education, and from the highest to the lowest division they fill, and adequately fill, every part. They train and educate those who will in time be the Catholic leaders in social life, they train the lads who are fast pushing their way into the professional and commercial classes, or into the commissioned ranks of our army and navy: and they are training the children of the people—nay, the children of the poor. And so with the devoted women, they too carry on patiently the work of training our maidens of every rank. Again, what form of human sorrow do they not seek to alleviate—in our hospitals and infirmaries, in the chamber of the rich, in the hovel of the poor; in the slums of our great cities? To them come, as an inheritance, the poor, the outcast, the sin-laden. Go into such homes as those of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and learn how the rugged path of rude old age is made smooth and joyous. Go to the homes of the Sisters of Nazareth, and learn how in the person of those good sisters, God gives again a mother to the orphan, and a protector to the desolate. Go into the homes of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd—beautiful, Christ-like name!—and see with how gentle a hand they touch the moral ulcers of those sad victims of man's passion; with how gentle a voice they speak of hope to those who were without hope, and with a patience unspeakable win back to God that which was lost. Go into that home for incurables, and note the passing to and fro of the Sister amongst the beds of those who are smitten unto death—see how, to those who toss there in pain, the gentle footfall and the rustle of the sombre habit seem as the sound of an angel's wing; how the pain-drawn face lights up at the cheery word, and the sufferer is left wondering whether it was an echo of his mother's voice breathed in the days of his childhood, or whether it be a sweet strain of heavenly music escaping through the

golden gate. Follow the Sister of Charity or the Sister of Mercy as she hastens through the busy streets, the one to the bedside of the dying, the other to her crowded school. For them and for many such there is no need of enclosure; their work is in the rough places of the world; they have modesty for a veil, and the houses of the poor, and the hospital for cloister. So walk these sisters along their various paths of duty; many of them day by day bearing their lives in their hands, doing all the good they may, and cheerfully laying down that life when *He* wills.

And does not all this which is true, and less than truth, convince and constrain the judgments of the men of our land? Yes, in great part, but not wholly. These holy lives and noble deeds are but a weak reflex of the life and deeds of Christ—men saw *that* life and those deeds, and they said, "He hath a devil." "The servant is not greater than his Lord, and what they have done to Me that also will they do unto you."

The growth of the monastic and conventual life amongst us has not been without opposition. Early in 1854 there was formed a Society called the Anti-Convent Society. The name sufficiently indicated its purpose. Its spokesman in Parliament, a Mr. Chambers, endeavoured on the 28th March, 1854, to get a Committee of the House named, to enquire into the Monastic and Conventual Institutions. Lord John Russell, in the debate which ensued, declared that he did not believe the cock-and-bull stories which had been related in support of the measure. It was rejected by a majority of fifty-seven. In the following August, another attempt was made to obtain the appointment of a Committee. The Commons were very decided, and rejected the proposal by ninety-nine to one. Some years later the Convent question was again revived by two eccentric Members of Parliament, Messrs. Whalley and Newdegate, their speeches from time to time causing great amusement in the House. Since that time I believe no regular attempt has been made to harry the inmates of Convents.

In fact, I do not know if any Society still exists for the

unravelling of the "awful mysteries" and developing the "fearful disclosures." The work seems to have devolved on private individuals, who from time to time secure the services of an "Escaped Nun"— escaped *Monks* as a rule do not take with the public. The ravings of these people do no harm whatever to the cause they assail, it merely causes annoyance and irritation. When a poor creature is put up to babble of prisons and poisons, and murders, and nameless sins, it affects not the sane, though it tickles the prurient. So long as it pays to play "The Escaped" or "Rescued Nun," there will always be found some one here or there to play the rôle. The mystery is, why any nun needs to "escape," or where there is scope for a "rescue." If a complaint is made that it is somewhat difficult to enter a monastery or convent, I admit it; the whole process is hedged round with precaution, and every means that ingenuity can devise is taken that the choice of that life be absolutely free. The various stages through which the postulant passes, the many months of noviceship, the careful examination which precedes the profession, all these precautions render it almost impossible that one should be professed who has not a real vocation to that state, and I think fully one half who enter as postulants fail before the time of profession. If however after profession, the monk or nun should discover that he or she has made a mistake, or if the first fervour having cooled they desire to return to the world, there is really not the least trouble or difficulty,—there is a simple process by which they may be set free from their obligations, and restored to the liberty which willingly they renounced on entering. When once it becomes evident that the monk or nun has not the requisite dispositions for the life, and that the religious state, far from helping them in the work of salvation, is a hindrance, then the exit is made broad and smooth. We do not live in a barbarous land, where there is no law, or an inoperative law. Believe me, in this land of ours the arm of the law is long enough to reach every case, and strong enough to vindicate the cause of every subject.

As to a defence of our nuns: they need *no* defence; their lives give the answer to their calumniators. In their helplessness they may be suspected by the ignorant, and reviled by the malicious: but they are strong in the love and devotion of all who know them and their work, and who alone have any acquaintance and familiarity with the working of the system and the effects which it produces—an acquaintance and familiarity which cannot be possessed by those who devote their energies to encouraging faithless ones to say the thing that is not.

I can understand the feelings of anger and contempt which fill the minds of many Catholics, when they behold a woman standing on a public platform and shamelessly lying against those who for years were her sisters, and whom now she reviles because *they* are faithful and *she* is faithless; for my own part, I say, there is no room in my heart for any such feeling. I feel but sorrow and pity for the degradation of womanhood.

But why dwell upon this? We need the example of monk and of nun shining upon this sinful world. We need the example of their obedience in these days of self-will and lawlessness. We need the example of their chastity and purity when brazen shame parades our streets, and the faithlessness of domestic life flows ceaselessly into the sink of the Divorce Court. We need the example of their love of poverty and disinterestedness in an age which produces a Hobbs and a Jabez Balfour.

This theme, which by no act of my own has been assigned to me in this Conference, might well have been entrusted to others who would have treated it more wisely and with a more persuasive oratory: but these words—such as they are—I dare to lay reverently and lovingly at the feet of the monks and nuns who, by their godly lives, draw down blessings on our country.

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